CASEY CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER

OCT. NO. 2 10c

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CBS
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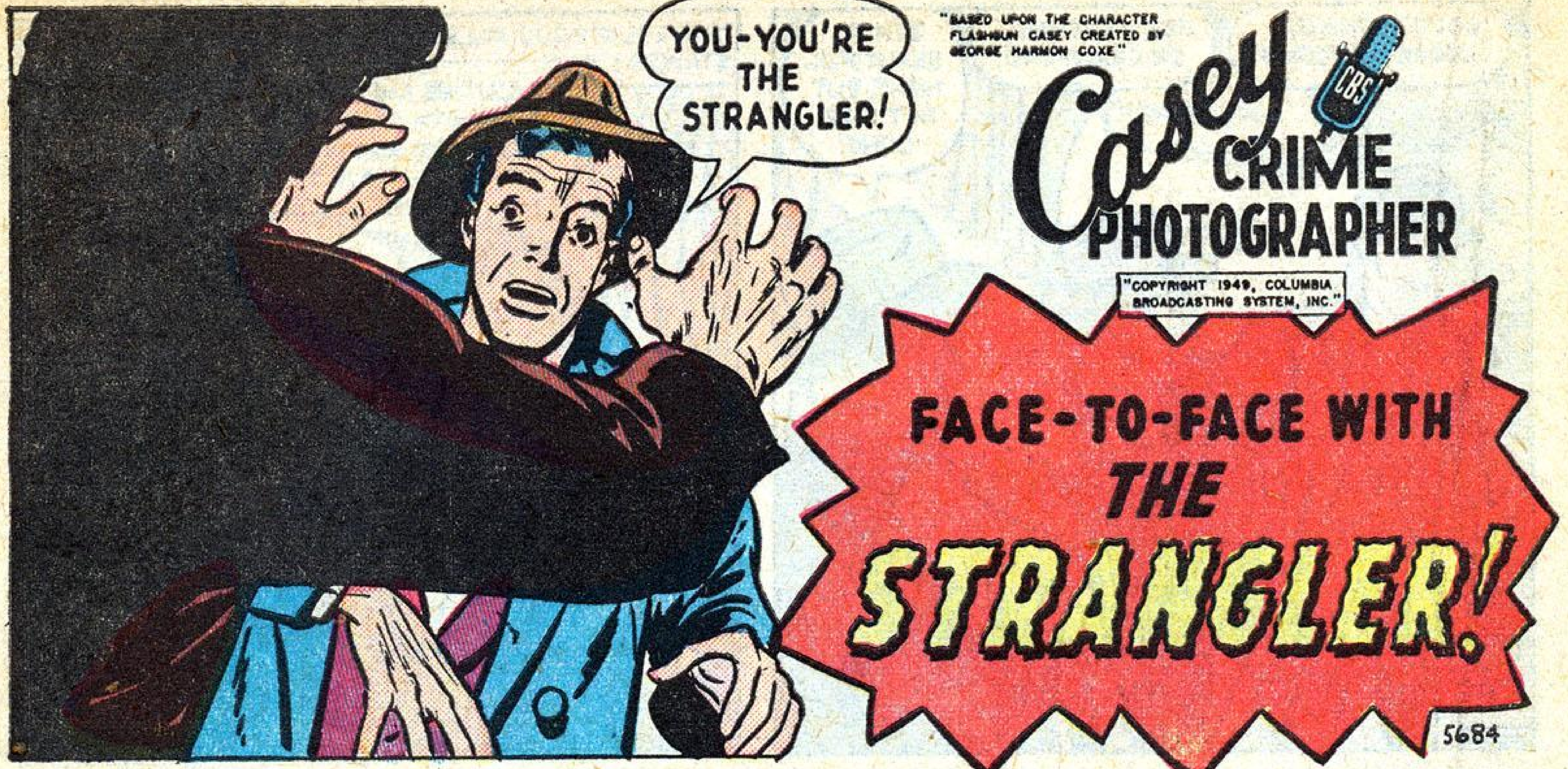
52 PAGE
magazine

← **STAATS COTSWORTH:**
"CASEY" of the FAMED
C.B.S. RADIO
MYSTERY SERIES

Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M.D., Psychiatrist.


YOU-YOU'RE THE STRANGLER!
CBS
5684

"BASED UPON THE CHARACTER FLASHGUN CASEY CREATED BY GEORGE HARMON COXE"

Casey CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER

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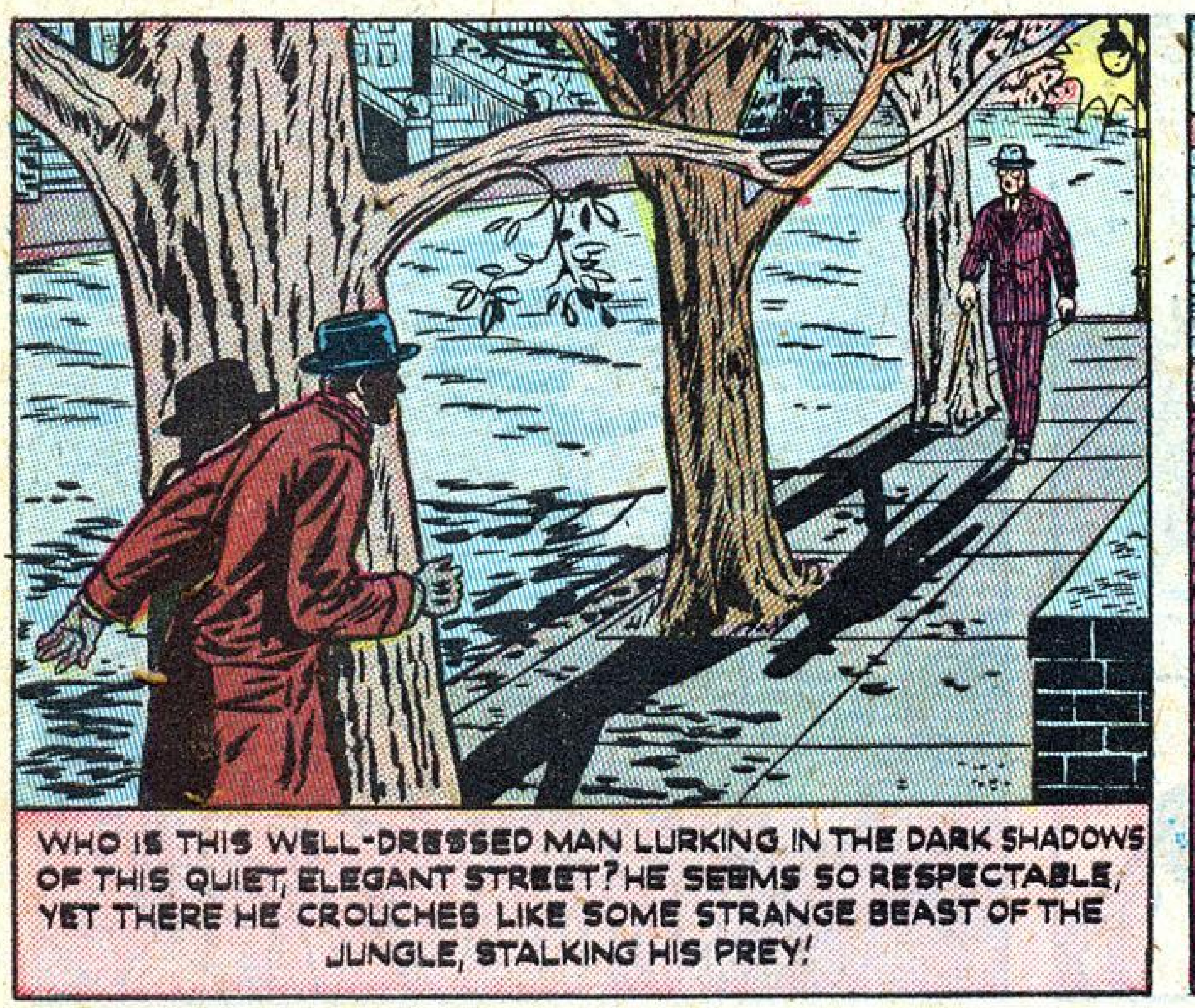
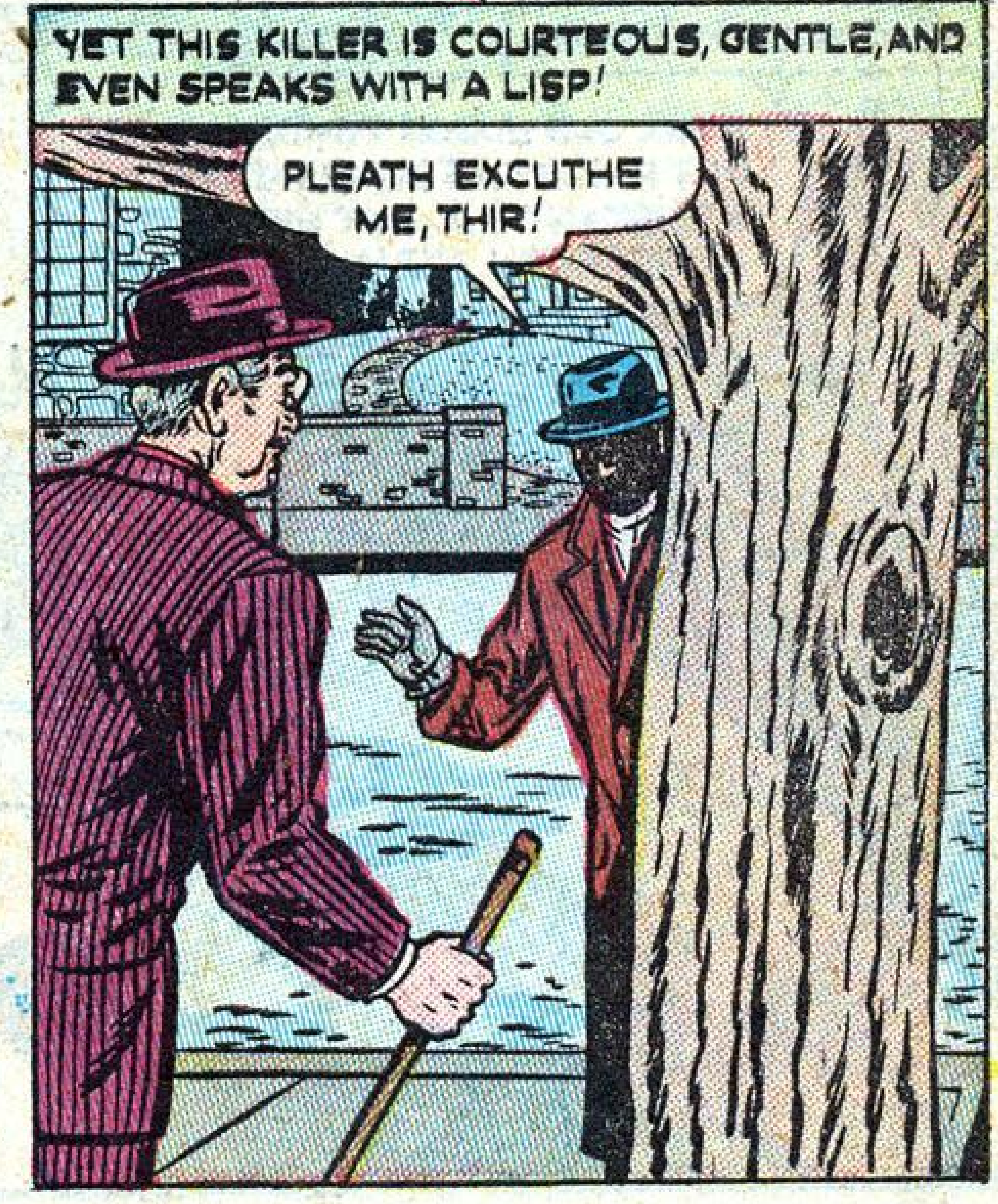
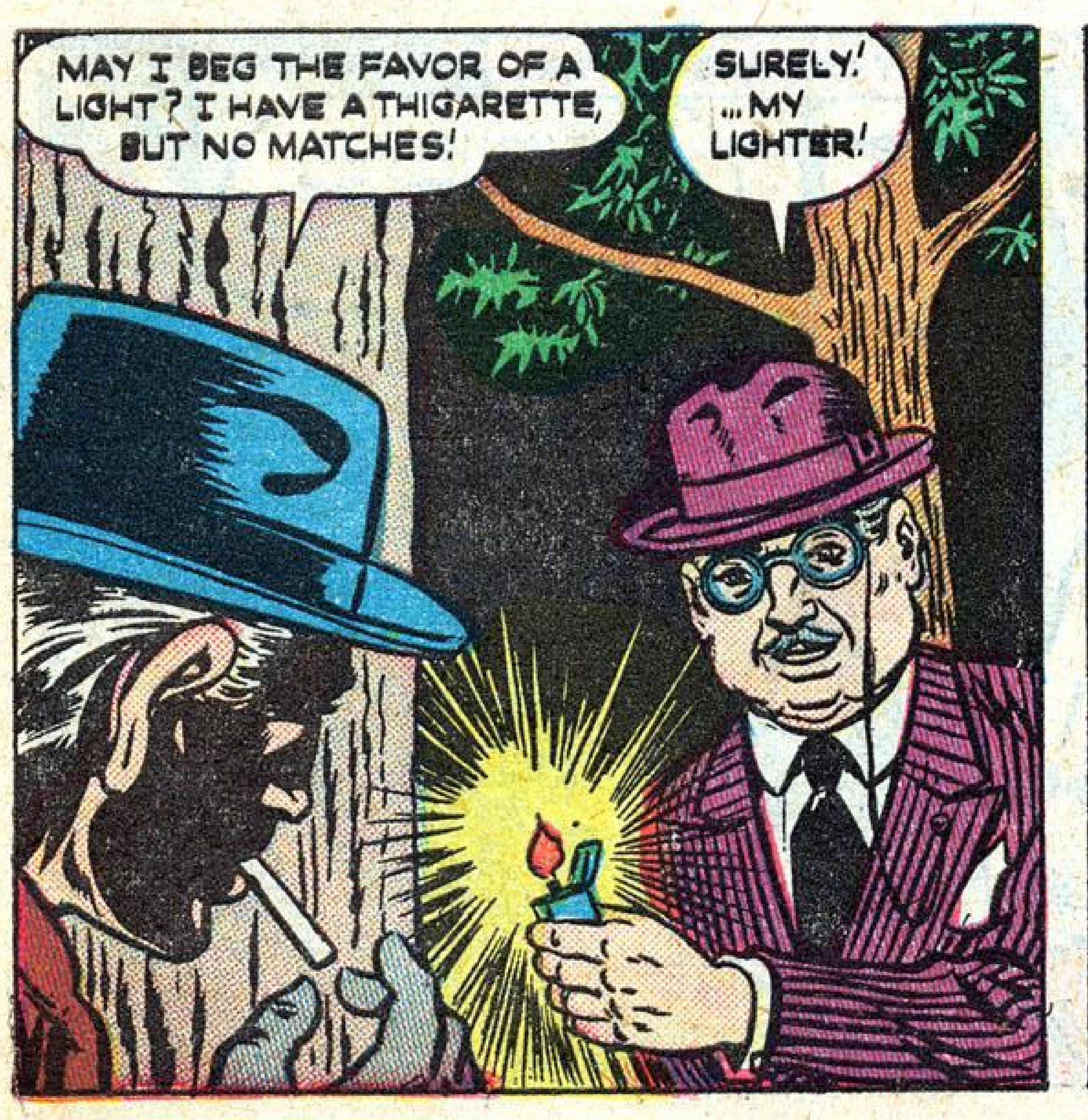
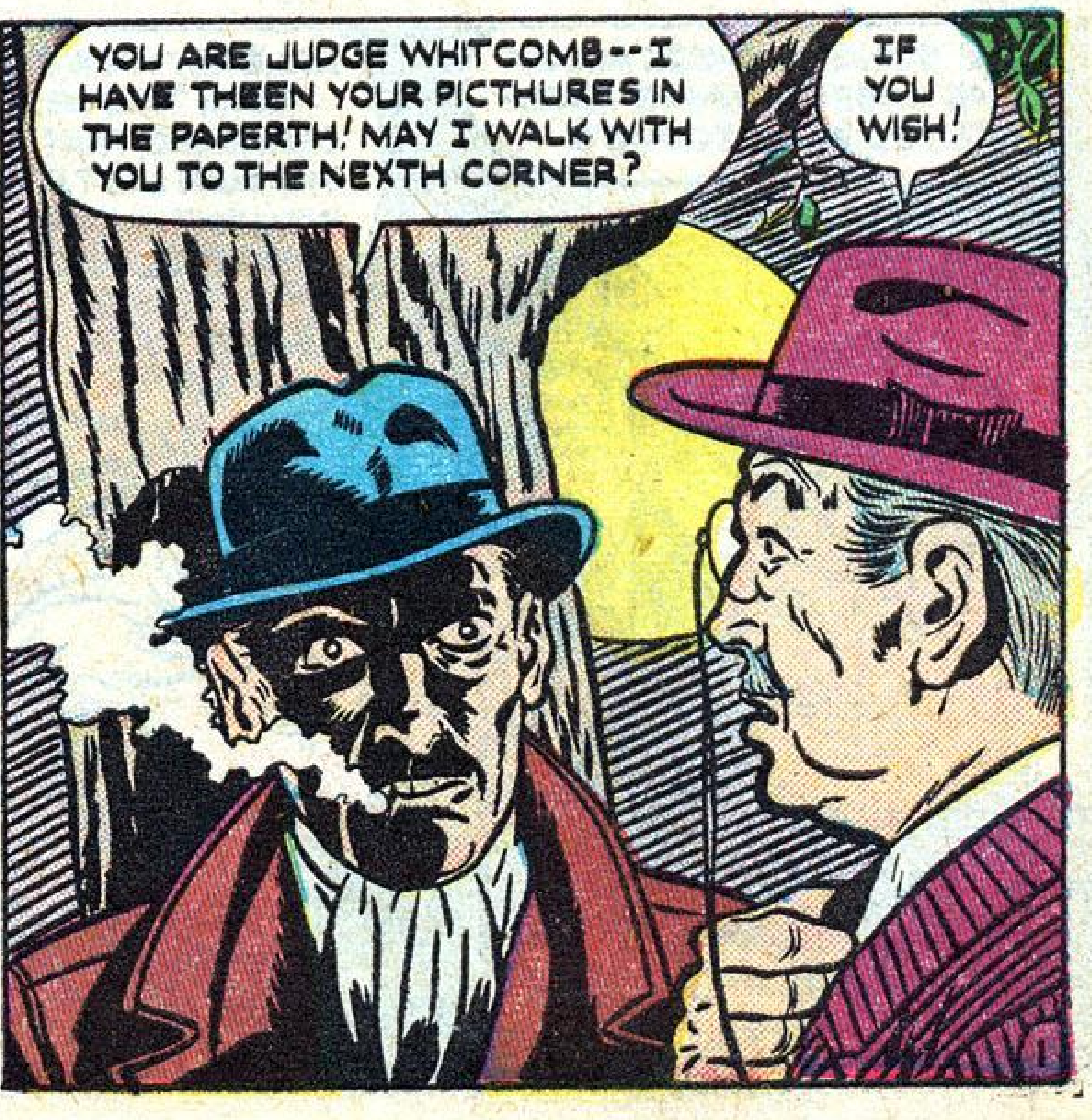
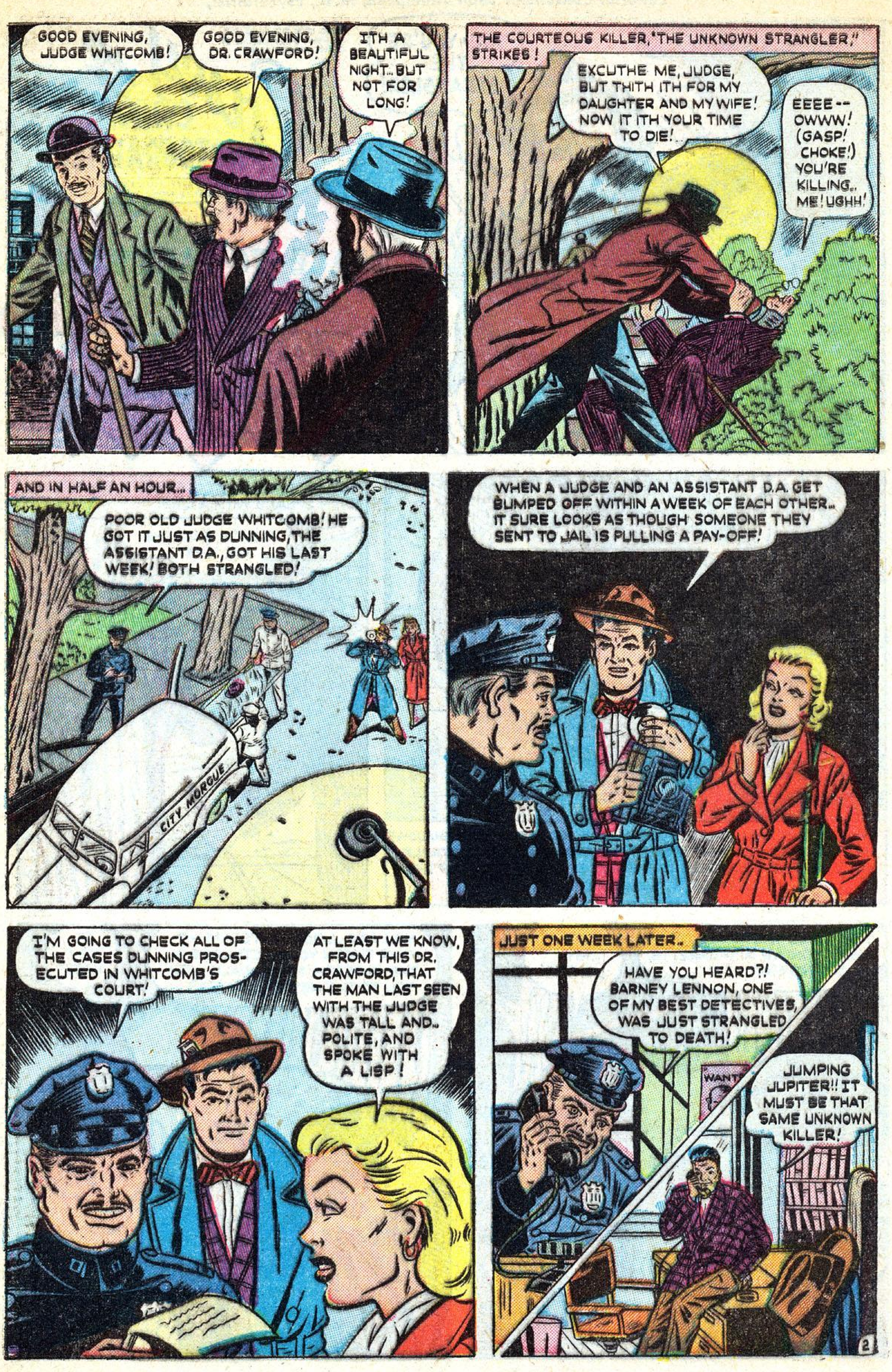
FACE-TO-FACE WITH *THE* STRANGLER!

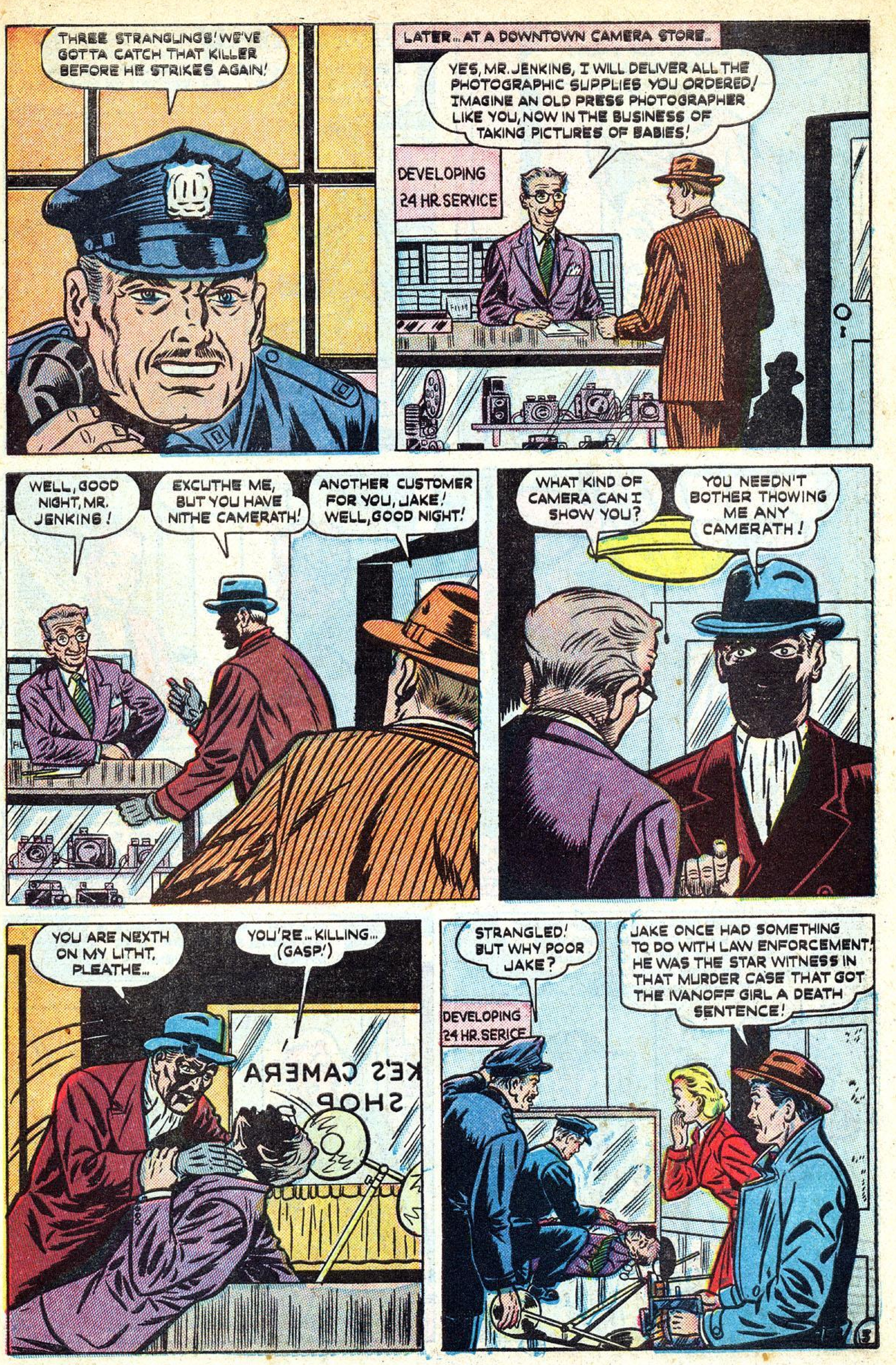

WHO IS THIS WELL-DRESSED MAN LURKING IN THE DARK SHADOWS OF THIS QUIET, ELEGANT STREET? HE SEEMS SO RESPECTABLE, YET THERE HE CROUCHES LIKE SOME STRANGE BEAST OF THE JUNGLE, STALKING HIS PREY!

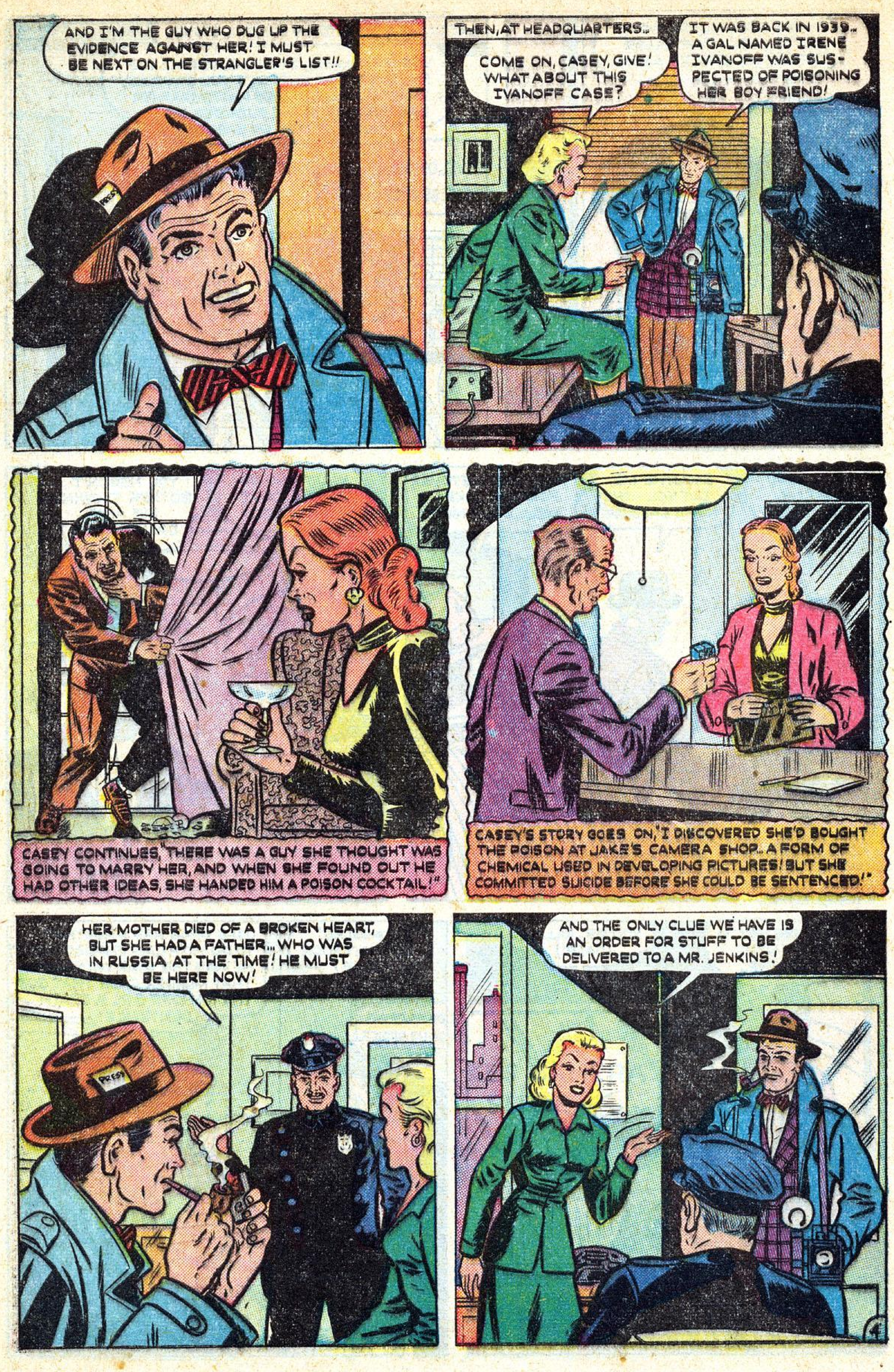

YET THIS KILLER IS COURTEOUS, GENTLE, AND EVEN SPEAKS WITH A LISP!
PLEATH EXCUTHE ME, THIR!

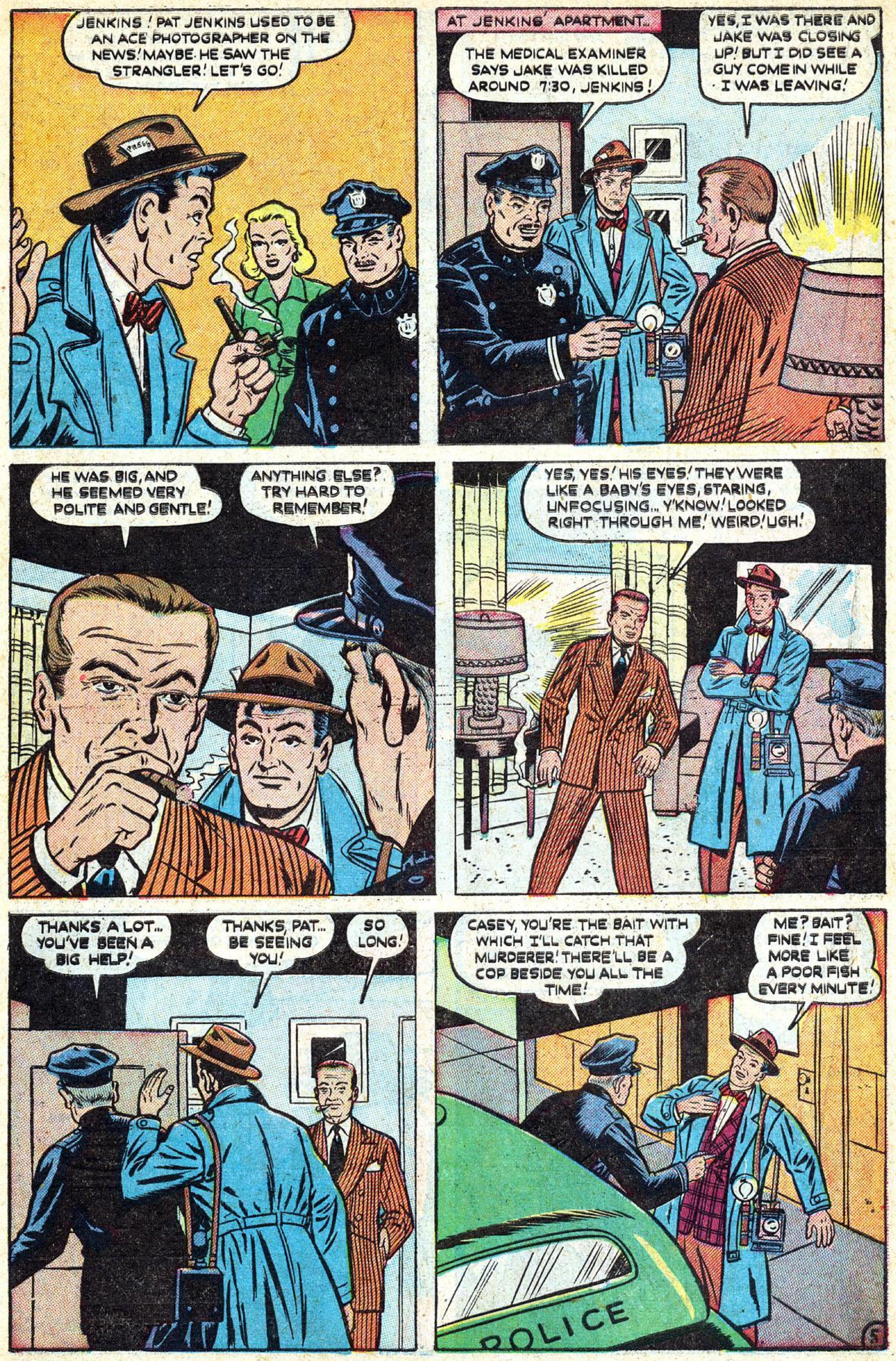

MAY I BEG THE FAVOR OF A LIGHT? I HAVE A THIGARETTE, BUT NO MATCHES!
SURELY! ...MY LIGHTER!

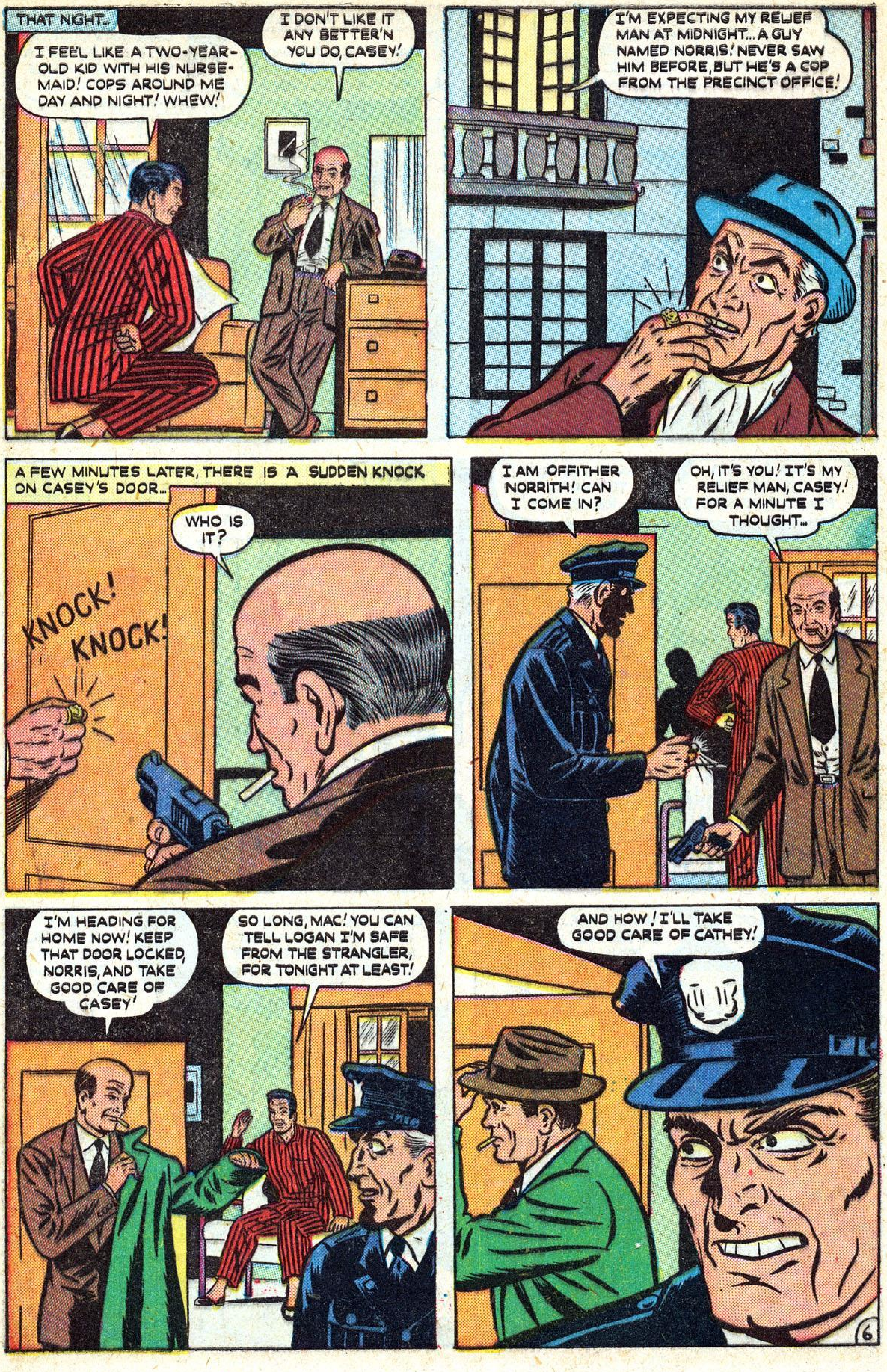

YOU ARE JUDGE WHITCOMB -- I HAVE THEEN YOUR PICTHURES IN THE PAPERTH! MAY I WALK WITH YOU TO THE NEXTH CORNER?
IF YOU WISH!

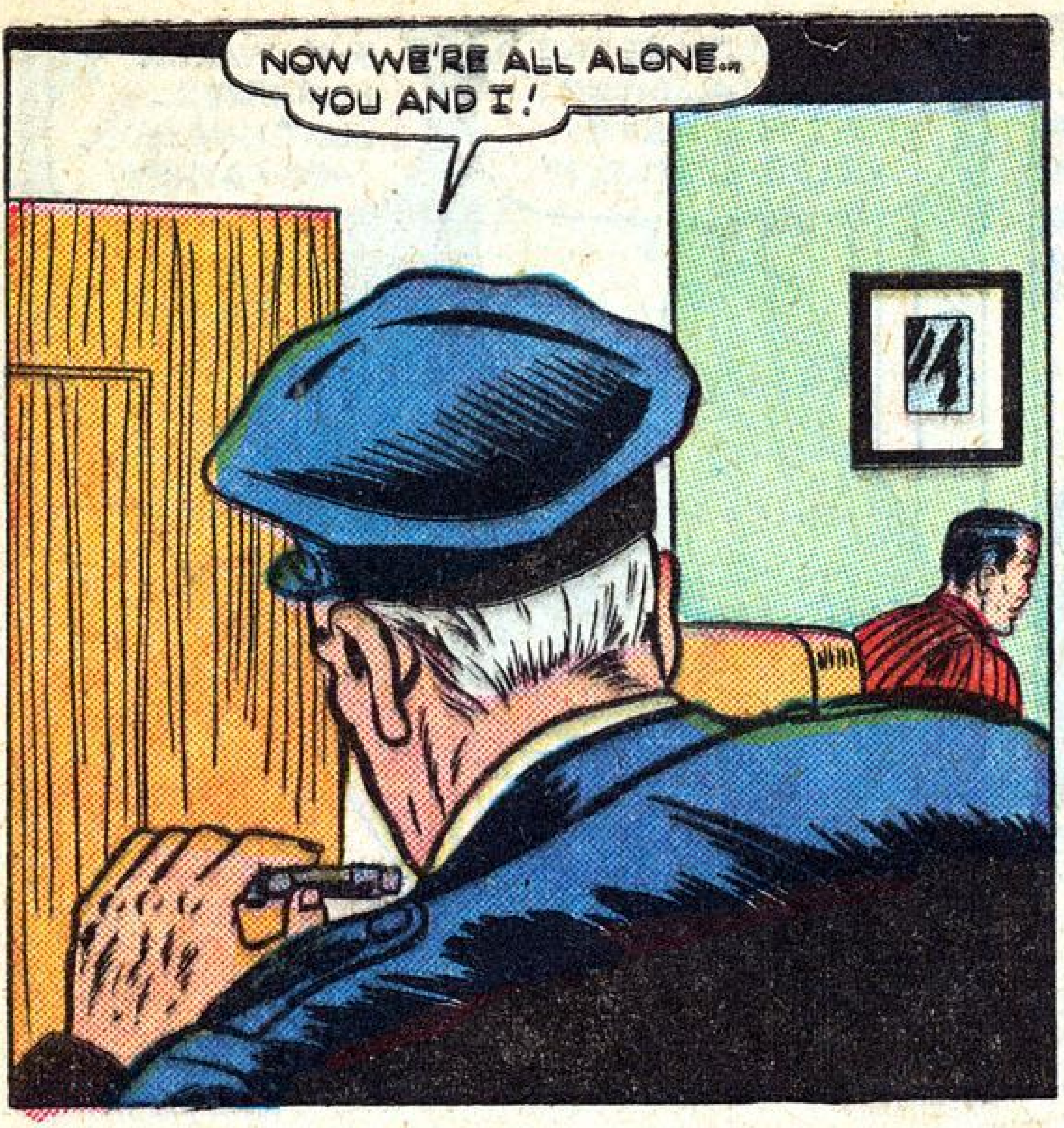

GOOD EVENING, JUDGE WHITCOMB!
GOOD EVENING, DR. CRAWFORD!
ITH A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT... BUT NOT FOR LONG!
THE COURTEOUS KILLER, "THE UNKNOWN STRANGLER," STRIKES!
EXCUTHE ME, JUDGE, BUT THITH ITH FOR MY DAUGHTER AND MY WIFE! NOW IT ITH YOUR TIME TO DIE!
EEEE-- OWWW! (GASP! CHOKE!) YOU'RE KILLING.. ME! UGHH!
AND IN HALF AN HOUR...
POOR OLD JUDGE WHITCOMB! HE GOT IT JUST AS DUNNING, THE ASSISTANT D.A., GOT HIS LAST WEEK! BOTH STRANGLED!
CITY MORGUE
WHEN A JUDGE AND AN ASSISTANT D.A. GET BUMPED OFF WITHIN A WEEK OF EACH OTHER.. IT SURE LOOKS AS THOUGH SOMEONE THEY SENT TO JAIL IS PULLING A PAY-OFF!
I'M GOING TO CHECK ALL OF THE CASES DUNNING PROSECUTED IN WHITCOMB'S COURT!
AT LEAST WE KNOW, FROM THIS DR. CRAWFORD, THAT THE MAN LAST SEEN WITH THE JUDGE WAS TALL AND.. POLITE, AND SPOKE WITH A LISP!
JUST ONE WEEK LATER..
HAVE YOU HEARD?! BARNEY LENNON, ONE OF MY BEST DETECTIVES, WAS JUST STRANGLED TO DEATH!
WANT
JUMPING JUPITER!! IT MUST BE THAT SAME UNKNOWN KILLER!

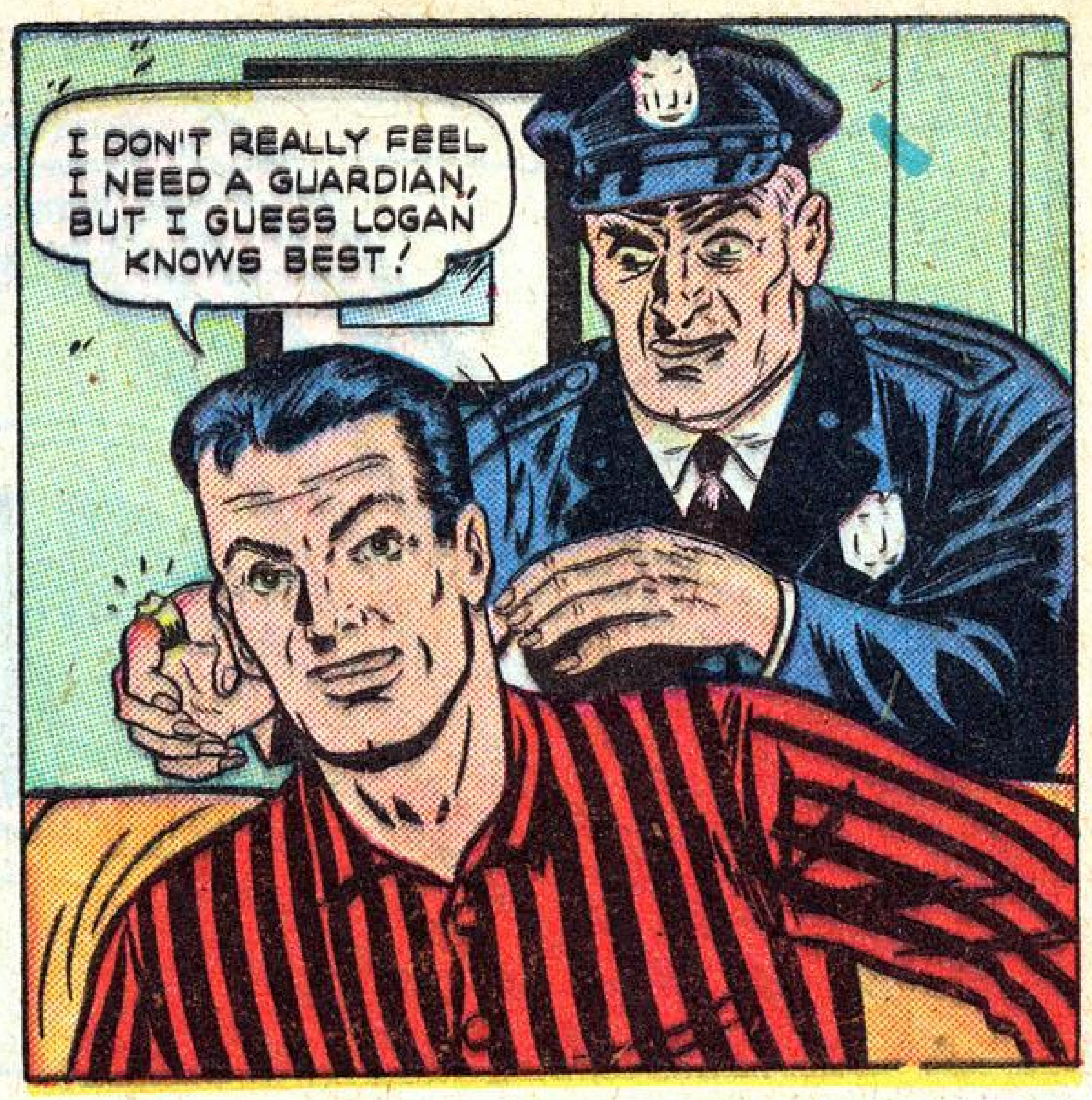

THREE STRANGLINGS! WE'VE GOTTA CATCH THAT KILLER BEFORE HE STRIKES AGAIN!
LATER... AT A DOWNTOWN CAMERA STORE...
YES, MR. JENKINS, I WILL DELIVER ALL THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES YOU ORDERED! IMAGINE AN OLD PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER LIKE YOU, NOW IN THE BUSINESS OF TAKING PICTURES OF BABIES!
DEVELOPING
24 HR. SERVICE
WELL, GOOD NIGHT, MR. JENKINS!
EXCUTHE ME, BUT YOU HAVE NITHE CAMERATH!
ANOTHER CUSTOMER FOR YOU, JAKE! WELL, GOOD NIGHT!
WHAT KIND OF CAMERA CAN I SHOW YOU?
YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER THOWING ME ANY CAMERATH!
YOU ARE NEXTH ON MY LITHT, PLEATHE...
YOU'RE... KILLING... (GASP!)
KE'S CAMERA SHOP
STRANGLED! BUT WHY POOR JAKE?
JAKE ONCE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH LAW ENFORCEMENT! HE WAS THE STAR WITNESS IN THAT MURDER CASE THAT GOT THE IVANOFF GIRL A DEATH SENTENCE!
DEVELOPING
24 HR. SERICE

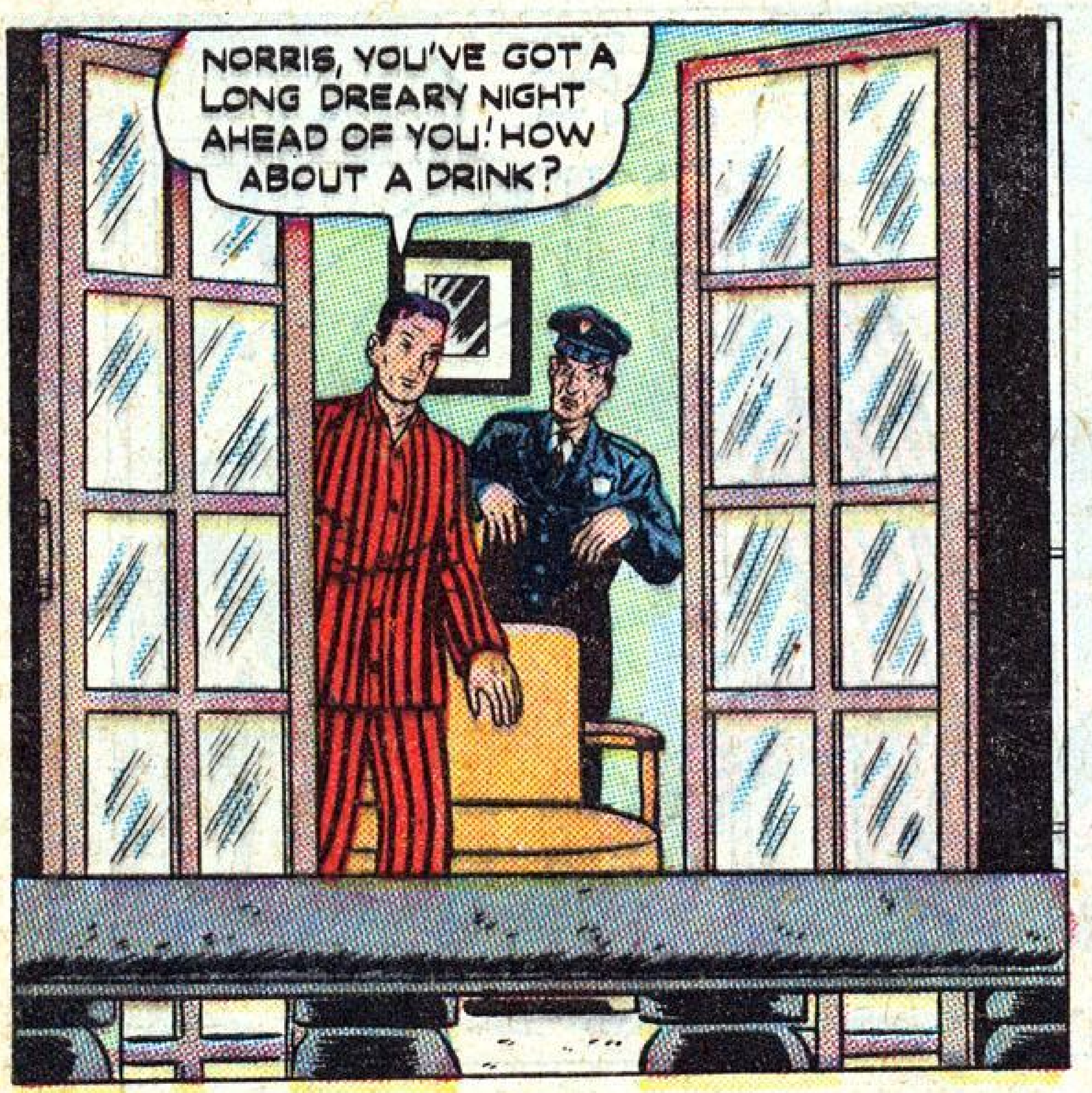

AND I'M THE GUY WHO DUG UP THE EVIDENCE AGAINST HER! I MUST BE NEXT ON THE STRANGLER'S LIST!!
PRESS
THEN, AT HEADQUARTERS..
COME ON, CASEY, GIVE! WHAT ABOUT THIS IVANOFF CASE?
IT WAS BACK IN 1939.. A GAL NAMED IRENE IVANOFF WAS SUSPECTED OF POISONING HER BOY FRIEND!
CASEY CONTINUES, "THERE WAS A GUY SHE THOUGHT WAS GOING TO MARRY HER, AND WHEN SHE FOUND OUT HE HAD OTHER IDEAS, SHE HANDED HIM A POISON COCKTAIL!"
CASEY'S STORY GOES ON, "I DISCOVERED SHE'D BOUGHT THE POISON AT JAKE'S CAMERA SHOP.. A FORM OF CHEMICAL USED IN DEVELOPING PICTURES! BUT SHE COMMITTED SUICIDE BEFORE SHE COULD BE SENTENCED!"
HER MOTHER DIED OF A BROKEN HEART, BUT SHE HAD A FATHER... WHO WAS IN RUSSIA AT THE TIME! HE MUST BE HERE NOW!
PRESS
AND THE ONLY CLUE WE HAVE IS AN ORDER FOR STUFF TO BE DELIVERED TO A MR. JENKINS!

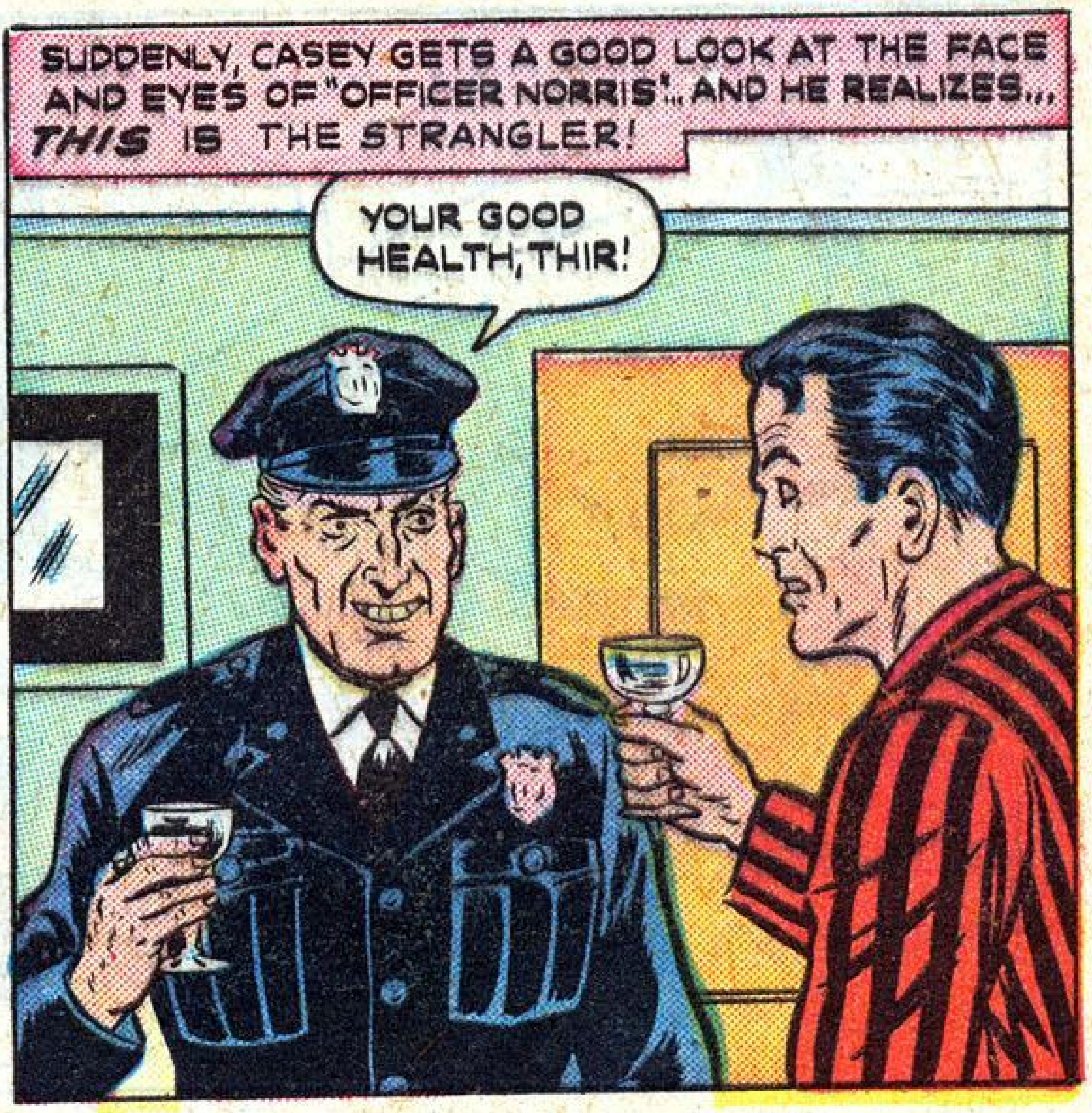

JENKINS! PAT JENKINS USED TO BE AN ACE PHOTOGRAPHER ON THE NEWS! MAYBE HE SAW THE STRANGLER! LET'S GO!
PRESS
AT JENKINS' APARTMENT..
THE MEDICAL EXAMINER SAYS JAKE WAS KILLED AROUND 7:30, JENKINS!
YES, I WAS THERE AND JAKE WAS CLOSING UP! BUT I DID SEE A GUY COME IN WHILE I WAS LEAVING!
HE WAS BIG, AND HE SEEMED VERY POLITE AND GENTLE!
ANYTHING ELSE? TRY HARD TO REMEMBER!
YES, YES! HIS EYES! THEY WERE LIKE A BABY'S EYES, STARING, UNFOCUSING... Y'KNOW! LOOKED RIGHT THROUGH ME! WEIRD! UGH!
THANKS A LOT... YOU'VE BEEN A BIG HELP!
THANKS, PAT... BE SEEING YOU!
SO LONG!
CASEY, YOU'RE THE BAIT WITH WHICH I'LL CATCH THAT MURDERER! THERE'LL BE A COP BESIDE YOU ALL THE TIME!
ME? BAIT? FINE! I FEEL MORE LIKE A POOR FISH EVERY MINUTE!
POLICE

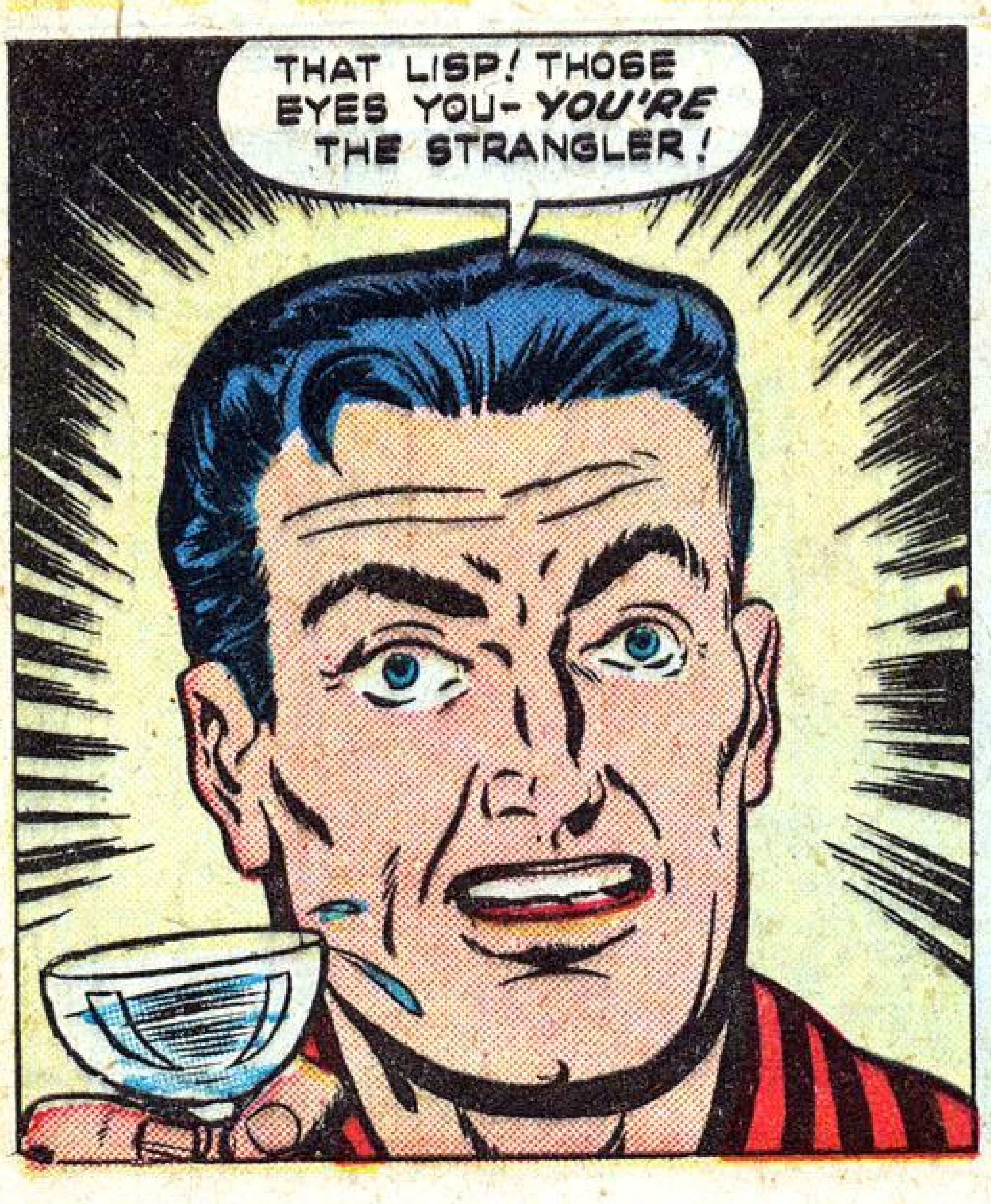

THAT NIGHT...
I FEEL LIKE A TWO-YEAR-OLD KID WITH HIS NURSE-MAID! COPS AROUND ME DAY AND NIGHT! WHEW!
I DON'T LIKE IT ANY BETTER'N YOU DO, CASEY!
I'M EXPECTING MY RELIEF MAN AT MIDNIGHT... A GUY NAMED NORRIS! NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE, BUT HE'S A COP FROM THE PRECINCT OFFICE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THERE IS A SUDDEN KNOCK ON CASEY'S DOOR...
WHO IS IT?
KNOCK! KNOCK!
I AM OFFITHER NORRITH! CAN I COME IN?
OH, IT'S YOU! IT'S MY RELIEF MAN, CASEY! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT...
I'M HEADING FOR HOME NOW! KEEP THAT DOOR LOCKED, NORRIS, AND TAKE GOOD CARE OF CASEY!
SO LONG, MAC! YOU CAN TELL LOGAN I'M SAFE FROM THE STRANGLER, FOR TONIGHT AT LEAST!
AND HOW! I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF CATHEY!

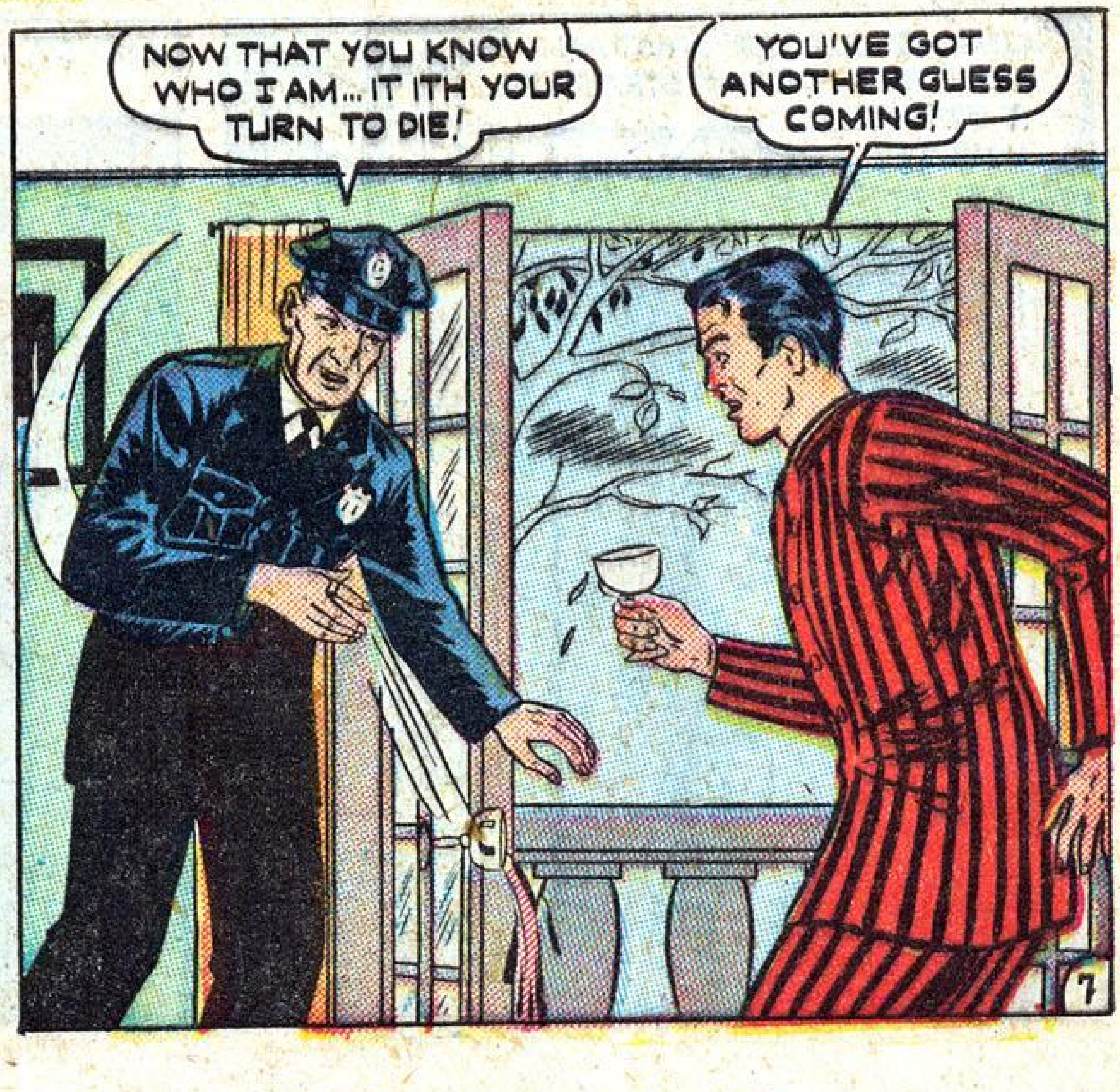

NOW WE'RE ALL ALONE.. YOU AND I!

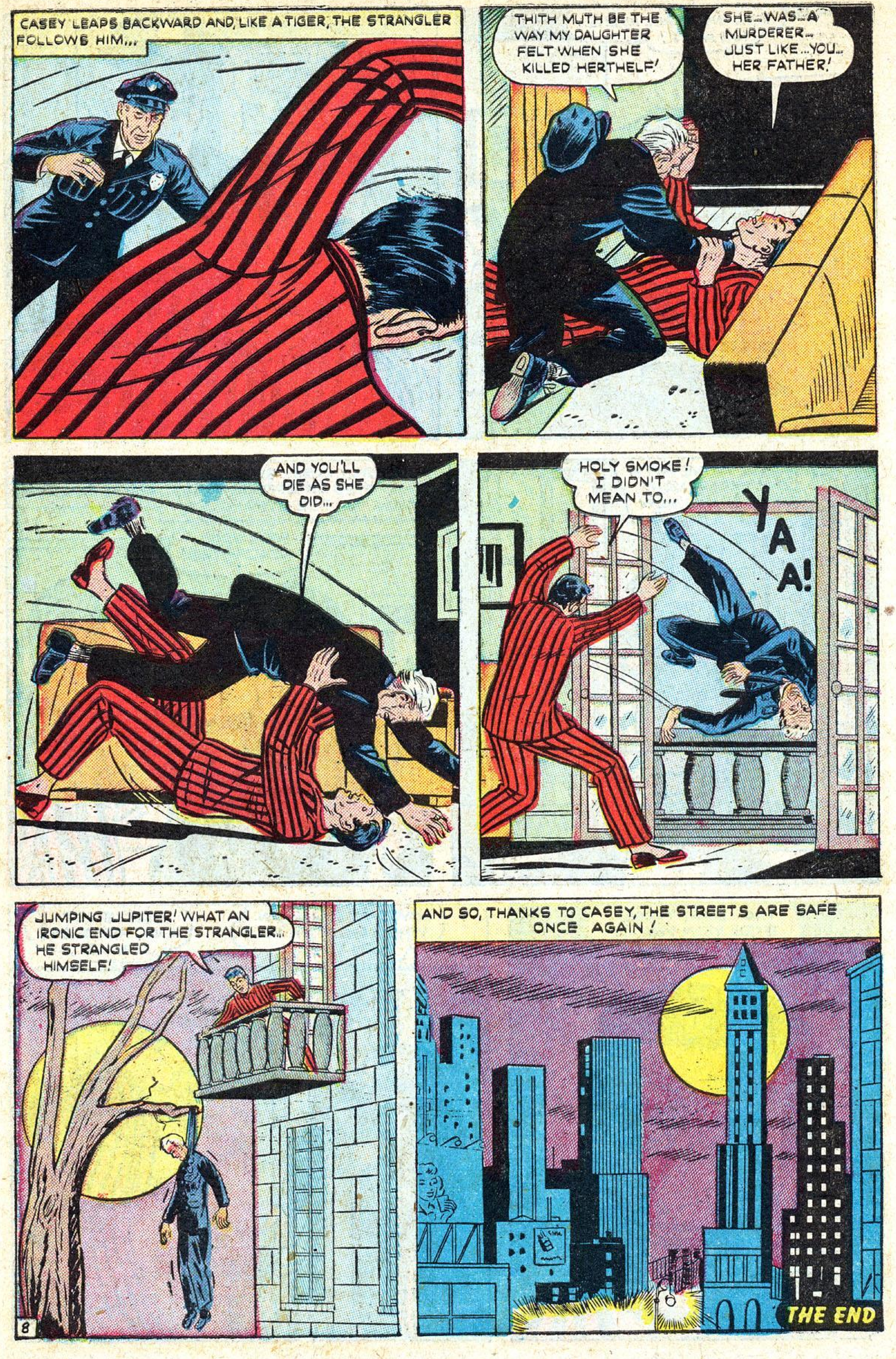

I DON'T REALLY FEEL I NEED A GUARDIAN, BUT I GUESS LOGAN KNOWS BEST!

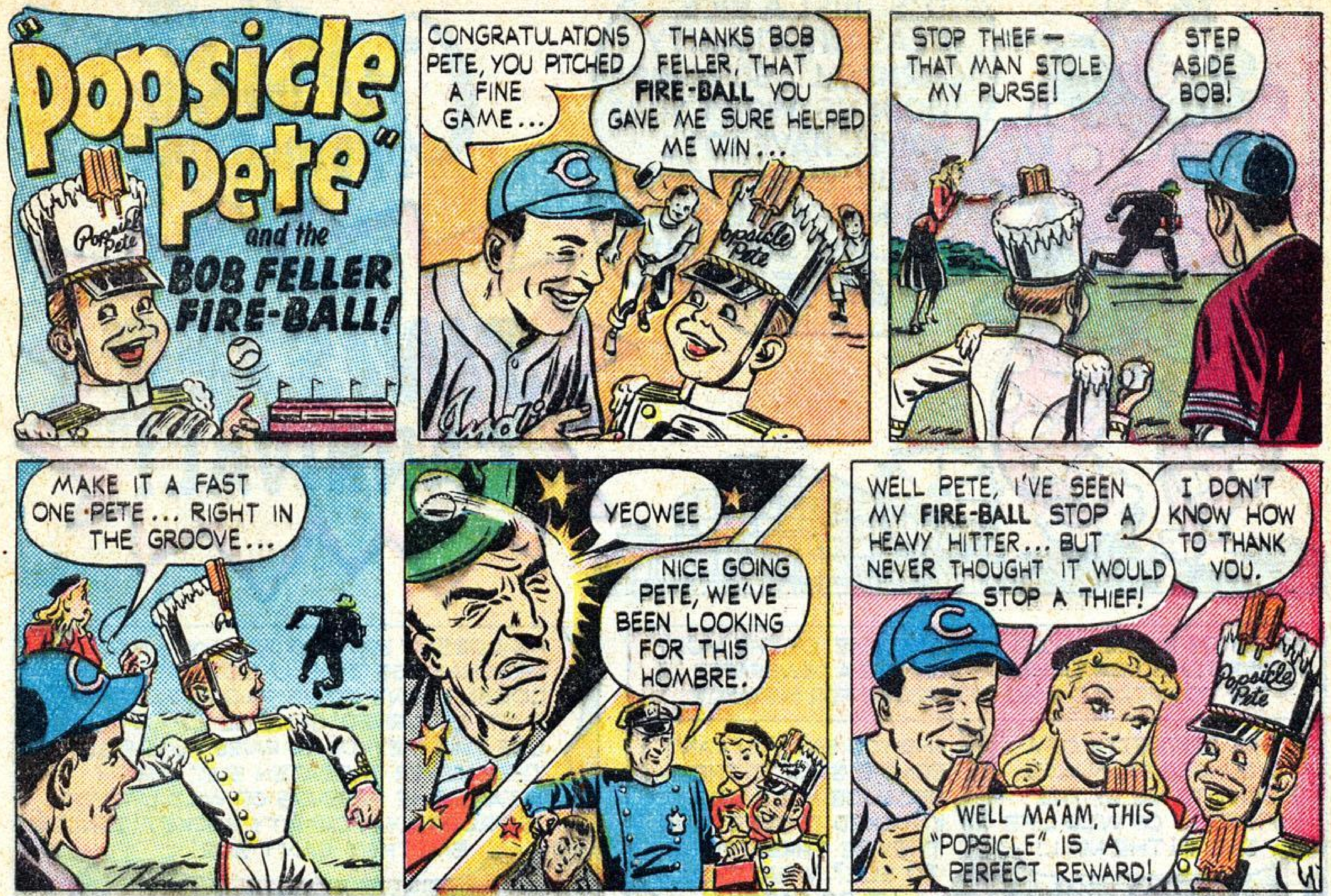

NORRIS, YOU'VE GOT A LONG DREARY NIGHT AHEAD OF YOU! HOW ABOUT A DRINK?


SUDDENLY, CASEY GETS A GOOD LOOK AT THE FACE AND EYES OF "OFFICER NORRIS".. AND HE REALIZES... *THIS* IS THE STRANGLER!
YOUR GOOD HEALTH, THIR!


THAT LISP! THOSE EYES YOU- *YOU'RE* THE STRANGLER!


NOW THAT YOU KNOW WHO I AM... IT ITH YOUR TURN TO DIE!
YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER GUESS COMING!


CASEY LEAPS BACKWARD AND, LIKE A TIGER, THE STRANGLER FOLLOWS HIM...
THITH MUTH BE THE WAY MY DAUGHTER FELT WHEN SHE KILLED HERTHELF!
SHE...WAS...A MURDERER... JUST LIKE...YOU... HER FATHER!
AND YOU'LL DIE AS SHE DID...
HOLY SMOKE! I DIDN'T MEAN TO...
YAA!
JUMPING JUPITER! WHAT AN IRONIC END FOR THE STRANGLER... HE STRANGLED HIMSELF!
AND SO, THANKS TO CASEY, THE STREETS ARE SAFE ONCE AGAIN!
THE END

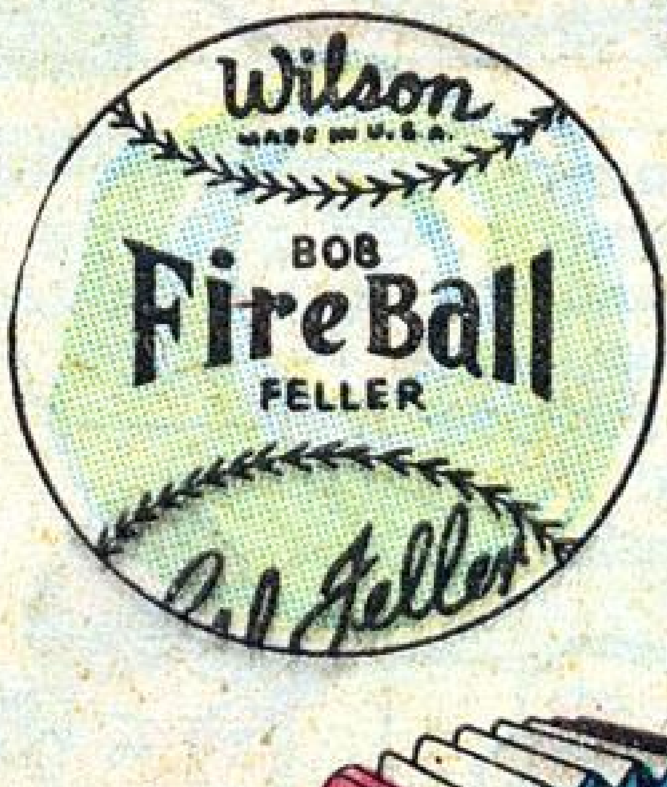

"Popsicle Pete" and the BOB FELLER FIRE-BALL!
Popsicle Pete
CONGRATULATIONS PETE, YOU PITCHED A FINE GAME...
THANKS BOB FELLER, THAT FIRE-BALL YOU GAVE ME SURE HELPED ME WIN...
Popsicle Pete
STOP THIEF — THAT MAN STOLE MY PURSE!
STEP ASIDE BOB!
MAKE IT A FAST ONE PETE... RIGHT IN THE GROOVE...
YEOWEE
NICE GOING PETE, WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS HOMBRE.
WELL PETE, I'VE SEEN MY FIRE-BALL STOP A HEAVY HITTER... BUT NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD STOP A THIEF!
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU.
Popsicle Pete
WELL MA'AM, THIS "POPSICLE" IS A PERFECT REWARD!

GET SWELL GIFTS

SAVE THE BAGS with RED DOTS

And All Bags That Read "Save these bags for Gifts" and "Licensed By JOE LOWE CORP"

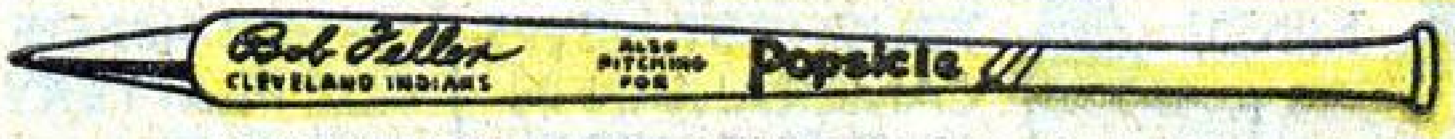
Twin Popsicle* Fudgsicle* Creamsicle* Ice Cream ON-A-STICK


Wilson
MADE IN U.S.A.
BOB
Fire Ball
FELLER
Bob Feller

BOB FELLER
BASEBALL

Sturdy horsehide cover. Autographed by Bob Feller, famous Ace Pitcher.

15 BAGS AND 60¢


Bob Feller
CLEVELAND INDIANS
ALSO PITCHING FOR
Popsicle

BOB FELLER AUTOGRAPHED MECHANICAL
BASEBALL BAT PENCIL

Accurate scale-model of big league bat. Refillable Lead.

5 BAGS AND 10¢

GET THIS BALL OR PENCIL FROM "POPSICLE PETE"

P.O. Box 1299
NEW YORK 8, N. Y.

400 W. Ohio St.
CHICAGO 10, ILL.

2744 E. 11th St.
LOS ANGELES 23, CAL.

313 N. Highland Ave. N.E.
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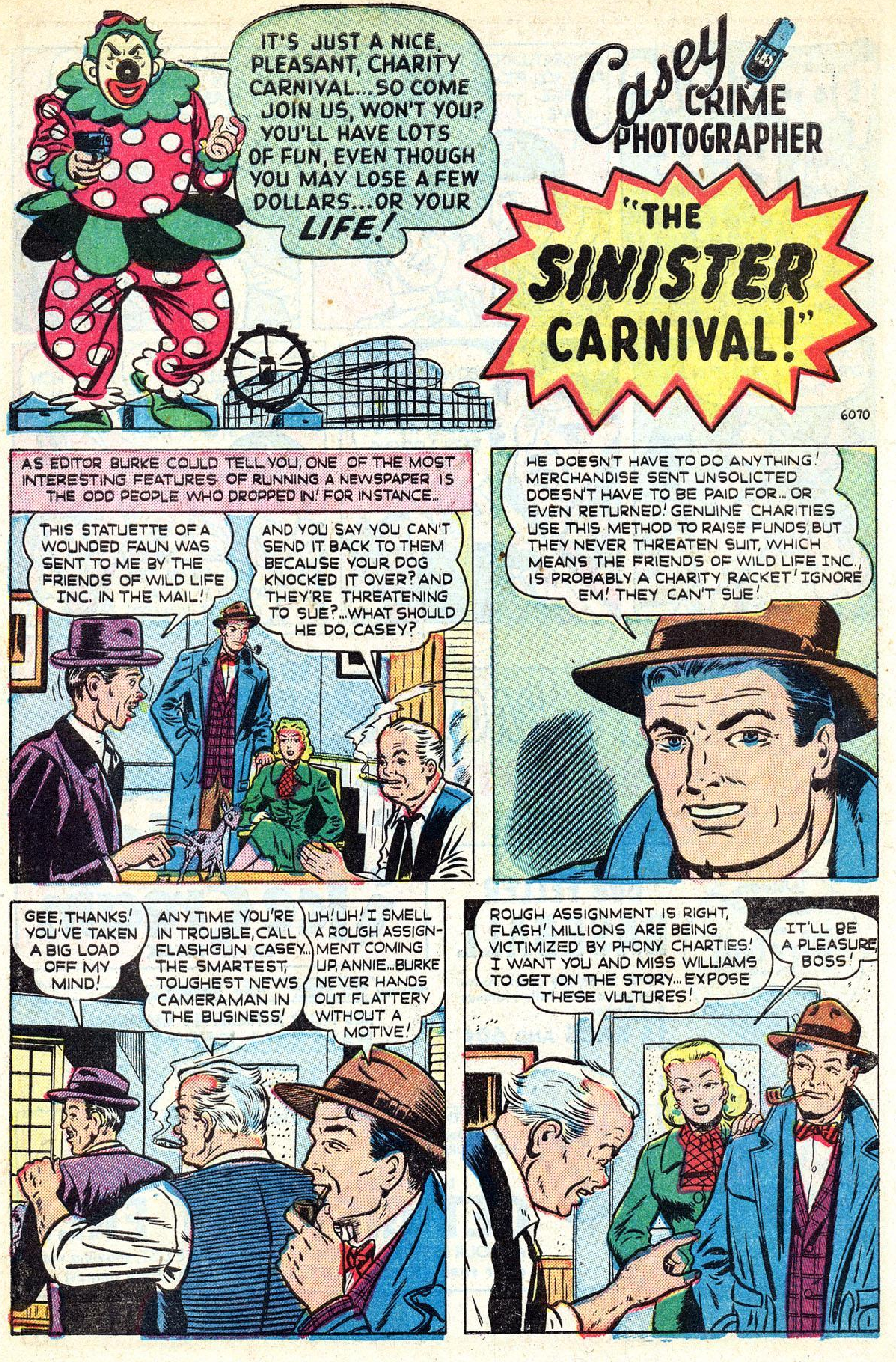
GET GIFT LIST FREE

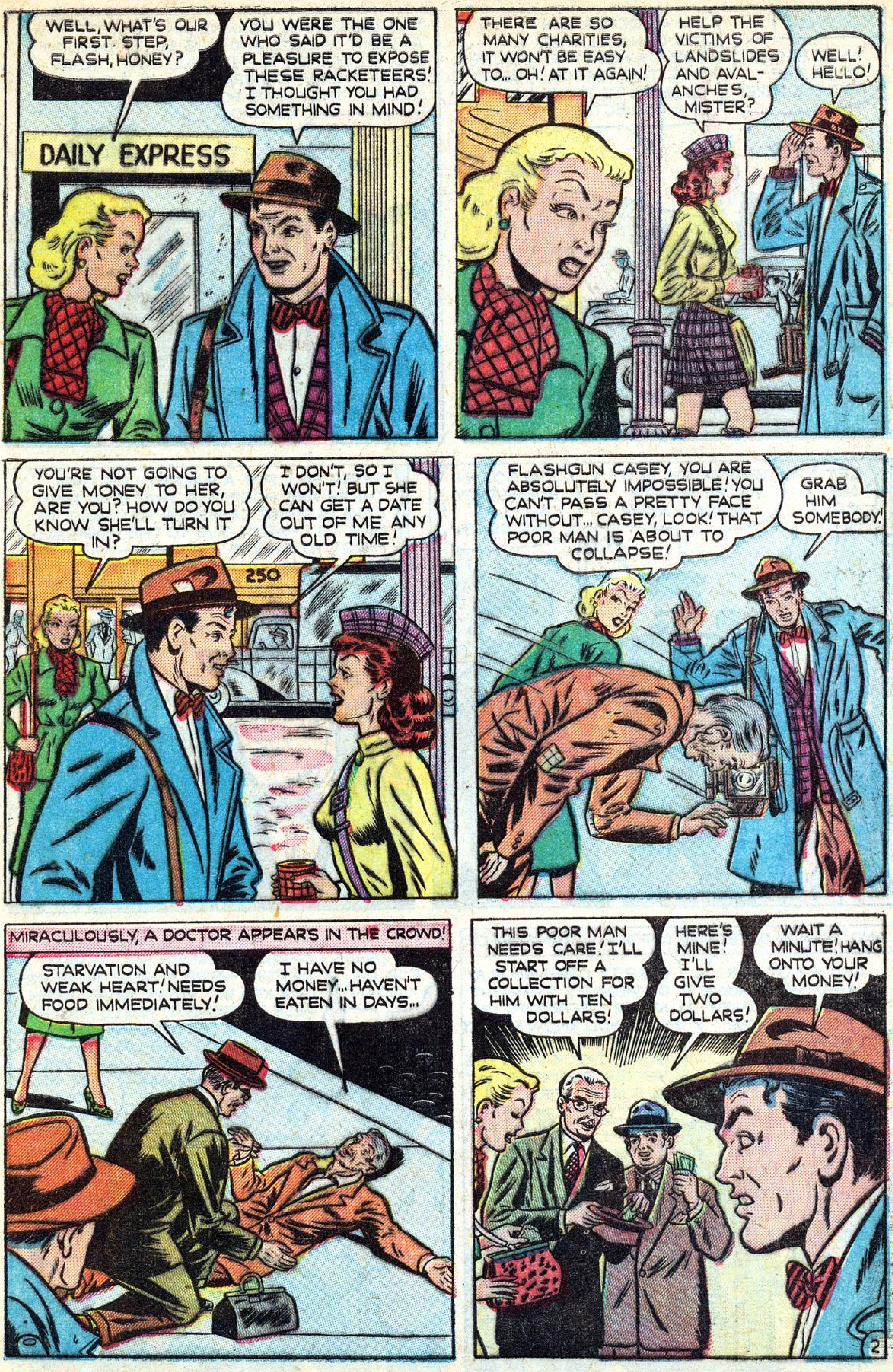
AT YOUR ICE CREAM STORE or write for FREE LIST, showing many other swell prizes, to POPSICLE PETE* at Address nearest you.

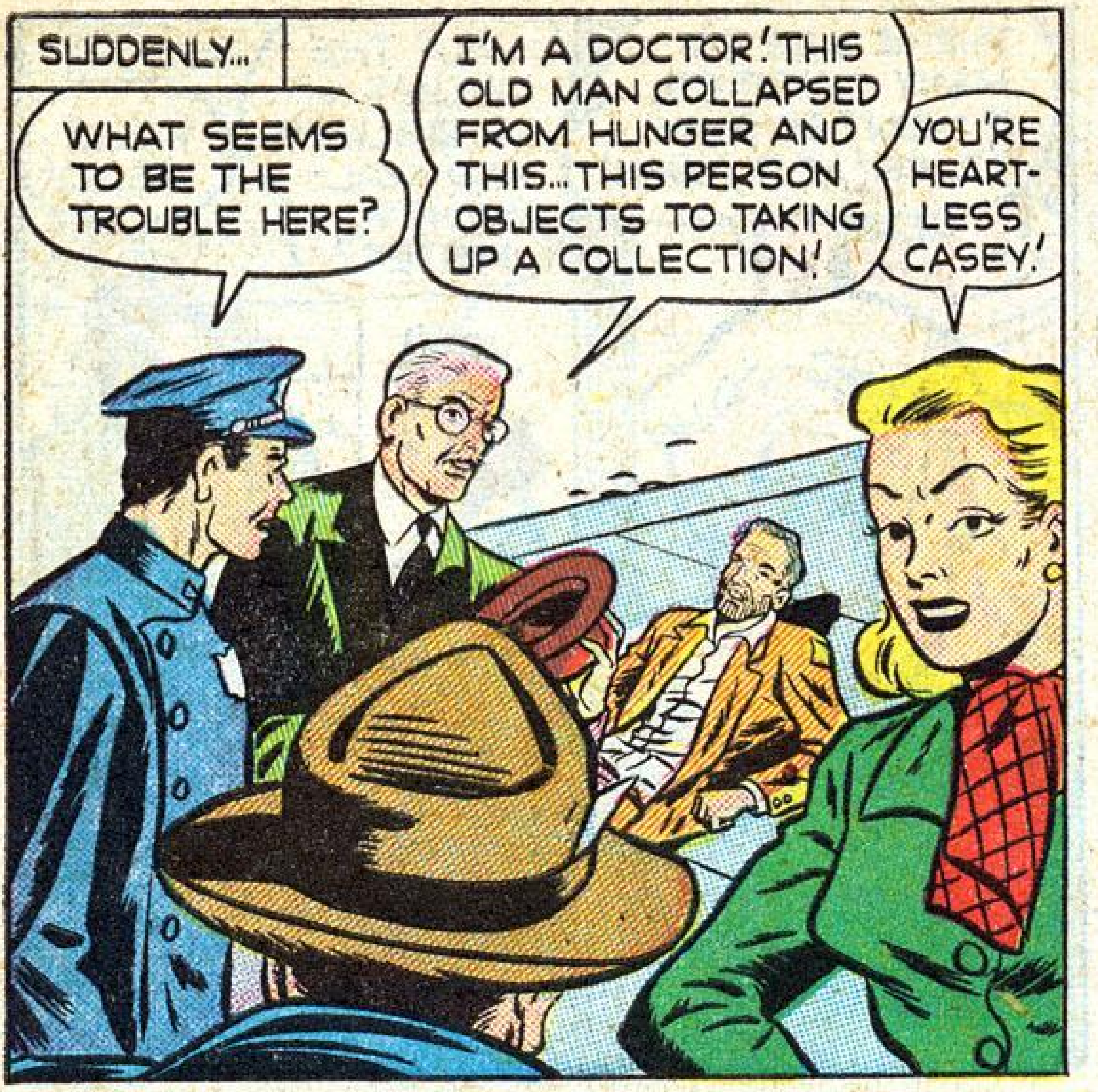
*T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

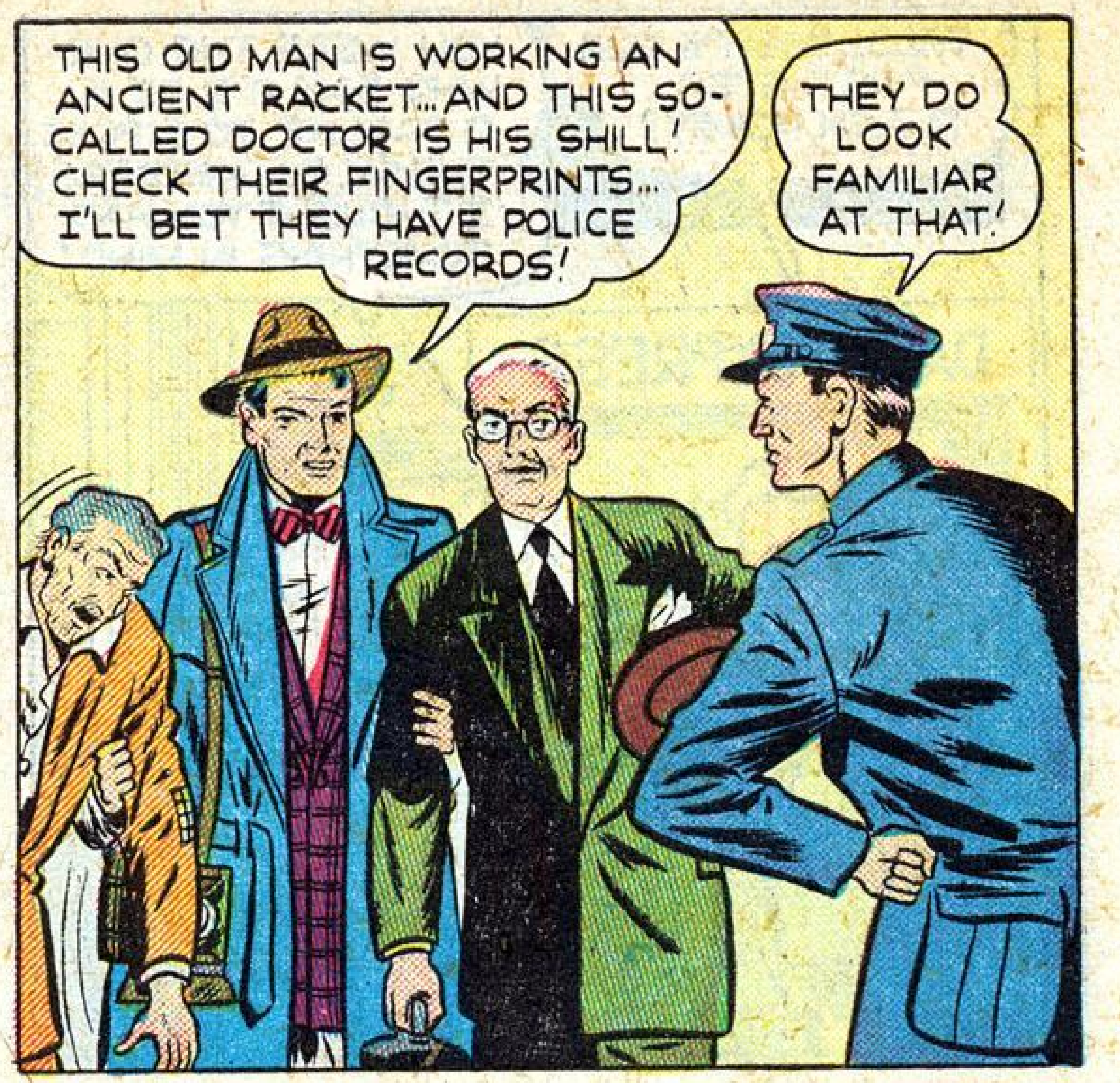
Casey CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER

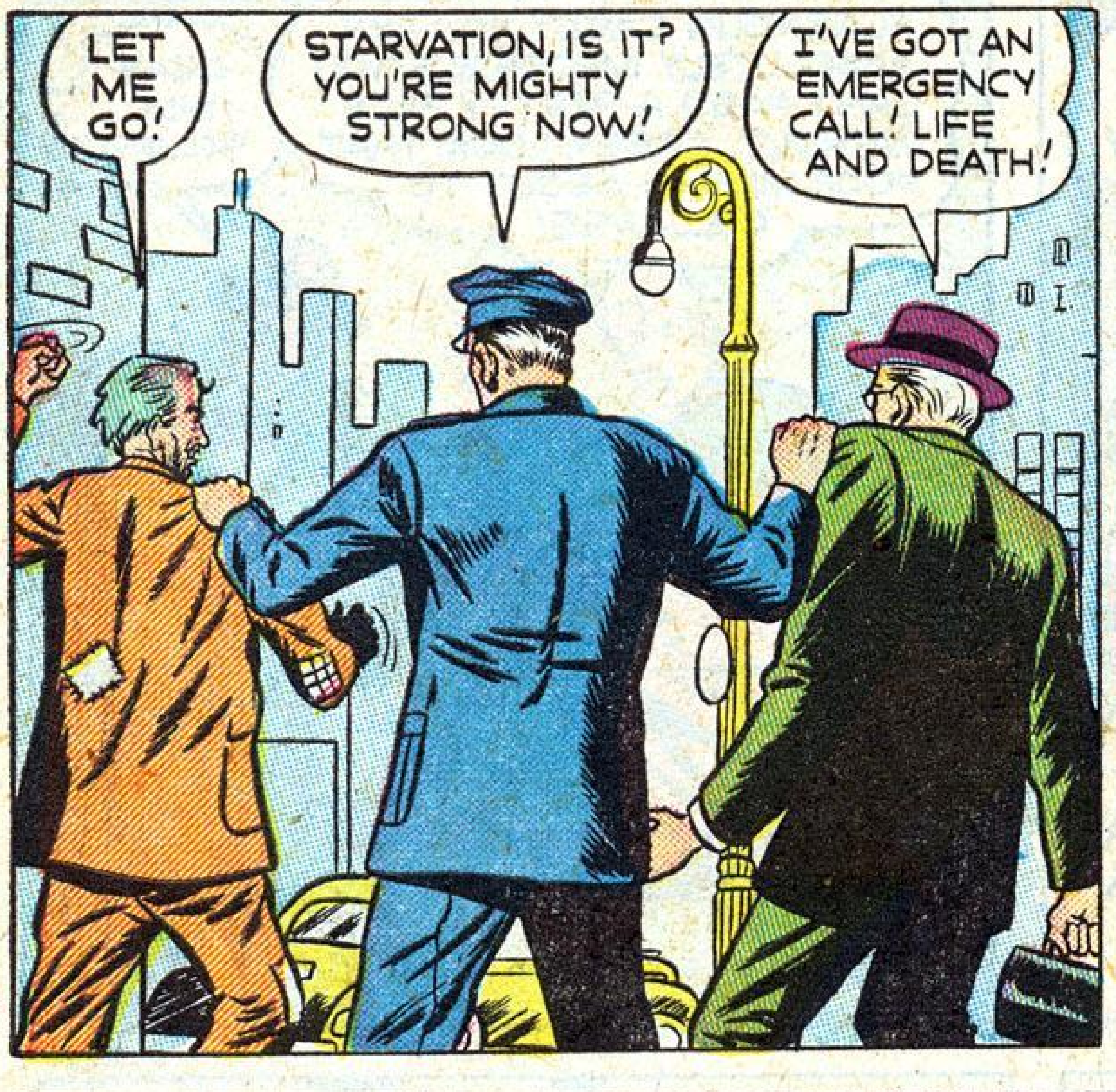
"THE SINISTER CARNIVAL!"

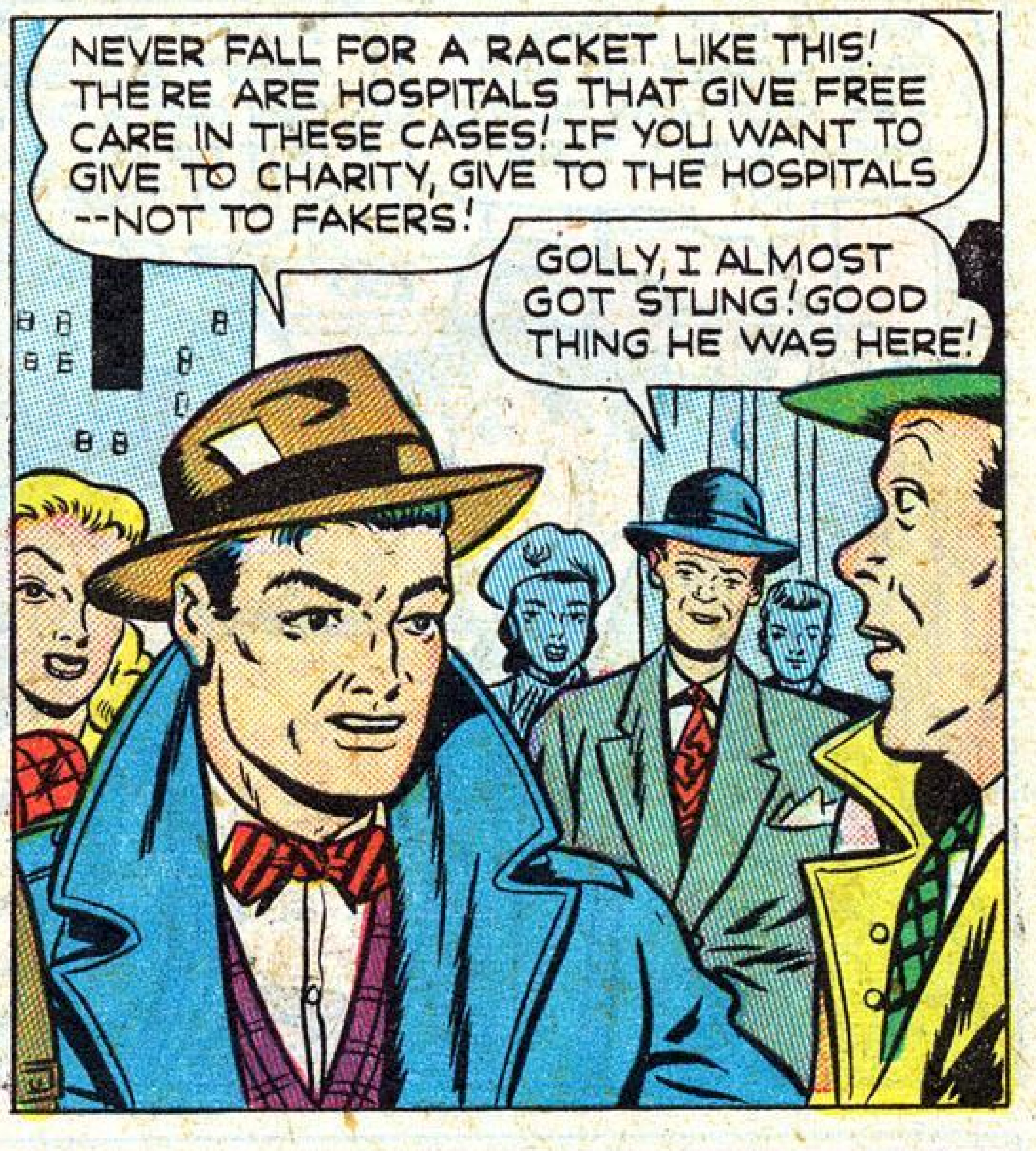

IT'S JUST A NICE, PLEASANT, CHARITY CARNIVAL...SO COME JOIN US, WON'T YOU? YOU'LL HAVE LOTS OF FUN, EVEN THOUGH YOU MAY LOSE A FEW DOLLARS...OR YOUR LIFE!
CBS
6070
AS EDITOR BURKE COULD TELL YOU, ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING FEATURES OF RUNNING A NEWSPAPER IS THE ODD PEOPLE WHO DROPPED IN! FOR INSTANCE..
THIS STATUETTE OF A WOUNDED FAUN WAS SENT TO ME BY THE FRIENDS OF WILD LIFE INC. IN THE MAIL!
AND YOU SAY YOU CAN'T SEND IT BACK TO THEM BECAUSE YOUR DOG KNOCKED IT OVER? AND THEY'RE THREATENING TO SUE?...WHAT SHOULD HE DO, CASEY?
HE DOESN'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING! MERCHANDISE SENT UNSOLICTED DOESN'T HAVE TO BE PAID FOR... OR EVEN RETURNED! GENUINE CHARITIES USE THIS METHOD TO RAISE FUNDS, BUT THEY NEVER THREATEN SUIT, WHICH MEANS THE FRIENDS OF WILD LIFE INC., IS PROBABLY A CHARITY RACKET! IGNORE EM! THEY CAN'T SUE!
GEE, THANKS! YOU'VE TAKEN A BIG LOAD OFF MY MIND!
ANY TIME YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, CALL FLASHGUN CASEY... THE SMARTEST, TOUGHEST NEWS CAMERAMAN IN THE BUSINESS!
UH! UH! I SMELL A ROUGH ASSIGNMENT COMING UP, ANNIE...BURKE NEVER HANDS OUT FLATTERY WITHOUT A MOTIVE!
ROUGH ASSIGNMENT IS RIGHT, FLASH! MILLIONS ARE BEING VICTIMIZED BY PHONY CHARTIES! I WANT YOU AND MISS WILLIAMS TO GET ON THE STORY... EXPOSE THESE VULTURES!
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, BOSS!

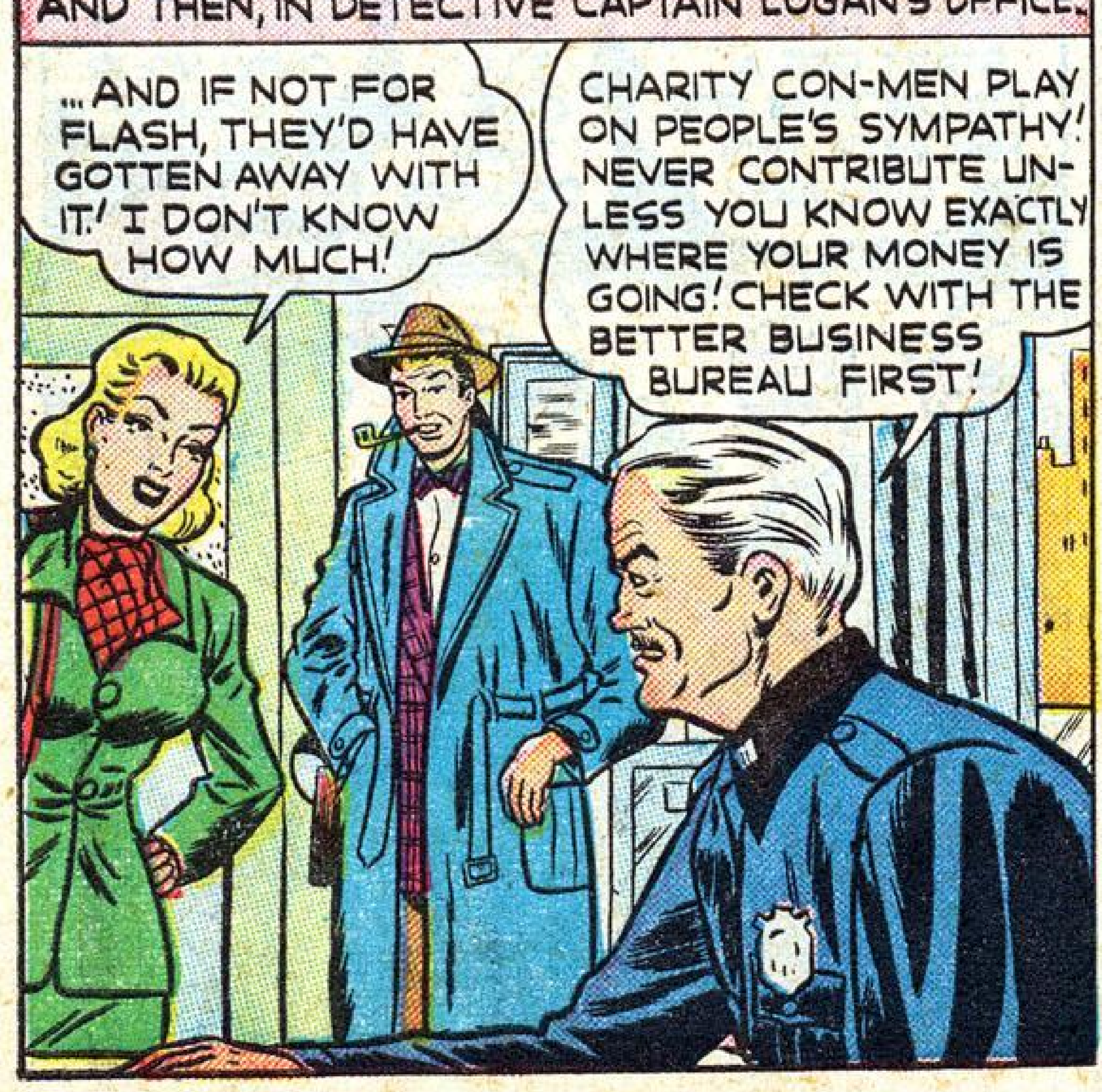

WELL, WHAT'S OUR FIRST. STEP, FLASH, HONEY?
YOU WERE THE ONE WHO SAID IT'D BE A PLEASURE TO EXPOSE THESE RACKETEERS! I THOUGHT YOU HAD SOMETHING IN MIND!
DAILY EXPRESS
THERE ARE SO MANY CHARITIES, IT WON'T BE EASY TO... OH! AT IT AGAIN!
HELP THE VICTIMS OF LANDSLIDES AND AVALANCHES, MISTER?
WELL! HELLO!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE MONEY TO HER, ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU KNOW SHE'LL TURN IT IN?
I DON'T, SO I WON'T! BUT SHE CAN GET A DATE OUT OF ME ANY OLD TIME!
250
FLASHGUN CASEY, YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE! YOU CAN'T PASS A PRETTY FACE WITHOUT... CASEY, LOOK! THAT POOR MAN IS ABOUT TO COLLAPSE!
GRAB HIM SOMEBODY!
MIRACULOUSLY, A DOCTOR APPEARS IN THE CROWD!
STARVATION AND WEAK HEART! NEEDS FOOD IMMEDIATELY!
I HAVE NO MONEY... HAVEN'T EATEN IN DAYS...
THIS POOR MAN NEEDS CARE! I'LL START OFF A COLLECTION FOR HIM WITH TEN DOLLARS!
HERE'S MINE! I'LL GIVE TWO DOLLARS!
WAIT A MINUTE! HANG ONTO YOUR MONEY!

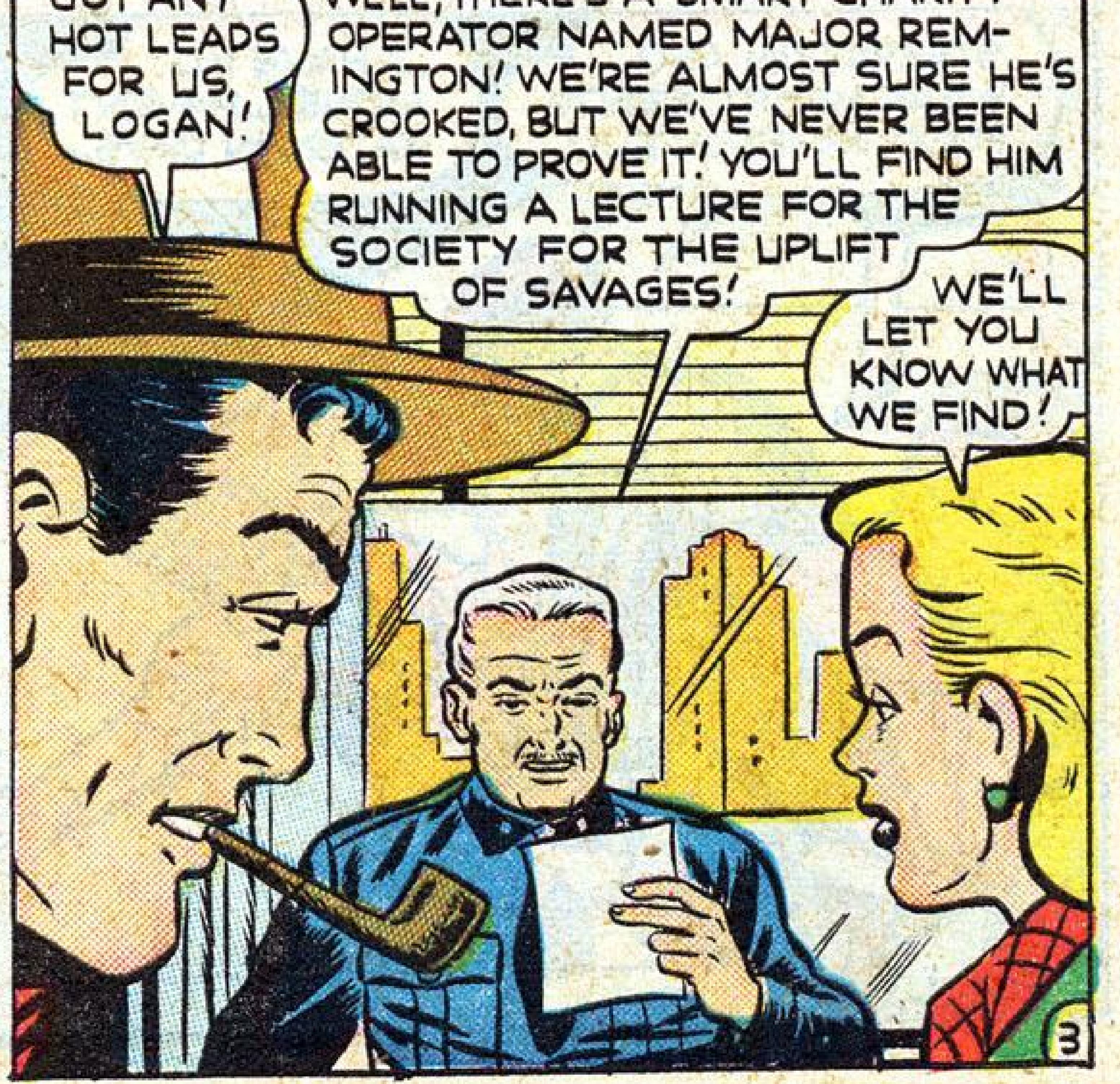

SUDDENLY...
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE HERE?
I'M A DOCTOR! THIS OLD MAN COLLAPSED FROM HUNGER AND THIS... THIS PERSON OBJECTS TO TAKING UP A COLLECTION!
YOU'RE HEARTLESS CASEY!

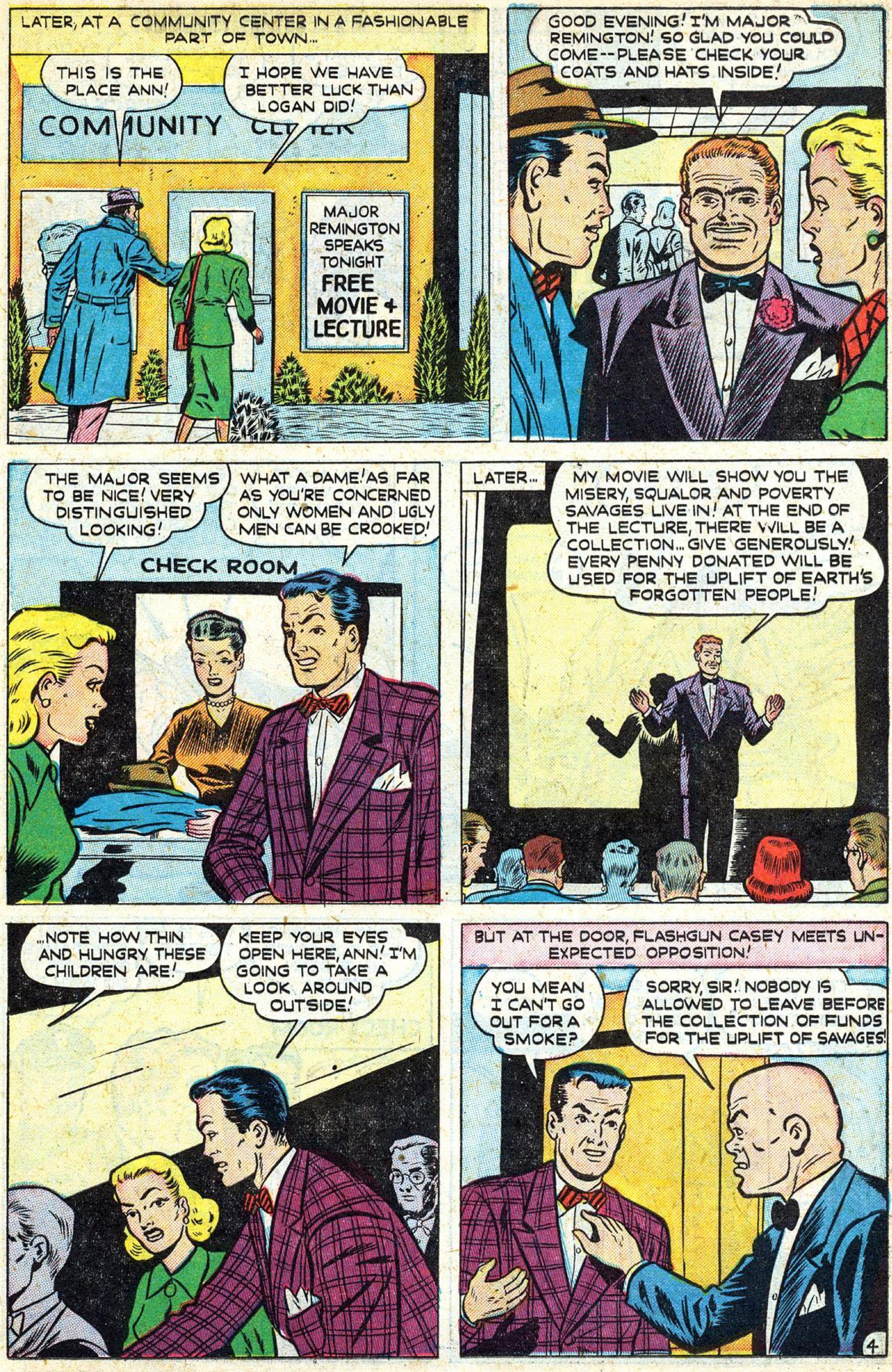

THIS OLD MAN IS WORKING AN ANCIENT RACKET... AND THIS SO-CALLED DOCTOR IS HIS SHILL! CHECK THEIR FINGERPRINTS... I'LL BET THEY HAVE POLICE RECORDS!
THEY DO LOOK FAMILIAR AT THAT!

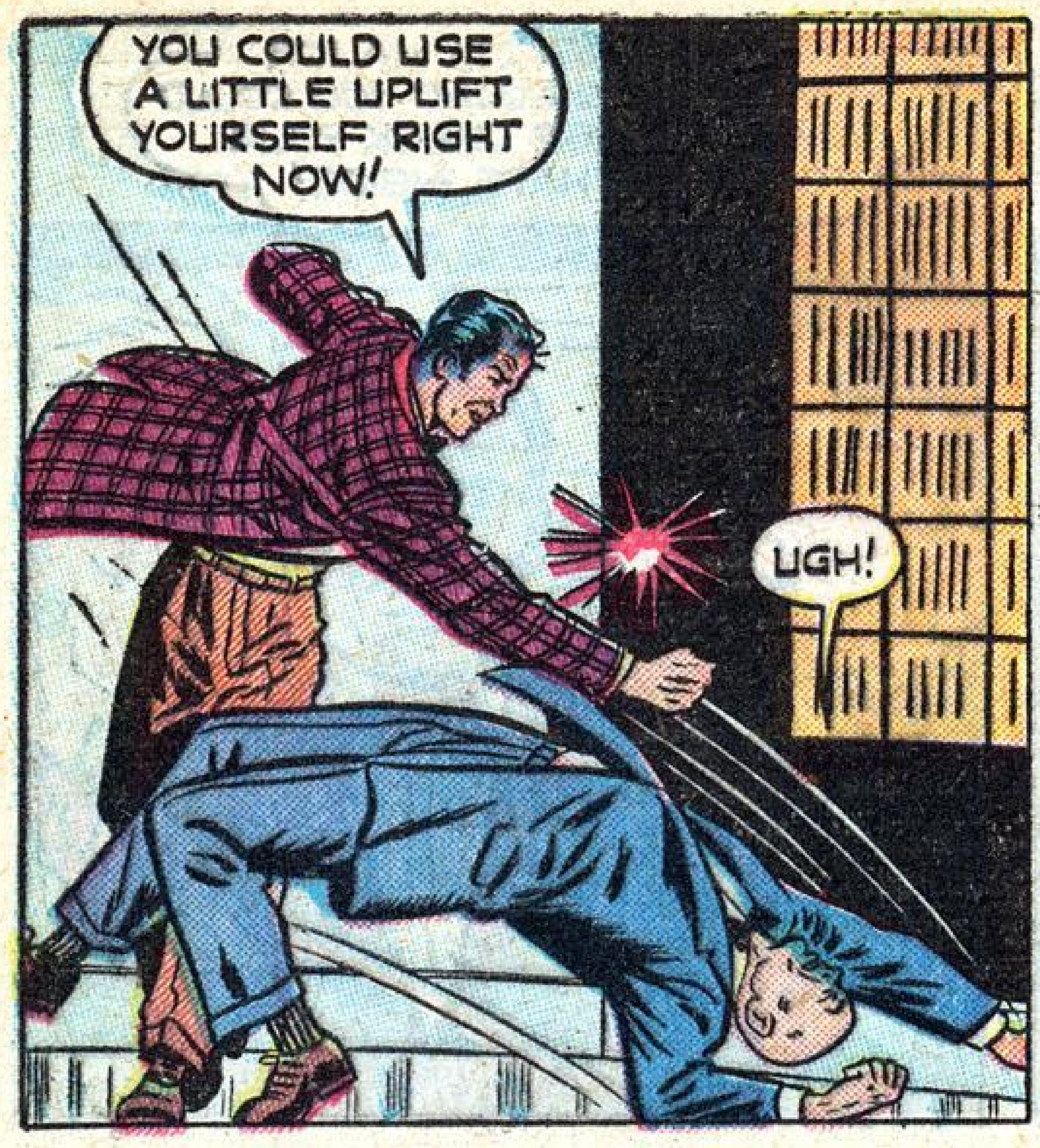

LET ME GO!
STARVATION, IS IT? YOU'RE MIGHTY STRONG NOW!
I'VE GOT AN EMERGENCY CALL! LIFE AND DEATH!

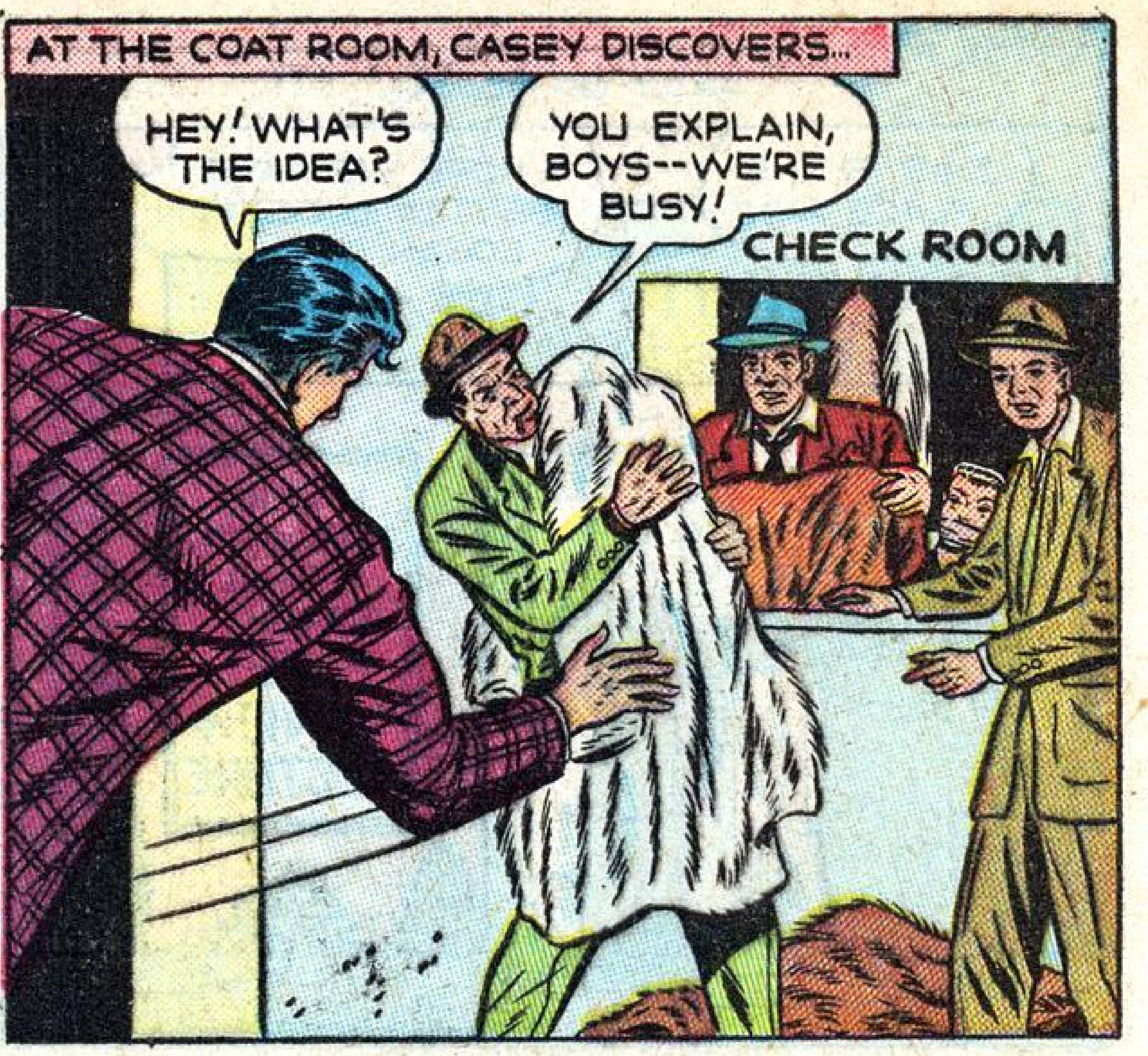

NEVER FALL FOR A RACKET LIKE THIS! THERE ARE HOSPITALS THAT GIVE FREE CARE IN THESE CASES! IF YOU WANT TO GIVE TO CHARITY, GIVE TO THE HOSPITALS --NOT TO FAKERS!
GOLLY, I ALMOST GOT STUNG! GOOD THING HE WAS HERE!

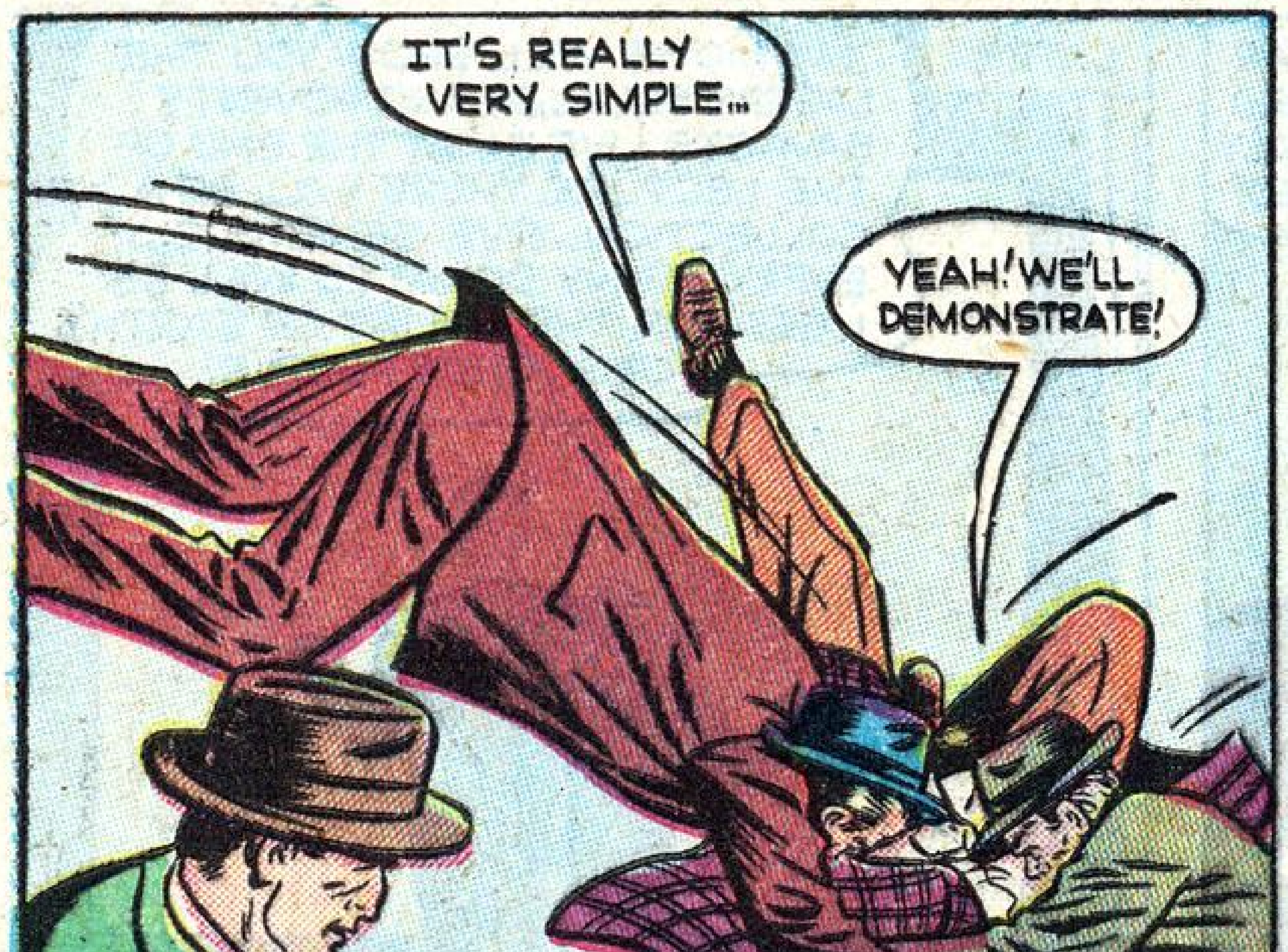

AND THEN, IN DETECTIVE CAPTAIN LOGAN'S OFFICE.
...AND IF NOT FOR FLASH, THEY'D HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT! I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH!
CHARITY CON-MEN PLAY ON PEOPLE'S SYMPATHY! NEVER CONTRIBUTE UNLESS YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHERE YOUR MONEY IS GOING! CHECK WITH THE BETTER BUSINESS BUREAU FIRST!

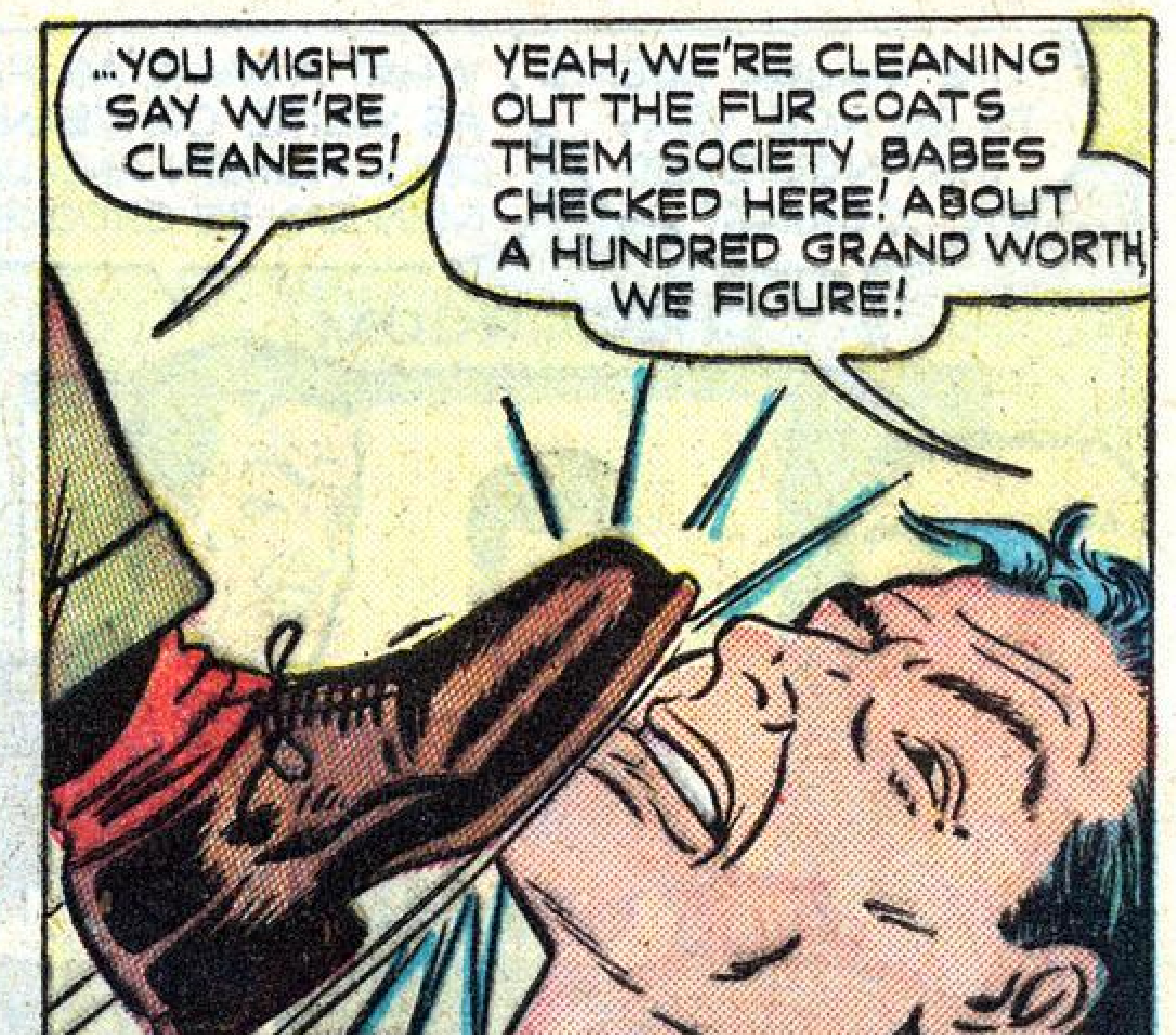

GOT ANY HOT LEADS FOR US, LOGAN!
WELL, THERE'S A SMART CHARITY OPERATOR NAMED MAJOR REMINGTON! WE'RE ALMOST SURE HE'S CROOKED, BUT WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO PROVE IT! YOU'LL FIND HIM RUNNING A LECTURE FOR THE SOCIETY FOR THE UPLIFT OF SAVAGES!
WE'LL LET YOU KNOW WHAT WE FIND!

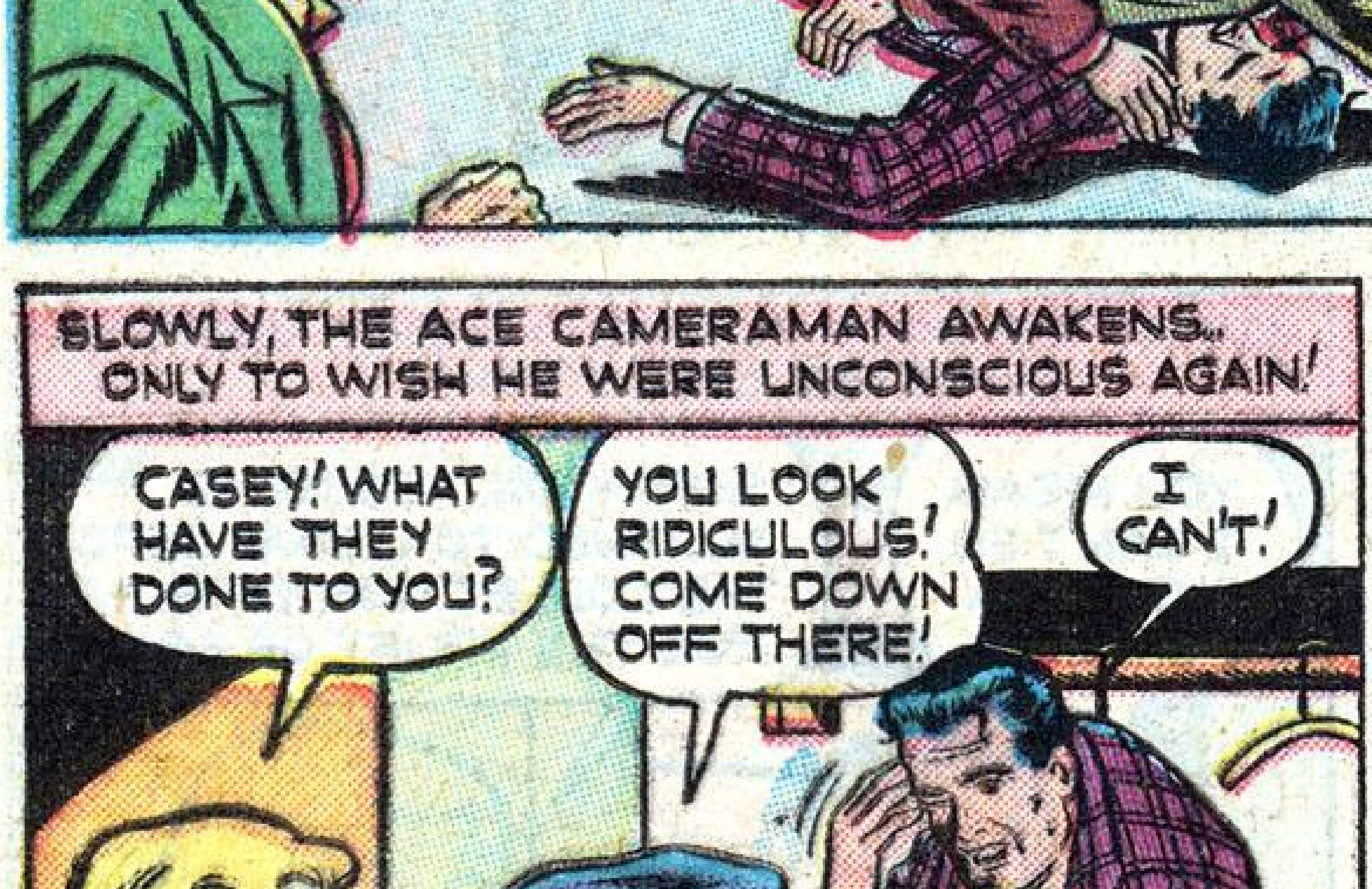

LATER, AT A COMMUNITY CENTER IN A FASHIONABLE PART OF TOWN...
THIS IS THE PLACE ANN!
I HOPE WE HAVE BETTER LUCK THAN LOGAN DID!
COMMUNITY CENTER
MAJOR REMINGTON SPEAKS TONIGHT FREE MOVIE & LECTURE
GOOD EVENING! I'M MAJOR REMINGTON! SO GLAD YOU COULD COME--PLEASE CHECK YOUR COATS AND HATS INSIDE!
THE MAJOR SEEMS TO BE NICE! VERY DISTINGUISHED LOOKING!
WHAT A DAME! AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED ONLY WOMEN AND UGLY MEN CAN BE CROOKED!
CHECK ROOM
LATER...
MY MOVIE WILL SHOW YOU THE MISERY, SQUALOR AND POVERTY SAVAGES LIVE IN! AT THE END OF THE LECTURE, THERE WILL BE A COLLECTION... GIVE GENEROUSLY! EVERY PENNY DONATED WILL BE USED FOR THE UPLIFT OF EARTH'S FORGOTTEN PEOPLE!
...NOTE HOW THIN AND HUNGRY THESE CHILDREN ARE!
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN HERE, ANN! I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND OUTSIDE!
BUT AT THE DOOR, FLASHGUN CASEY MEETS UNEXPECTED OPPOSITION!
YOU MEAN I CAN'T GO OUT FOR A SMOKE?
SORRY, SIR! NOBODY IS ALLOWED TO LEAVE BEFORE THE COLLECTION OF FUNDS FOR THE UPLIFT OF SAVAGES!

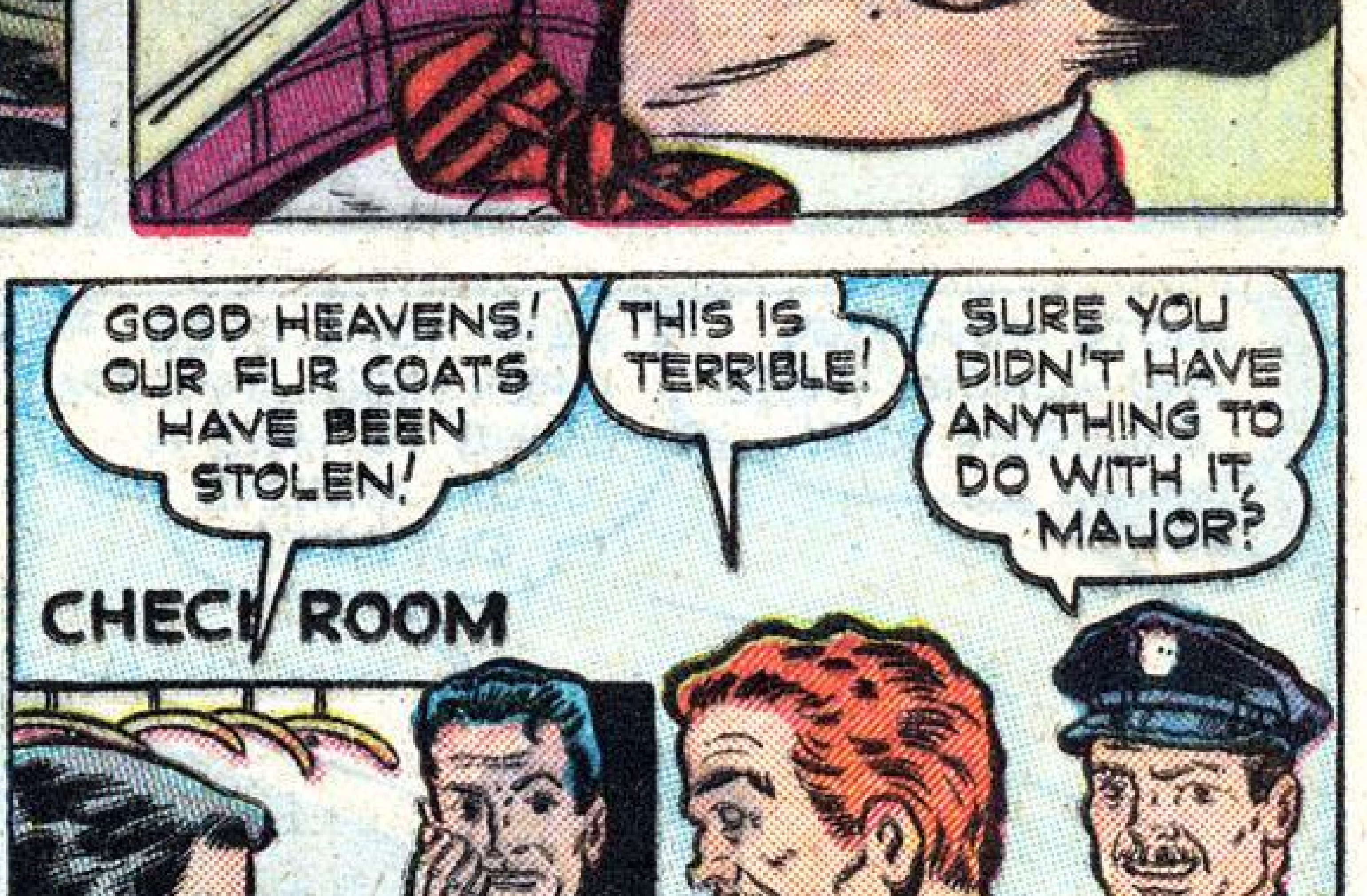

YOU COULD USE A LITTLE UPLIFT YOURSELF RIGHT NOW!
UGH!

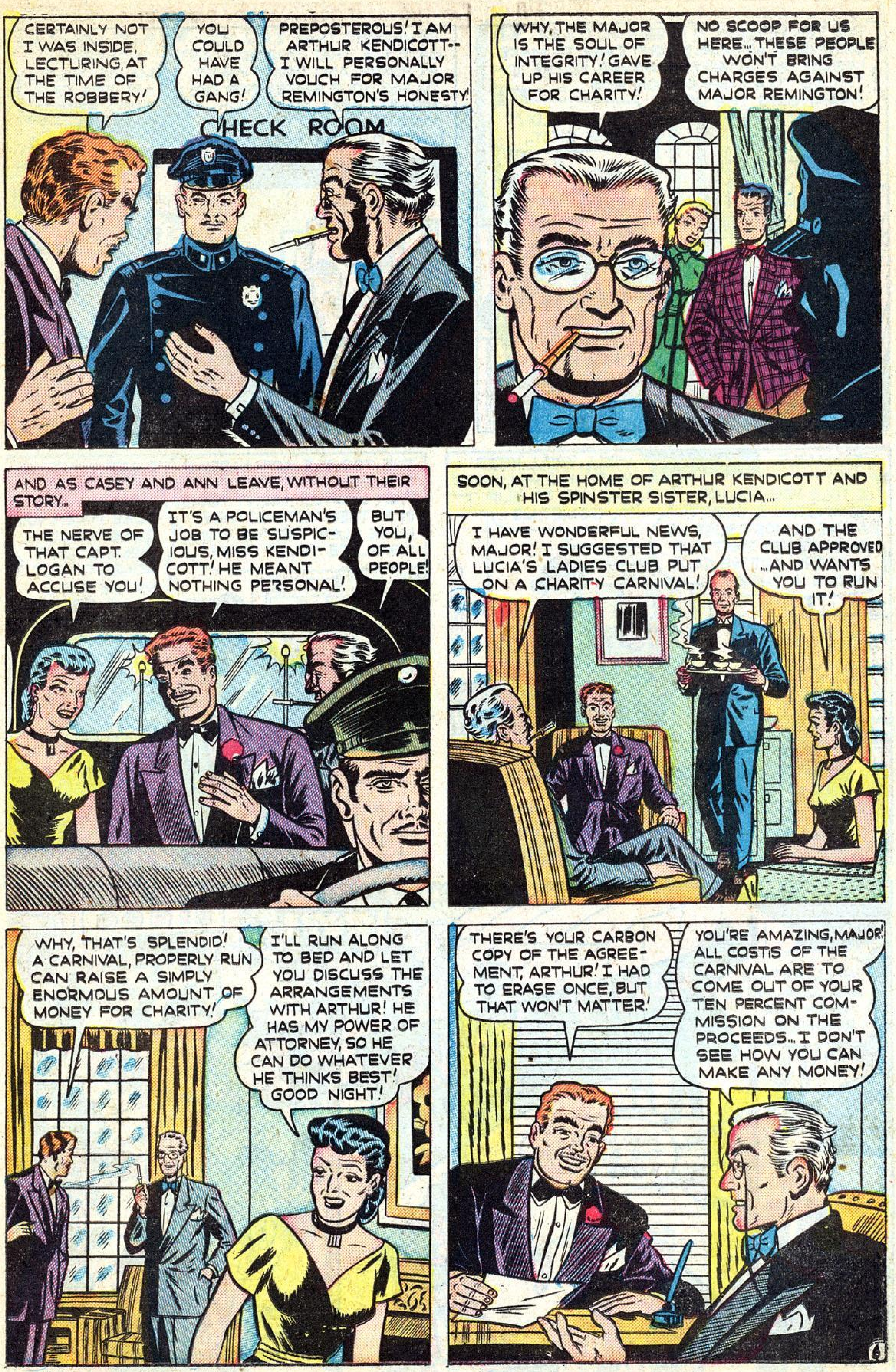

AT THE COAT ROOM, CASEY DISCOVERS..
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?
YOU EXPLAIN, BOYS--WE'RE BUSY!
CHECK ROOM

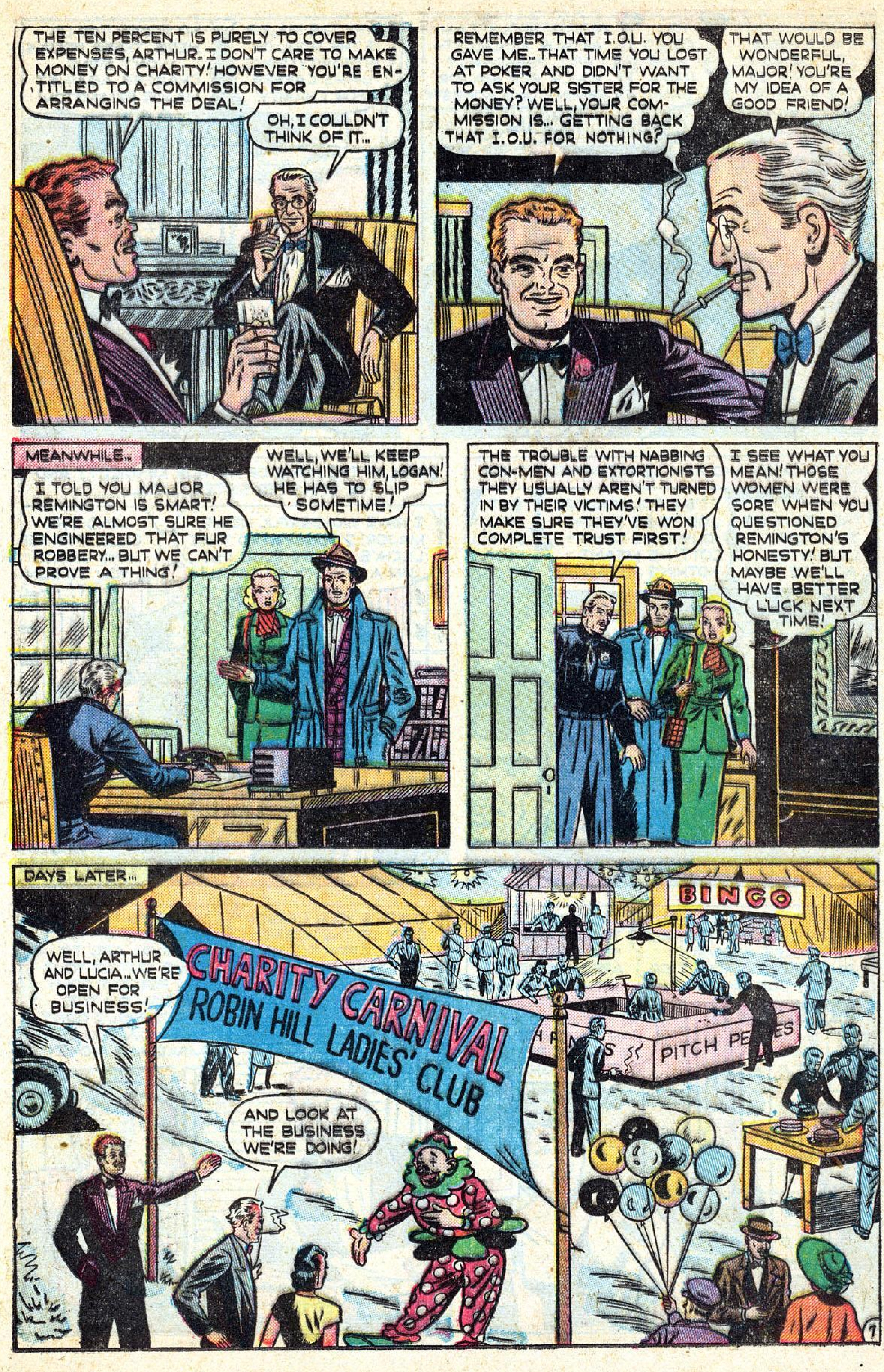

IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE...
YEAH! WE'LL DEMONSTRATE!

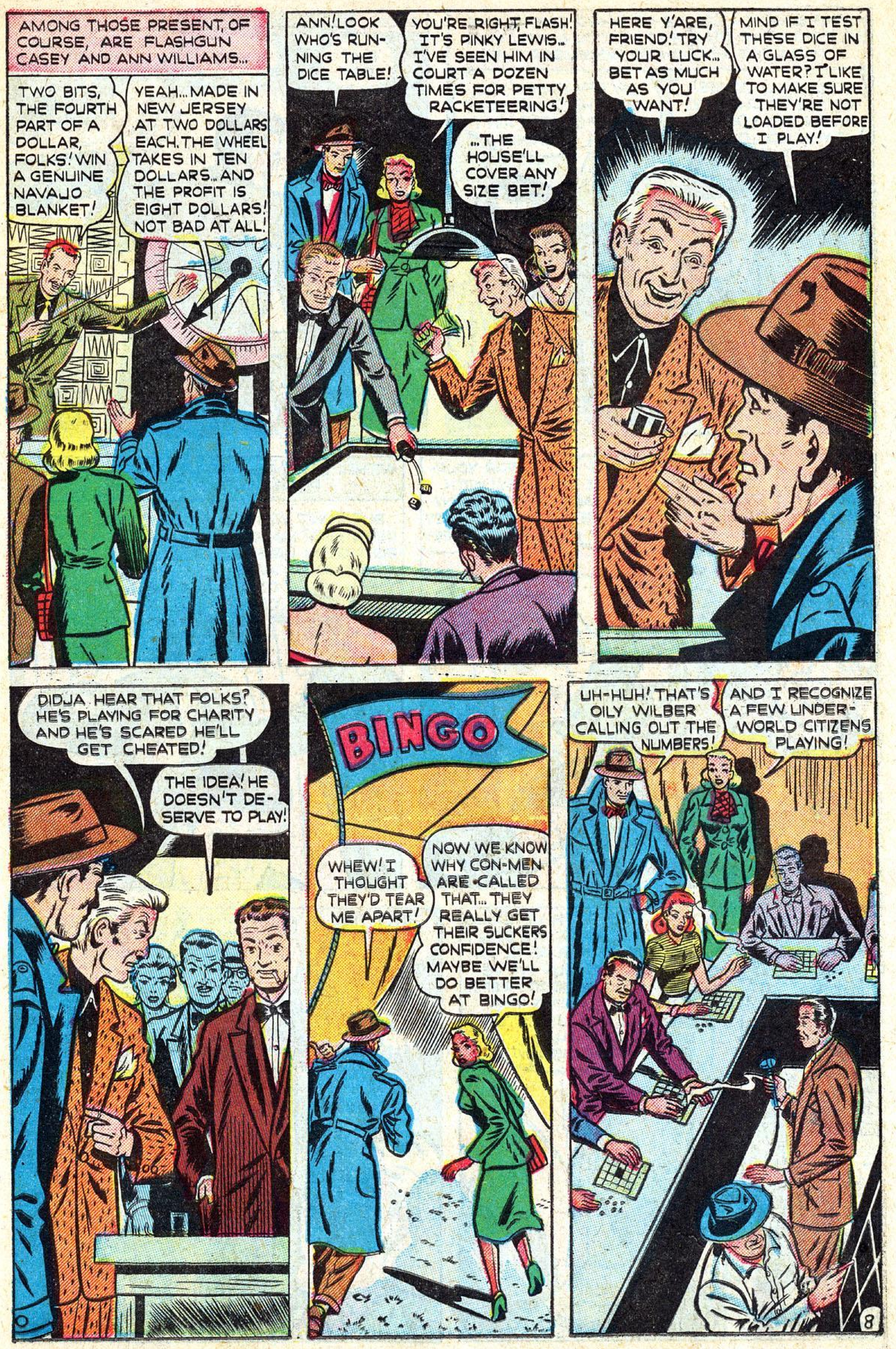

...YOU MIGHT SAY WE'RE CLEANERS!
YEAH, WE'RE CLEANING OUT THE FUR COATS THEM SOCIETY BABES CHECKED HERE! ABOUT A HUNDRED GRAND WORTH WE FIGURE!

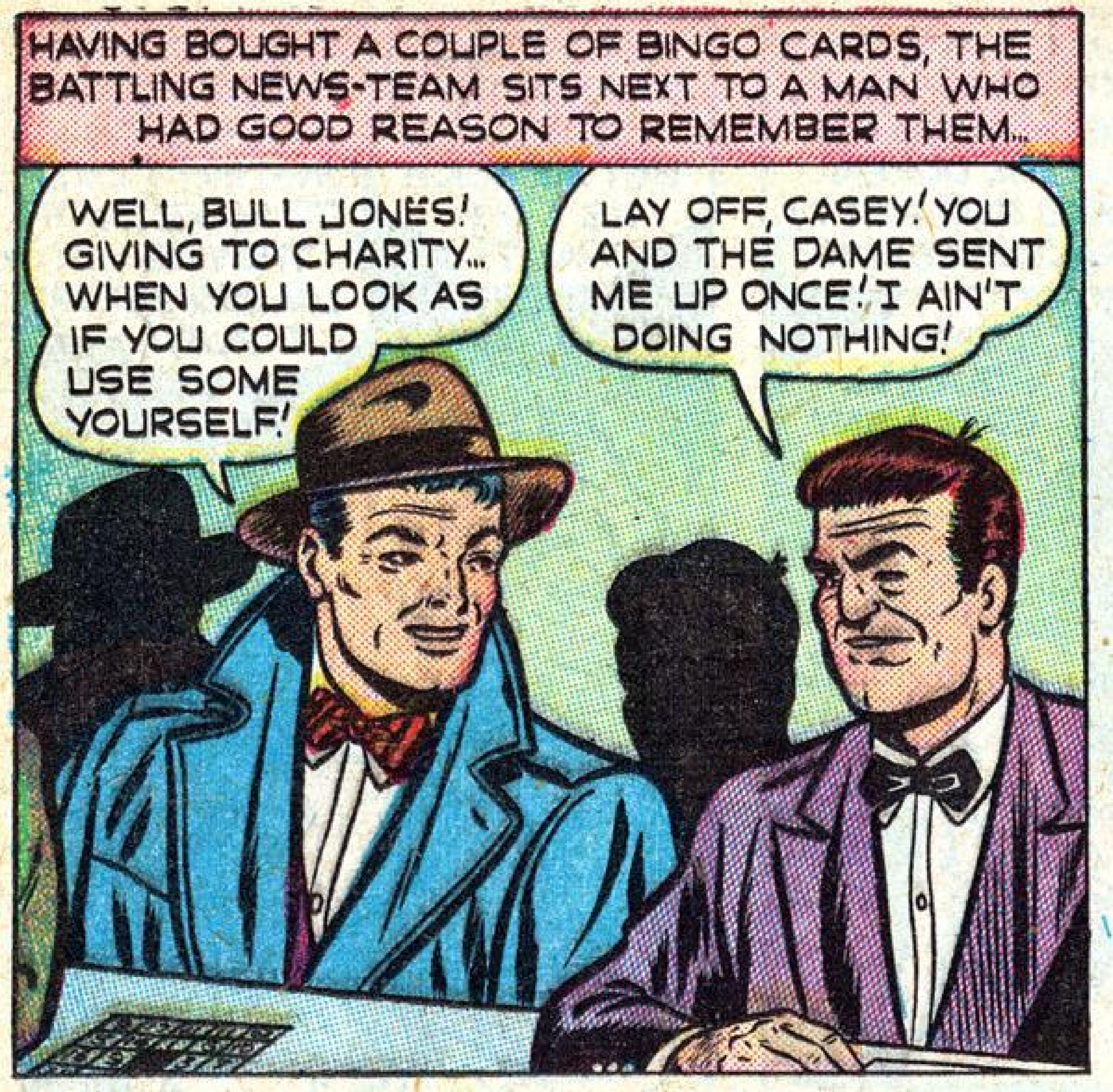

SLOWLY, THE ACE CAMERAMAN AWAKENS.. ONLY TO WISH HE WERE UNCONSCIOUS AGAIN!
CASEY! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?
YOU LOOK RIDICULOUS! COME DOWN OFF THERE!
I CAN'T!

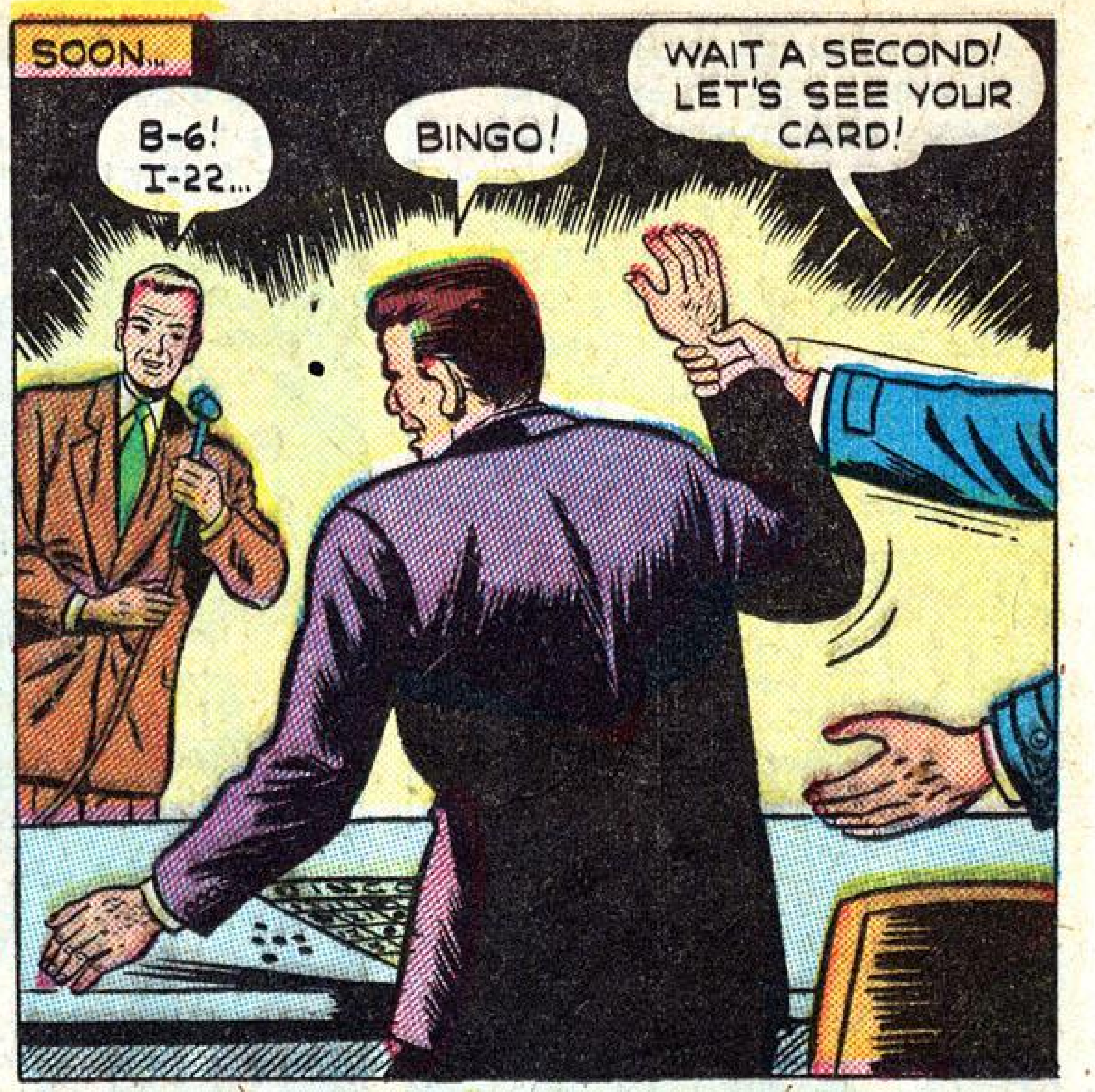

GOOD HEAVENS! OUR FUR COATS HAVE BEEN STOLEN!
THIS IS TERRIBLE!
SURE YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT, MAJOR?
CHECK ROOM

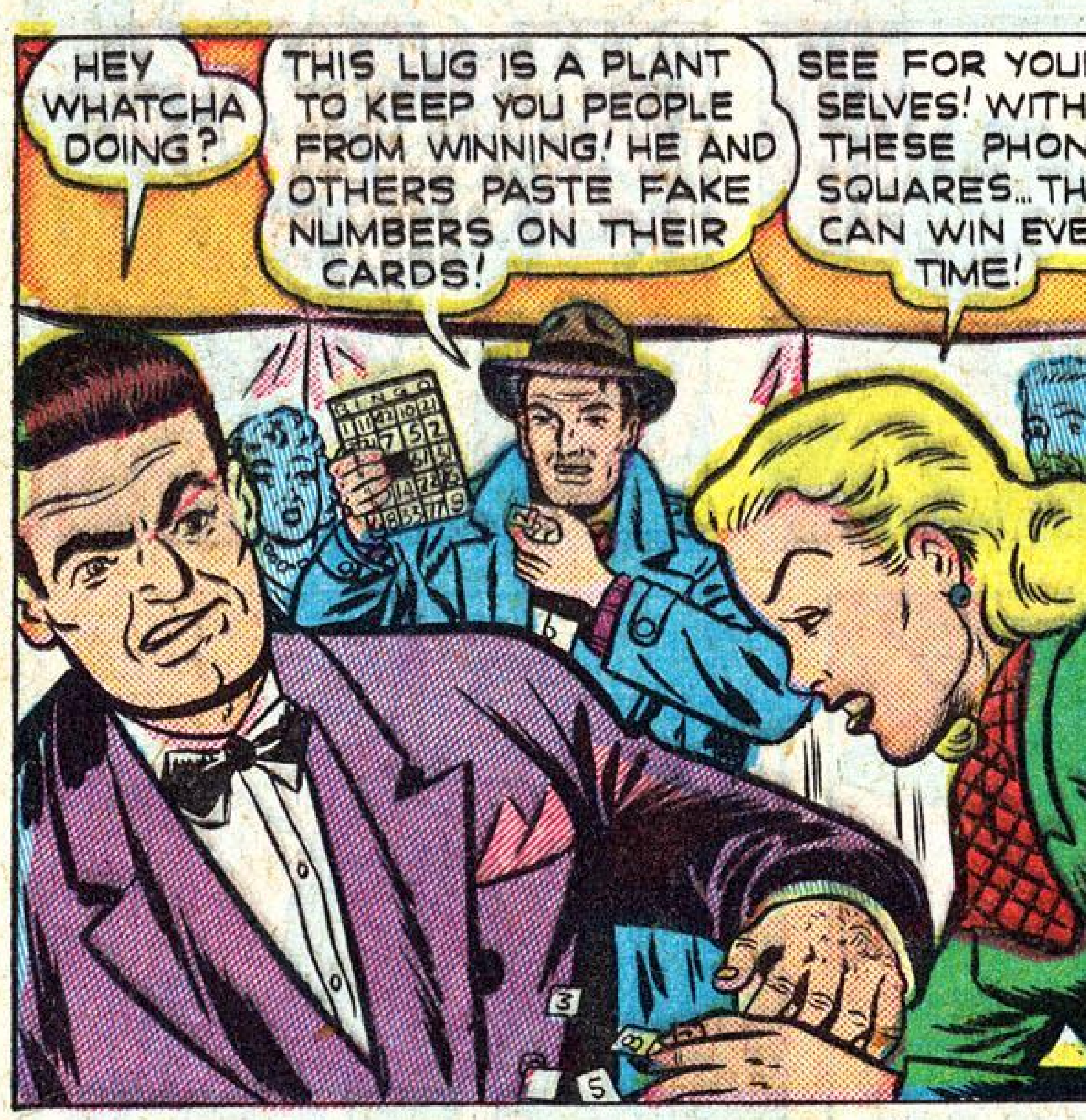

CERTAINLY NOT I WAS INSIDE, LECTURING, AT THE TIME OF THE ROBBERY!
YOU COULD HAVE HAD A GANG!
PREPOSTEROUS! I AM ARTHUR KENDICOTT-- I WILL PERSONALLY VOUCH FOR MAJOR REMINGTON'S HONESTY!
CHECK ROOM
WHY, THE MAJOR IS THE SOUL OF INTEGRITY! GAVE UP HIS CAREER FOR CHARITY!
NO SCOOP FOR US HERE... THESE PEOPLE WON'T BRING CHARGES AGAINST MAJOR REMINGTON!
AND AS CASEY AND ANN LEAVE, WITHOUT THEIR STORY...
THE NERVE OF THAT CAPT. LOGAN TO ACCUSE YOU!
IT'S A POLICEMAN'S JOB TO BE SUSPICIOUS, MISS KENDICOTT! HE MEANT NOTHING PERSONAL!
BUT YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE!
SOON, AT THE HOME OF ARTHUR KENDICOTT AND HIS SPINSTER SISTER, LUCIA...
I HAVE WONDERFUL NEWS, MAJOR! I SUGGESTED THAT LUCIA'S LADIES CLUB PUT ON A CHARITY CARNIVAL!
AND THE CLUB APPROVED ...AND WANTS YOU TO RUN IT!
WHY, THAT'S SPLENDID! A CARNIVAL, PROPERLY RUN CAN RAISE A SIMPLY ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF MONEY FOR CHARITY!
I'LL RUN ALONG TO BED AND LET YOU DISCUSS THE ARRANGEMENTS WITH ARTHUR! HE HAS MY POWER OF ATTORNEY, SO HE CAN DO WHATEVER HE THINKS BEST! GOOD NIGHT!
THERE'S YOUR CARBON COPY OF THE AGREEMENT, ARTHUR! I HAD TO ERASE ONCE, BUT THAT WON'T MATTER!
YOU'RE AMAZING, MAJOR! ALL COSTIS OF THE CARNIVAL ARE TO COME OUT OF YOUR TEN PERCENT COMMISSION ON THE PROCEEDS... I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN MAKE ANY MONEY!

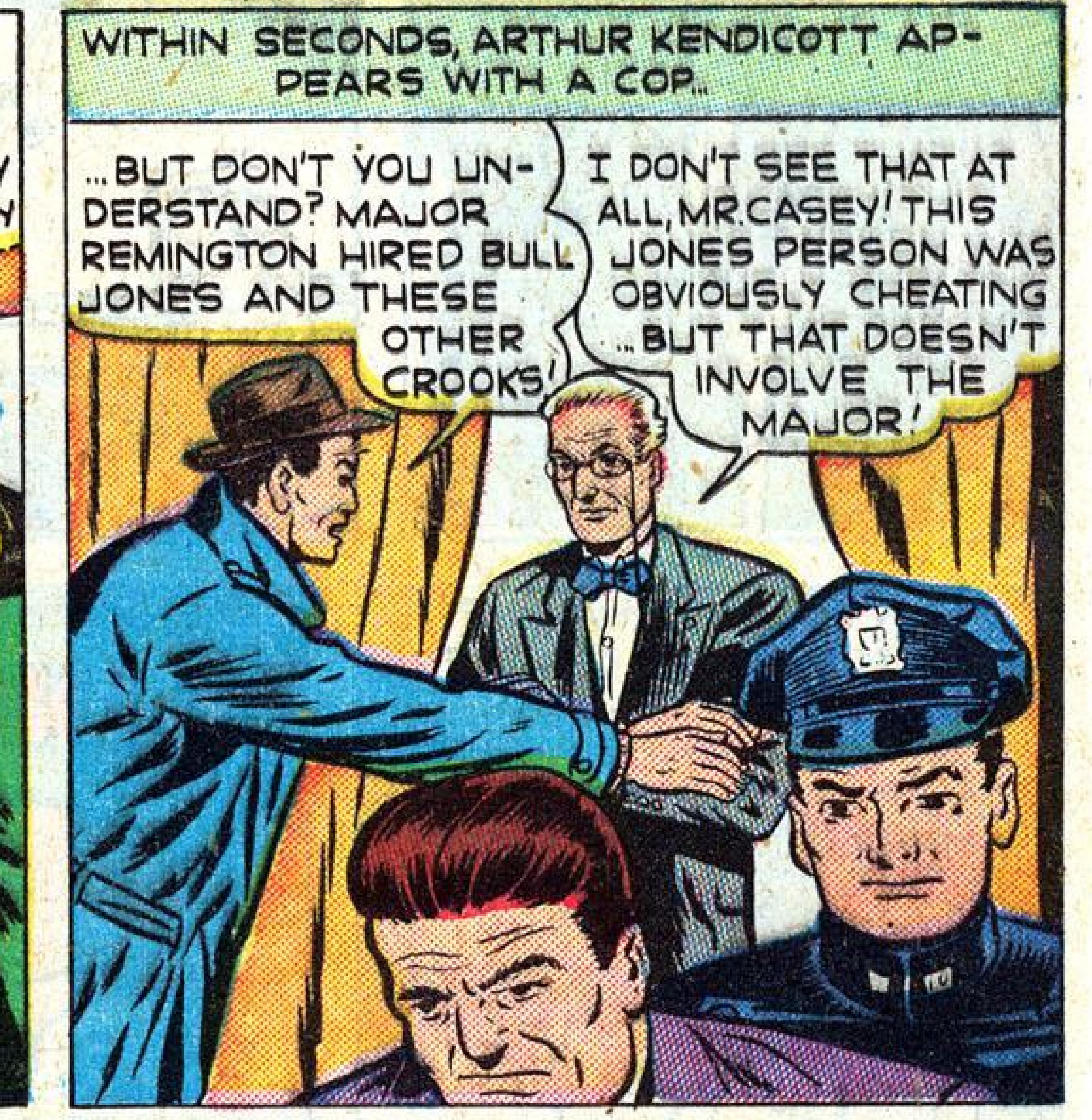

THE TEN PERCENT IS PURELY TO COVER EXPENSES, ARTHUR.. I DON'T CARE TO MAKE MONEY ON CHARITY! HOWEVER YOU'RE ENTITLED TO A COMMISSION FOR ARRANGING THE DEAL!
OH, I COULDN'T THINK OF IT...
REMEMBER THAT I.O.U. YOU GAVE ME.. THAT TIME YOU LOST AT POKER AND DIDN'T WANT TO ASK YOUR SISTER FOR THE MONEY? WELL, YOUR COMMISSION IS... GETTING BACK THAT I.O.U. FOR NOTHING?
THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL, MAJOR! YOU'RE MY IDEA OF A GOOD FRIEND!
MEANWHILE..
I TOLD YOU MAJOR REMINGTON IS SMART! WE'RE ALMOST SURE HE ENGINEERED THAT FUR ROBBERY... BUT WE CAN'T PROVE A THING!
WELL, WE'LL KEEP WATCHING HIM, LOGAN! HE HAS TO SLIP SOMETIME!
THE TROUBLE WITH NABBING CON-MEN AND EXTORTIONISTS THEY USUALLY AREN'T TURNED IN BY THEIR VICTIMS! THEY MAKE SURE THEY'VE WON COMPLETE TRUST FIRST!
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN! THOSE WOMEN WERE SORE WHEN YOU QUESTIONED REMINGTON'S HONESTY! BUT MAYBE WE'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!
DAYS LATER...
BINGO
WELL, ARTHUR AND LUCIA... WE'RE OPEN FOR BUSINESS!
CHARITY CARNIVAL ROBIN HILL LADIES' CLUB
PITCH PE
AND LOOK AT THE BUSINESS WE'RE DOING!

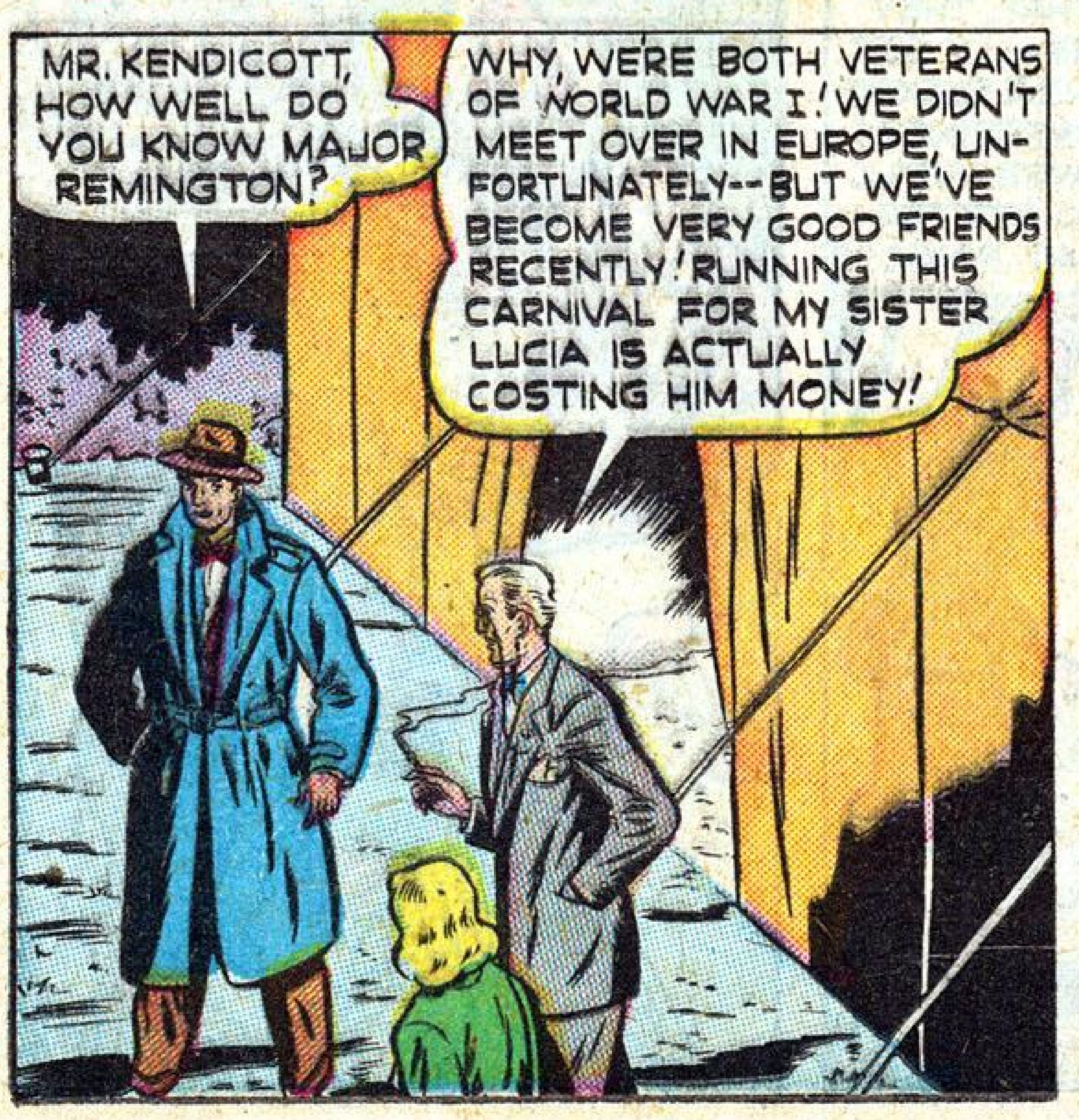

AMONG THOSE PRESENT, OF COURSE, ARE FLASHGUN CASEY AND ANN WILLIAMS...
TWO BITS, THE FOURTH PART OF A DOLLAR, FOLKS! WIN A GENUINE NAVAJO BLANKET!
YEAH... MADE IN NEW JERSEY AT TWO DOLLARS EACH. THE WHEEL TAKES IN TEN DOLLARS... AND THE PROFIT IS EIGHT DOLLARS! NOT BAD AT ALL!
ANN! LOOK WHO'S RUNNING THE DICE TABLE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, FLASH! IT'S PINKY LEWIS... I'VE SEEN HIM IN COURT A DOZEN TIMES FOR PETTY RACKETEERING!
...THE HOUSE'LL COVER ANY SIZE BET!
HERE Y'ARE, FRIEND! TRY YOUR LUCK... BET AS MUCH AS YOU WANT!
MIND IF I TEST THESE DICE IN A GLASS OF WATER? I LIKE TO MAKE SURE THEY'RE NOT LOADED BEFORE I PLAY!
DIDJA HEAR THAT FOLKS? HE'S PLAYING FOR CHARITY AND HE'S SCARED HE'LL GET CHEATED!
THE IDEA! HE DOESN'T DESERVE TO PLAY!
BINGO
WHEW! I THOUGHT THEY'D TEAR ME APART!
NOW WE KNOW WHY CON-MEN ARE CALLED THAT... THEY REALLY GET THEIR SUCKERS CONFIDENCE! MAYBE WE'LL DO BETTER AT BINGO!
UH-HUH! THAT'S OILY WILBER CALLING OUT THE NUMBERS!
AND I RECOGNIZE A FEW UNDERWORLD CITIZENS PLAYING!

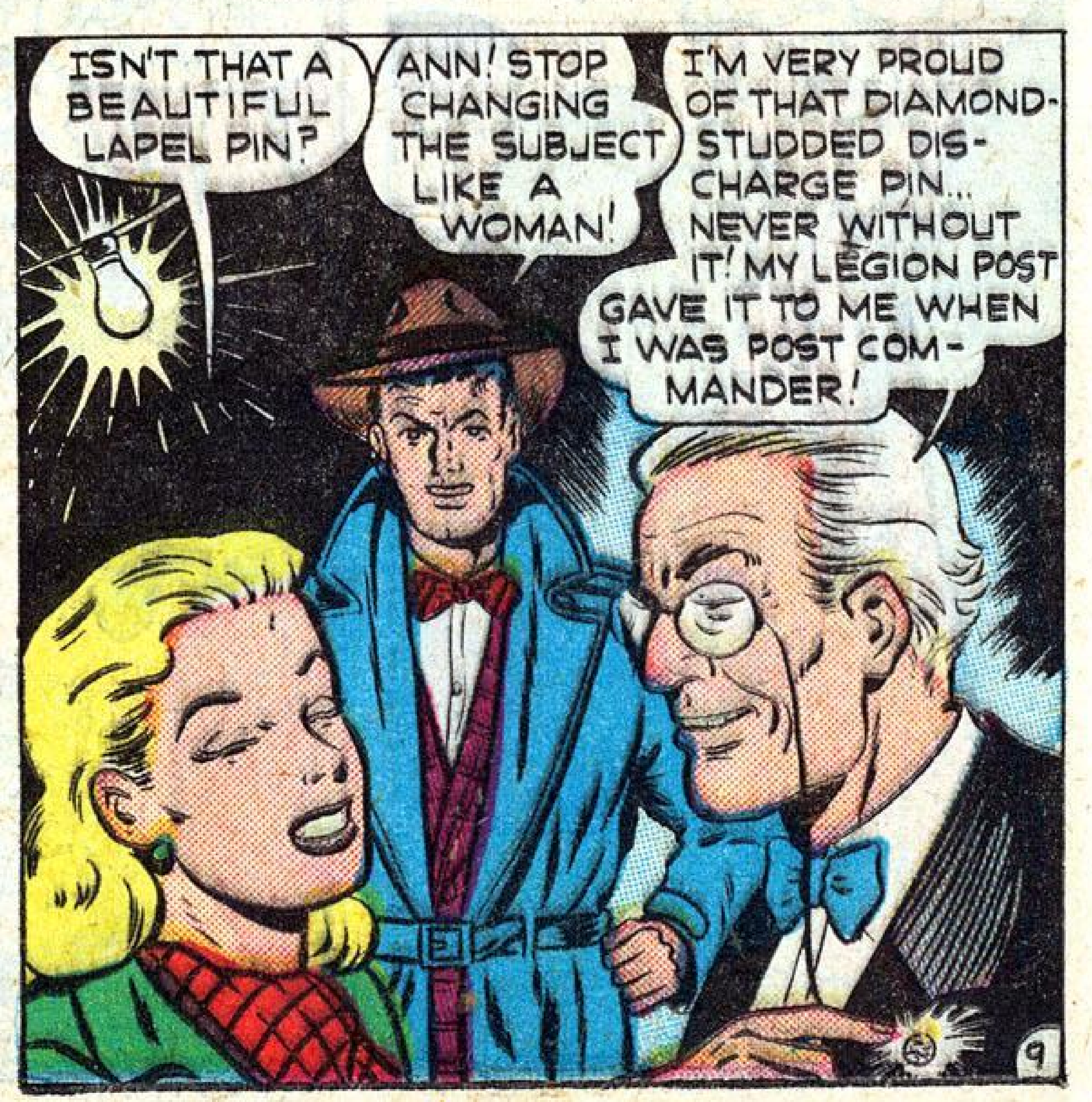

HAVING BOUGHT A COUPLE OF BINGO CARDS, THE BATTLING NEWS-TEAM SITS NEXT TO A MAN WHO HAD GOOD REASON TO REMEMBER THEM...
WELL, BULL JONES! GIVING TO CHARITY... WHEN YOU LOOK AS IF YOU COULD USE SOME YOURSELF!
LAY OFF, CASEY! YOU AND THE DAME SENT ME UP ONCE! I AIN'T DOING NOTHING!

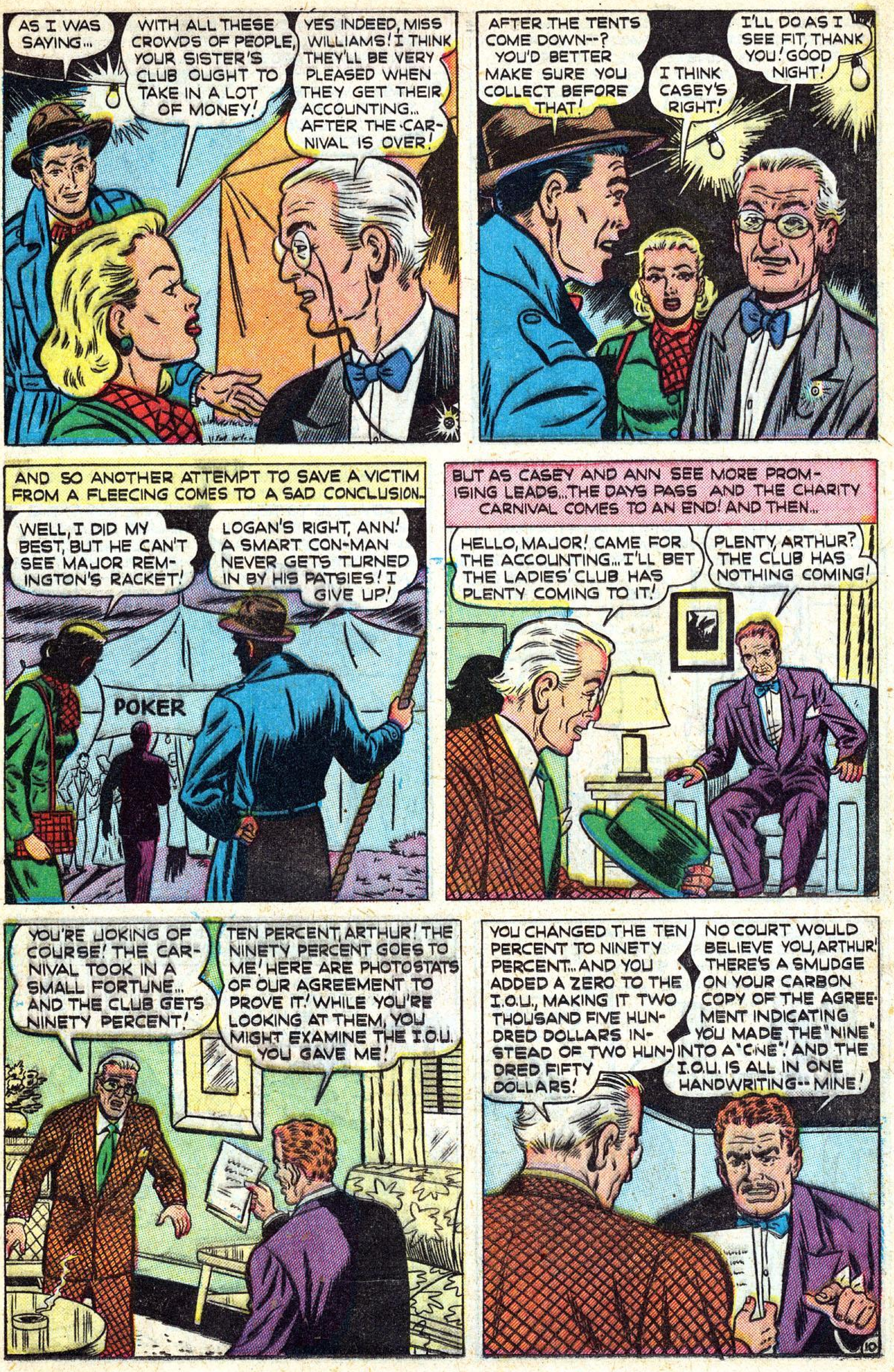

SOON...
B-6! I-22...
BINGO!
WAIT A SECOND! LET'S SEE YOUR CARD!

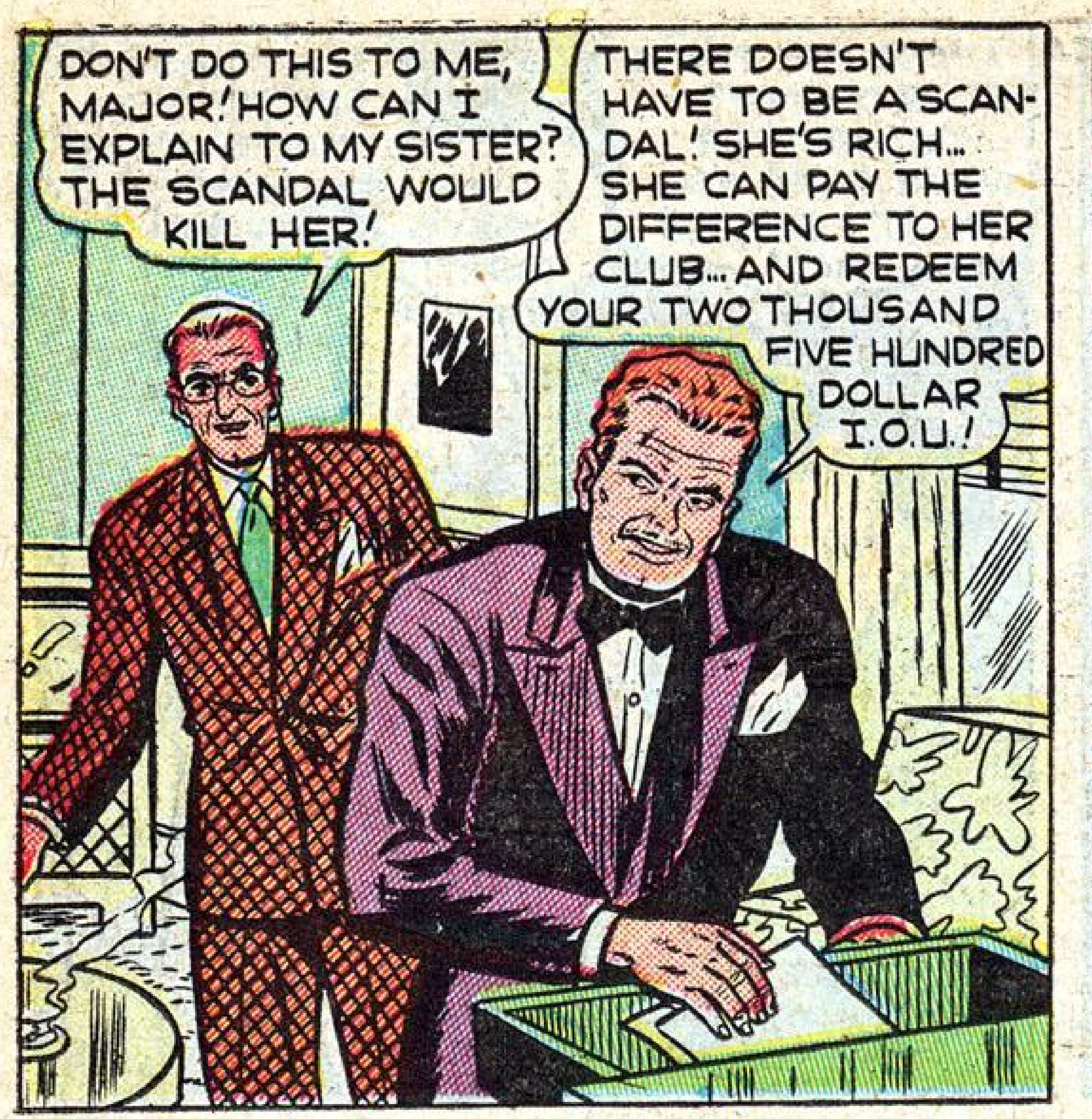

HEY WHATCHA DOING?
THIS LUG IS A PLANT TO KEEP YOU PEOPLE FROM WINNING! HE AND OTHERS PASTE FAKE NUMBERS ON THEIR CARDS!
SEE FOR YOURSELVES! WITH THESE PHONY SQUARES... THEY CAN WIN EVERY TIME!
BINGO

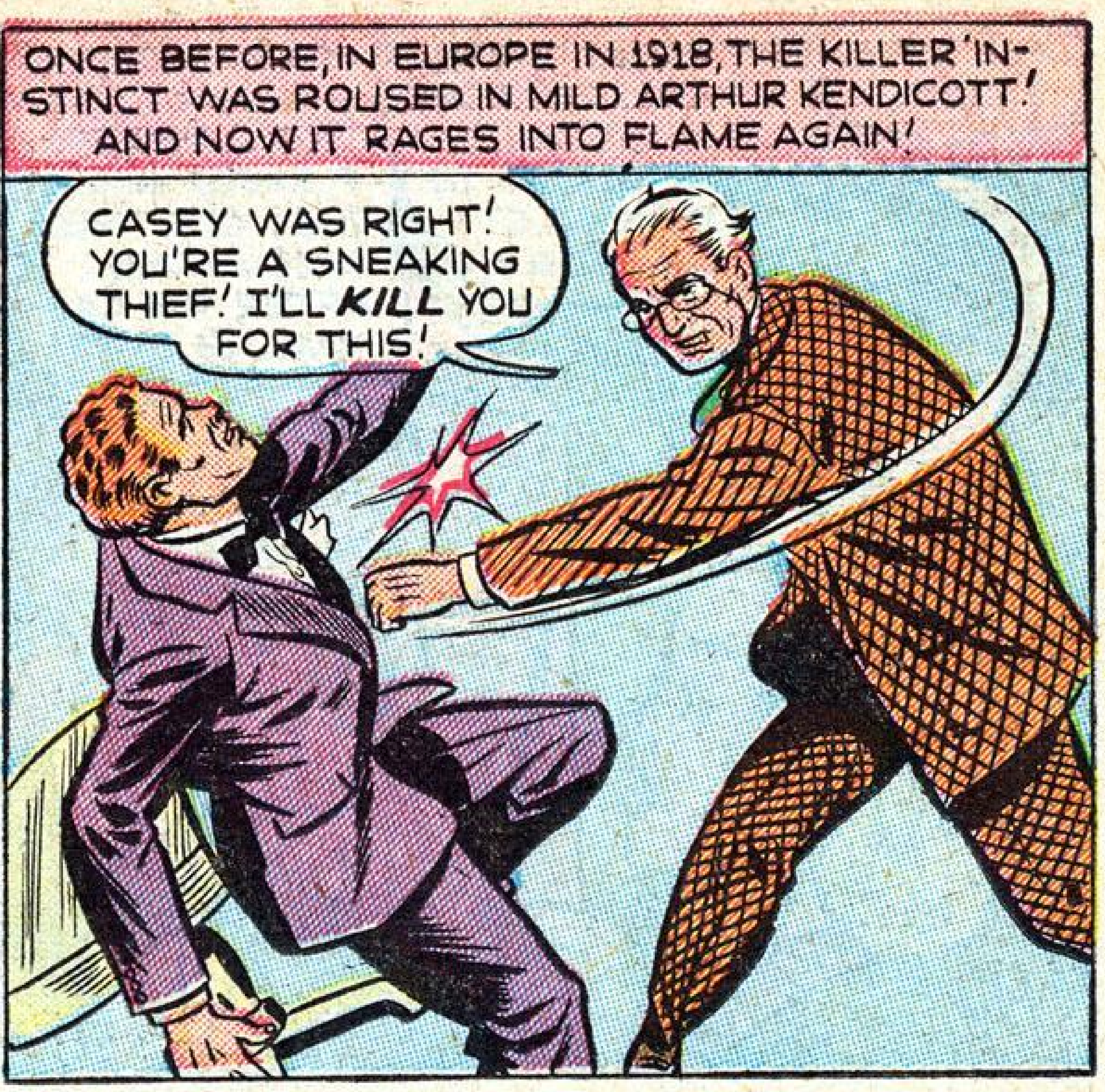

WITHIN SECONDS, ARTHUR KENDICOTT APPEARS WITH A COP..
...BUT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? MAJOR REMINGTON HIRED BULL JONES AND THESE OTHER CROOKS!
I DON'T SEE THAT AT ALL, MR. CASEY! THIS JONES PERSON WAS OBVIOUSLY CHEATING ...BUT THAT DOESN'T INVOLVE THE MAJOR!

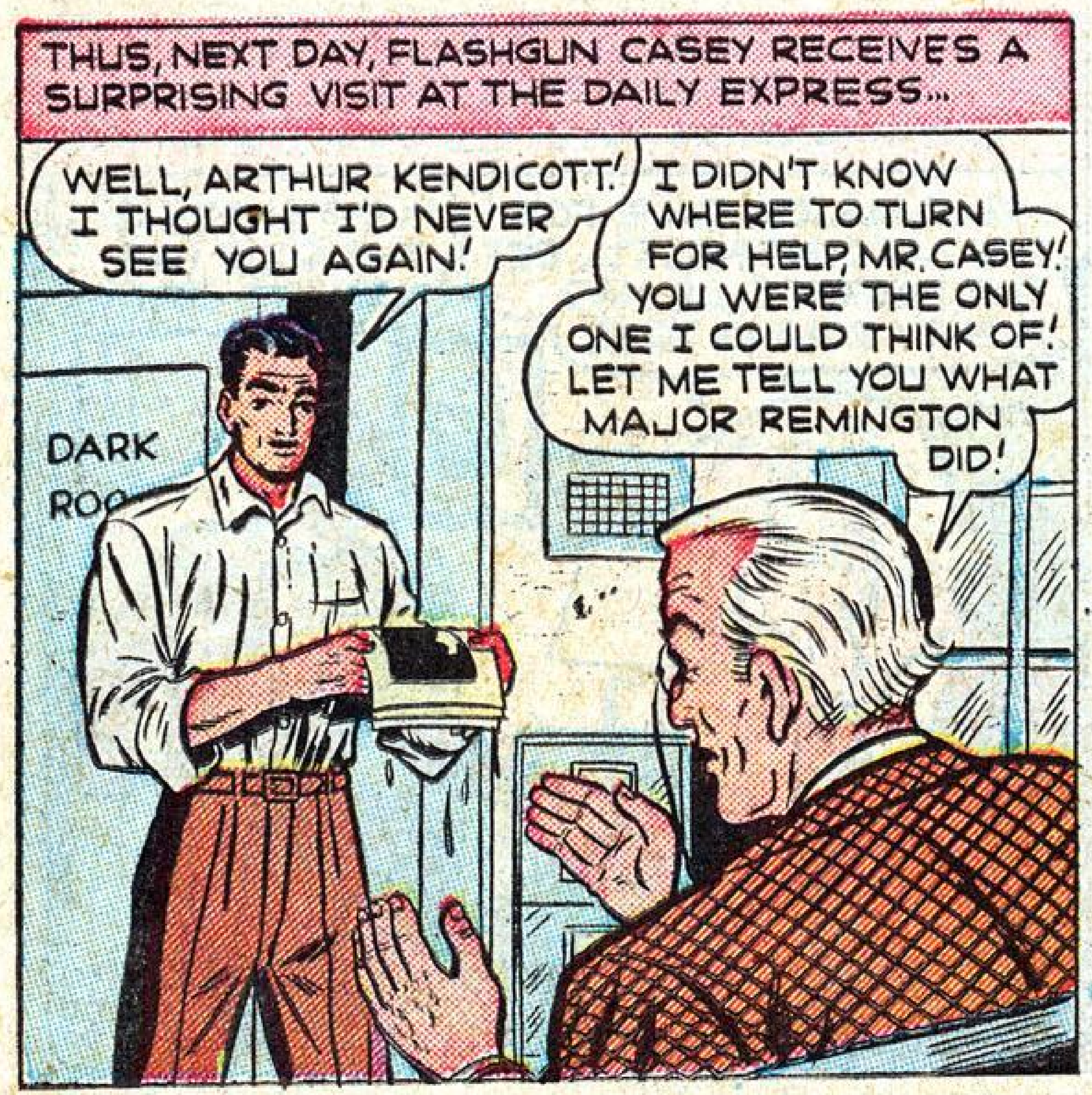

MR. KENDICOTT, HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW MAJOR REMINGTON?
WHY, WE'RE BOTH VETERANS OF WORLD WAR I! WE DIDN'T MEET OVER IN EUROPE, UNFORTUNATELY--BUT WE'VE BECOME VERY GOOD FRIENDS RECENTLY! RUNNING THIS CARNIVAL FOR MY SISTER LUCIA IS ACTUALLY COSTING HIM MONEY!

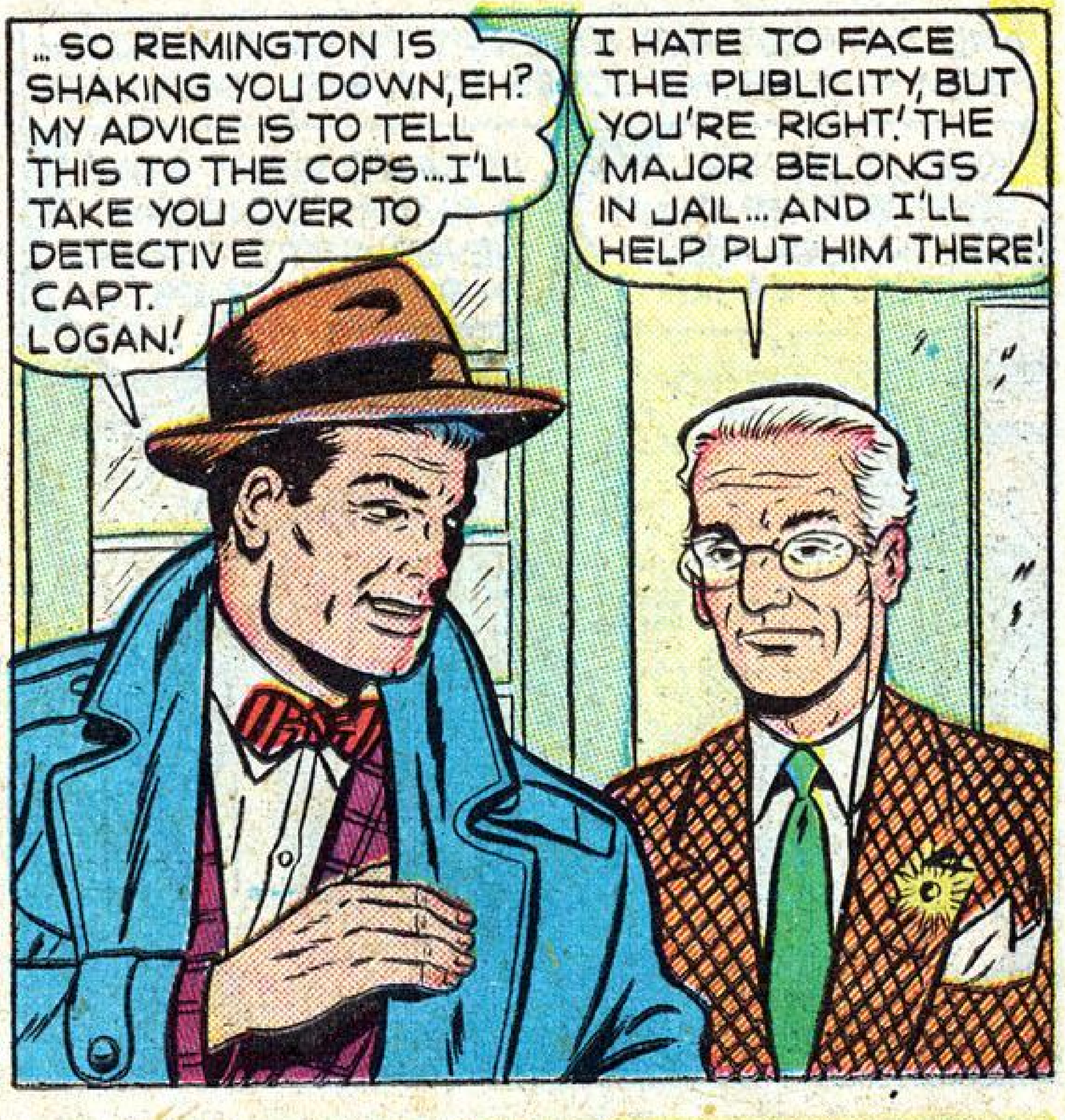

ISN'T THAT A BEAUTIFUL LAPEL PIN?
ANN! STOP CHANGING THE SUBJECT LIKE A WOMAN!
I'M VERY PROUD OF THAT DIAMOND-STUDDED DISCHARGE PIN... NEVER WITHOUT IT! MY LEGION POST GAVE IT TO ME WHEN I WAS POST COMMANDER!

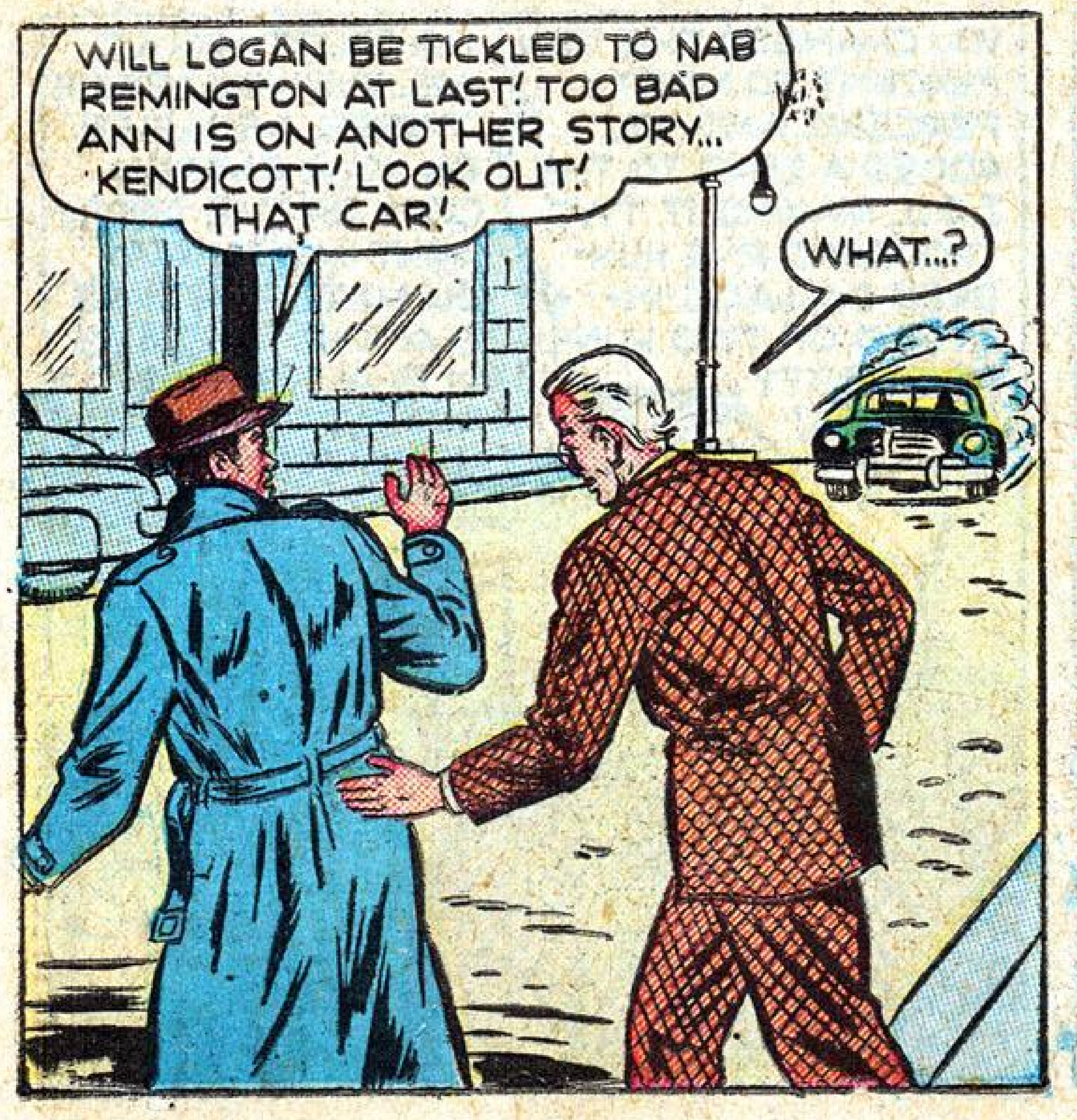

AS I WAS SAYING...
WITH ALL THESE CROWDS OF PEOPLE, YOUR SISTER'S CLUB OUGHT TO TAKE IN A LOT OF MONEY!
YES INDEED, MISS WILLIAMS! I THINK THEY'LL BE VERY PLEASED WHEN THEY GET THEIR ACCOUNTING... AFTER THE CARNIVAL IS OVER!
AFTER THE TENTS COME DOWN--? YOU'D BETTER MAKE SURE YOU COLLECT BEFORE THAT!
I THINK CASEY'S RIGHT!
I'LL DO AS I SEE FIT, THANK YOU! GOOD NIGHT!
AND SO ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO SAVE A VICTIM FROM A FLEECING COMES TO A SAD CONCLUSION...
WELL, I DID MY BEST, BUT HE CAN'T SEE MAJOR REMINGTON'S RACKET!
LOGAN'S RIGHT, ANN! A SMART CON-MAN NEVER GETS TURNED IN BY HIS PATSIES! I GIVE UP!
POKER
BUT AS CASEY AND ANN SEE MORE PROMISING LEADS...THE DAYS PASS AND THE CHARITY CARNIVAL COMES TO AN END! AND THEN...
HELLO, MAJOR! CAME FOR THE ACCOUNTING... I'LL BET THE LADIES' CLUB HAS PLENTY COMING TO IT!
PLENTY, ARTHUR? THE CLUB HAS NOTHING COMING!
YOU'RE JOKING OF COURSE! THE CARNIVAL TOOK IN A SMALL FORTUNE... AND THE CLUB GETS NINETY PERCENT!
TEN PERCENT, ARTHUR! THE NINETY PERCENT GOES TO ME! HERE ARE PHOTOSTATS OF OUR AGREEMENT TO PROVE IT! WHILE YOU'RE LOOKING AT THEM, YOU MIGHT EXAMINE THE I.O.U. YOU GAVE ME!
YOU CHANGED THE TEN PERCENT TO NINETY PERCENT... AND YOU ADDED A ZERO TO THE I.O.U., MAKING IT TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS INSTEAD OF TWO HUNDRED FIFTY DOLLARS!
NO COURT WOULD BELIEVE YOU, ARTHUR! THERE'S A SMUDGE ON YOUR CARBON COPY OF THE AGREEMENT INDICATING YOU MADE THE "NINE" INTO A "ONE"! AND THE I.O.U. IS ALL IN ONE HANDWRITING-- MINE!

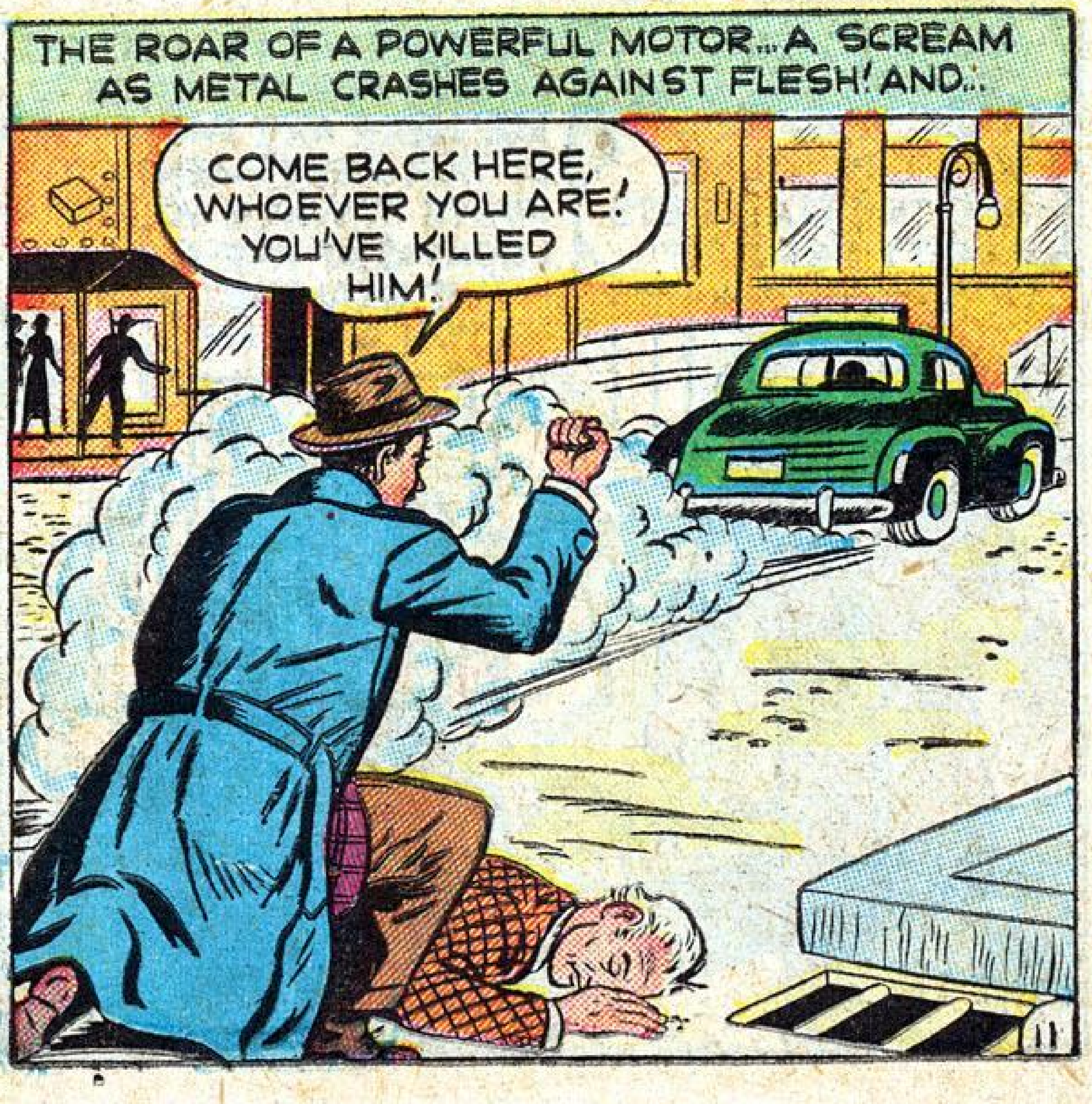

DON'T DO THIS TO ME, MAJOR! HOW CAN I EXPLAIN TO MY SISTER? THE SCANDAL WOULD KILL HER!
THERE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A SCANDAL! SHE'S RICH... SHE CAN PAY THE DIFFERENCE TO HER CLUB... AND REDEEM YOUR TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR I.O.U.!

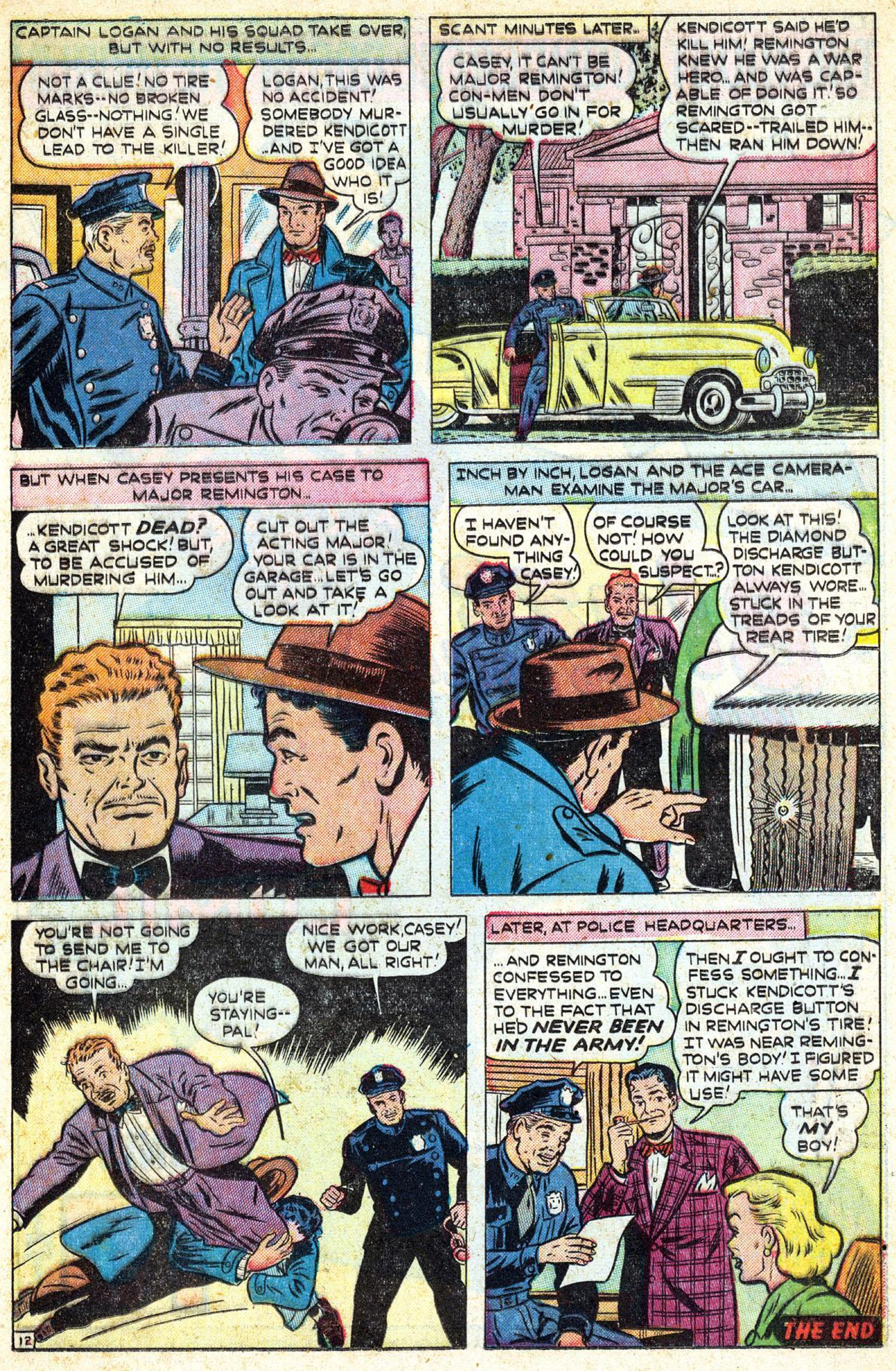

ONCE BEFORE, IN EUROPE IN 1918, THE KILLER 'INSTINCT WAS ROUSED IN MILD ARTHUR KENDICOTT! AND NOW IT RAGES INTO FLAME AGAIN!
CASEY WAS RIGHT! YOU'RE A SNEAKING THIEF! I'LL **KILL** YOU FOR THIS!


THUS, NEXT DAY, FLASHGUN CASEY RECEIVES A SURPRISING VISIT AT THE DAILY EXPRESS...
WELL, ARTHUR KENDICOTT! I THOUGHT I'D NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!
I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO TURN FOR HELP, MR. CASEY! YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE I COULD THINK OF! LET ME TELL YOU WHAT MAJOR REMINGTON DID!
DARK ROO


...SO REMINGTON IS SHAKING YOU DOWN, EH? MY ADVICE IS TO TELL THIS TO THE COPS... I'LL TAKE YOU OVER TO DETECTIVE CAPT. LOGAN!
I HATE TO FACE THE PUBLICITY, BUT YOU'RE RIGHT! THE MAJOR BELONGS IN JAIL... AND I'LL HELP PUT HIM THERE!


WILL LOGAN BE TICKLED TO NAB REMINGTON AT LAST! TOO BAD ANN IS ON ANOTHER STORY... KENDICOTT! LOOK OUT! THAT CAR!
WHAT...?

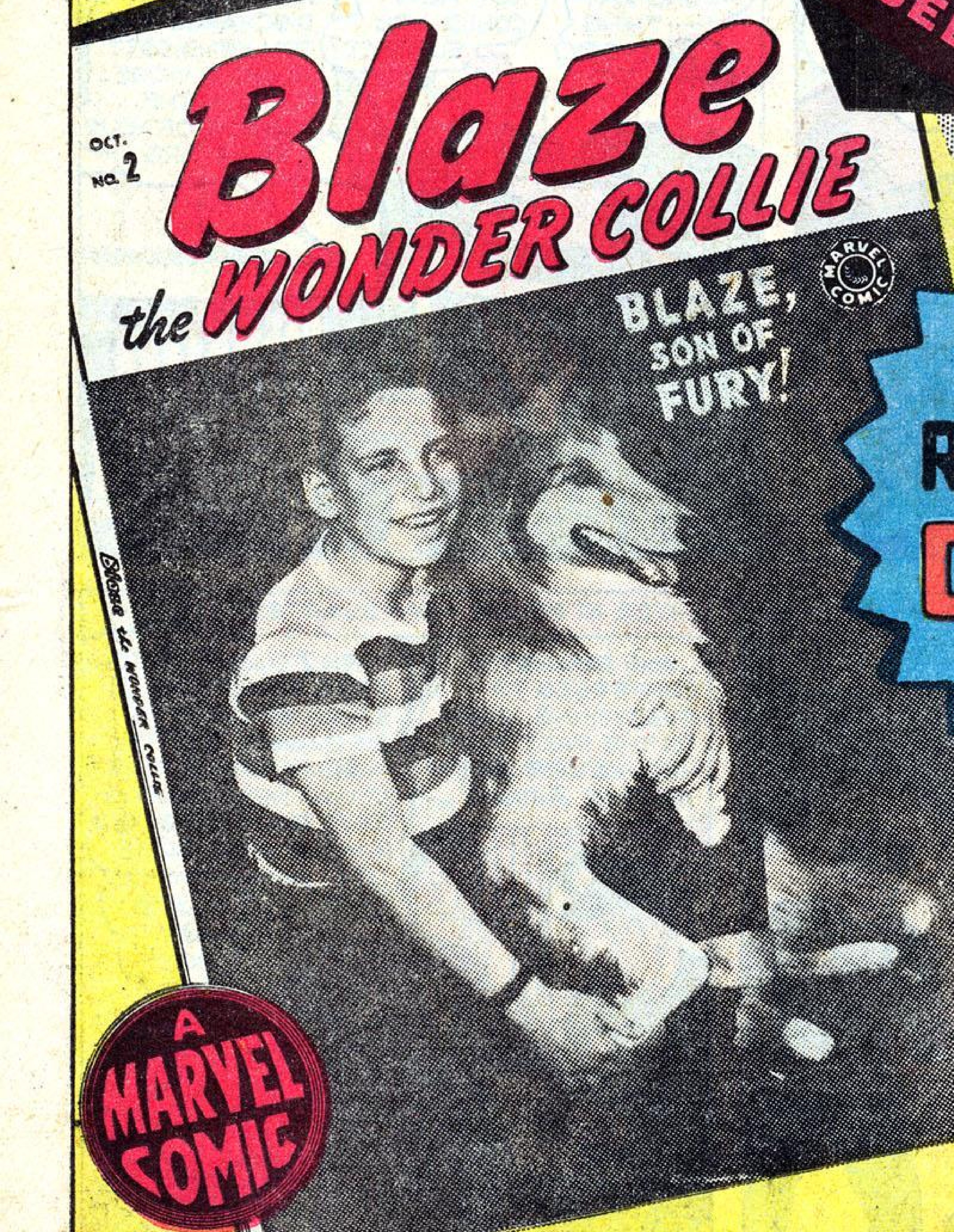

THE ROAR OF A POWERFUL MOTOR... A SCREAM AS METAL CRASHES AGAINST FLESH! AND...
COME BACK HERE, WHOEVER YOU ARE! YOU'VE KILLED HIM!


CAPTAIN LOGAN AND HIS SQUAD TAKE OVER, BUT WITH NO RESULTS..
NOT A CLUE! NO TIRE-MARKS--NO BROKEN GLASS--NOTHING! WE DON'T HAVE A SINGLE LEAD TO THE KILLER!
LOGAN, THIS WAS NO ACCIDENT! SOMEBODY MURDERED KENDICOTT ..AND I'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA WHO IT IS!
SCANT MINUTES LATER..
CASEY, IT CAN'T BE MAJOR REMINGTON! CON-MEN DON'T USUALLY GO IN FOR MURDER!
KENDICOTT SAID HE'D KILL HIM! REMINGTON KNEW HE WAS A WAR HERO... AND WAS CAPABLE OF DOING IT! SO REMINGTON GOT SCARED--TRAILED HIM--THEN RAN HIM DOWN!
BUT WHEN CASEY PRESENTS HIS CASE TO MAJOR REMINGTON..
..KENDICOTT DEAD? A GREAT SHOCK! BUT, TO BE ACCUSED OF MURDERING HIM...
CUT OUT THE ACTING MAJOR! YOUR CAR IS IN THE GARAGE.. LET'S GO OUT AND TAKE A LOOK AT IT!
INCH BY INCH, LOGAN AND THE ACE CAMERAMAN EXAMINE THE MAJOR'S CAR..
I HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING CASEY!
OF COURSE NOT! HOW COULD YOU SUSPECT..?
LOOK AT THIS! THE DIAMOND DISCHARGE BUTTON KENDICOTT ALWAYS WORE... STUCK IN THE TREADS OF YOUR REAR TIRE!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SEND ME TO THE CHAIR! I'M GOING...
YOU'RE STAYING--PAL!
NICE WORK, CASEY! WE GOT OUR MAN, ALL RIGHT!
12
LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS..
...AND REMINGTON CONFESSED TO EVERYTHING... EVEN TO THE FACT THAT HE'D NEVER BEEN IN THE ARMY!
THEN I OUGHT TO CONFESS SOMETHING... I STUCK KENDICOTT'S DISCHARGE BUTTON IN REMINGTON'S TIRE! IT WAS NEAR REMINGTON'S BODY! I FIGURED IT MIGHT HAVE SOME USE!
THAT'S MY BOY!
THE END

THE MOST WONDERFUL DOG IN THE WORLD!

ON SALE SOON!
WATCH FOR IT!

CHOCK FULL OF ALL THE THRILLS AND DRAMA OF LIFE ITSELF!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Blaze the Wonder Collie
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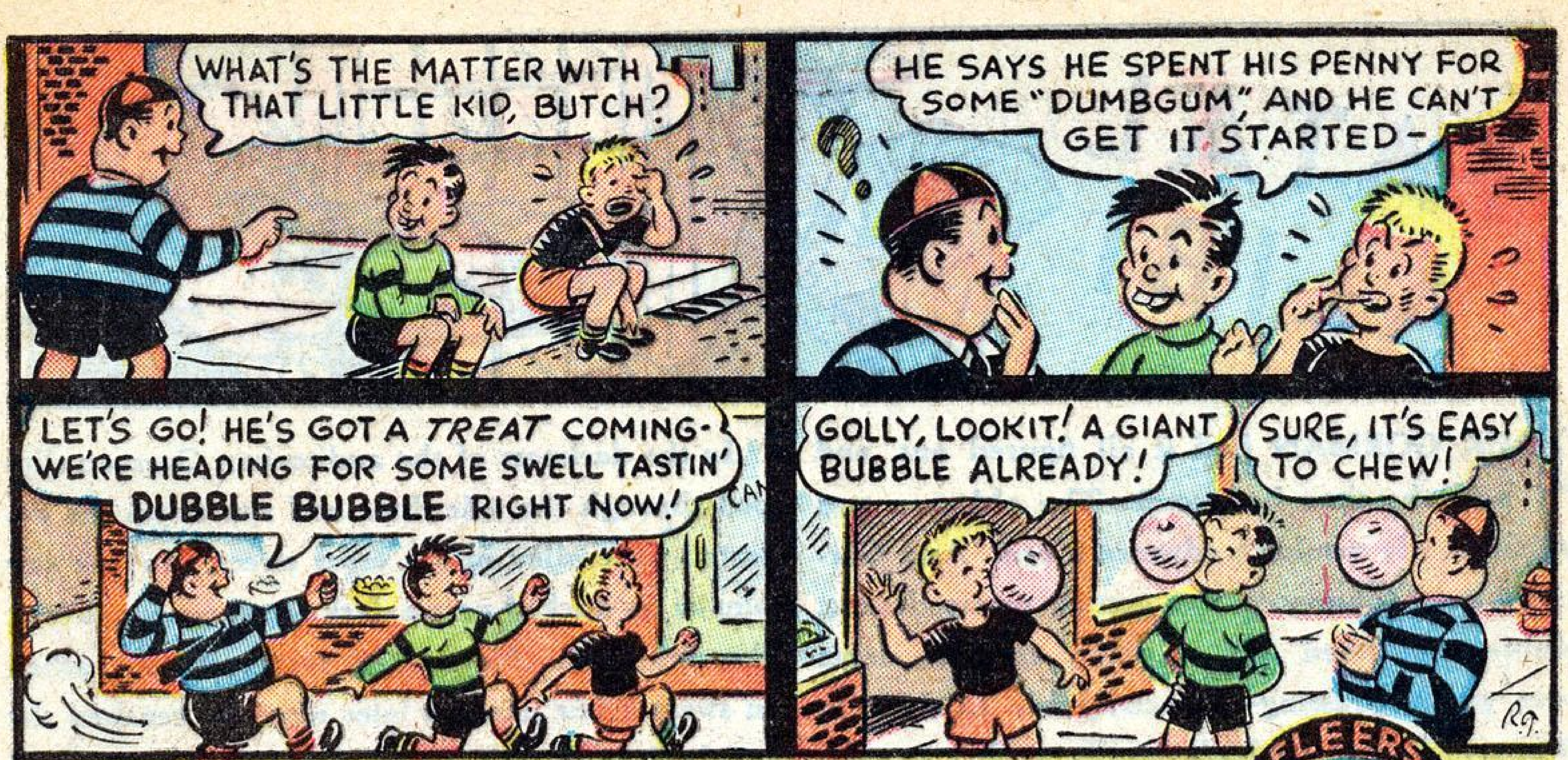
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT LITTLE KID, BUTCH?
HE SAYS HE SPENT HIS PENNY FOR SOME "DUMBGUM," AND HE CAN'T GET IT STARTED-
LET'S GO! HE'S GOT A TREAT COMING- WE'RE HEADING FOR SOME SWELL TASTIN' DUBBLE BUBBLE RIGHT NOW!
GOLLY, LOOKIT! A GIANT BUBBLE ALREADY!
SURE, IT'S EASY TO CHEW!
R.T.

Dubble Bubble Gum is best
for you and me and all the rest
GET SOME TODAY!
1c with Comics, Fortunes, Facts

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In view of our effort to publish only the very best in entertainment, fit for young and old, we ask that the magazines bearing the Marvel seal be shown to parents and teachers who have been critical of comics.

We feel that an examination of these magazines will provide ample proof that Marvel comics are good reading.

the sign of a good comic

FATAL ALIBI

JACK GORMAN had it all figured out, and now the time had come. The old man was stubborn. He wouldn't advance a cent. And Gorman's need for money was getting pretty drastic. Maisie considered him a piker, and his debts were pretty pressing—especially his I.O.U.'s to Whitey. Whitey couldn't legally collect a gambling I.O.U., but he had other ways of handling it. You were just found dead out in the woods somewhere when Whitey's boys got after you.

It was eight o'clock the summer night when Jack Gorman bought his reserved seat at the Gayety, where the "Moonlight Maids" were playing. He knew the theater very well. The ticket seller gave him a perfect seat down front. This was to be his alibi, and there wasn't a chance that anything could go wrong with it. The girl who took the tickets knew Jack Gorman, of course. As she tore his ticket and handed him back the stub, he greeted her jovially. The usherette also knew him.

"Hi, Viv," he said as she showed him to his seat, A20, right in the first row. He tipped her a quarter. She'd remember he was here tonight all right. The old man would be killed in his study a mile away, and Jack Gorman, his nephew, would be here at the Gayety, watching the "Moonlight Maids." What could be neater!

Maisie was as pretty as usual, but this time Gorman hardly noticed the show. He made sure that nobody he knew was sitting near him. No one would notice his empty seat for the short time he'd be gone! He waited till about quarter of ten, which was during the second act. His seat was on the left aisle closest to the stage and also closest to a side door which he knew would be open for ventilation this breathless, steaming summer night.

In the darkness of the auditorium Gorman slipped through the side door and ran down the deserted little alley into a cross street. No one saw him as he ducked past a dark warehouse and took the river path. He walked fast and was bathed in sweat a few minutes later when he reached the lonely little cottage, set by the river in a grove of trees, where he lived with old Ezra Mair. The house was completely dark, except for one lower window in the old man's study. Gorman knew he'd be there and the deaf old housekeeper, Mrs. Blake, would be in her room upstairs.

"Oh, hello, Jack. You're back early. What you want?" Ezra Mair glanced up from his seat in a big easy chair where he was reading his newspaper. He was a thin, wizened little man. "What you want?" he repeated testily.

It was queer that Gorman was suddenly excited, his heart racing. He'd thought this thing could be done calmly. He and the old man had been arguing about money for several days. Gorman knew that he would inherit a good many thousands, but if Mair had been willing to advance some now, certainly his nephew would let it go at that!

Abruptly Gorman wished that he didn't have to go through with this! . . . Maybe give the old man one last chance! . . .

"Me?" Gorman was saying. "Well, I . . ." He took the plunge. "Look", he said, "I want twenty-five hundred dollars. I've told you I've got to have it. I . . ."

It wouldn't work! Mair's face became angry. "An' you're not goin' to get it!" he snapped. "You think I don't know what you want it for? Hah!"

"Why, you . . ."

". . . Just an unprincipled, shiftless . . ." The

ADVERTISEMENT

"I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE

until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)

If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only *promised* her relief—but *gave* it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours —*take my word for it!*—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. N-1 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment *must* work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

old man, like always, only worse, was lashing himself into a rage. "Crooked with money—you borrow, you never pay back—never even mention it! Last Tuesday a dollar eighty-five—you think I forget . . ."

Oh, no! He wouldn't forget! That was Ezra Mair! Miserly, pinch-penny old buzzard. Gorman's anger swept through him. Vaguely, he was glad of it. You could do this thing more easily in anger than in calm cold blood. Gorman reached into his pants pocket. He had a crumpled dollar bill and some loose change, and he drew it out, flung it at Mair.

"There you are, you rotten old skinflint! Now we're square! You . . ."

"Go on—get out of here!" Mair rasped. "I've had enough of you, with your arrogant . . ."

He saw Gorman leaping forward and Gorman's fist doubling up. There was a quick look of amazement on his thin old face, then fleeting terror. He might have screamed, but he had no chance. Gorman's fist landed against his cheek bone, and he fell back in his chair, dazed, blurred with Gorman leaping on him.

. . . Jack Gorman ran quietly from the house. A perfect alibi! No one noticed him as he re-entered the cheap little theater by its side door and took his seat in the darkened auditorium. The second act was still in progress.

When the show was over, Gorman called himself to the attention of the usherette again and a couple of the other employees, and left with the crowd.

He knew that at exactly eleven o'clock Mrs. Blake always took the old man his nightly crackers and milk. She would have discovered the body then and phoned for the police. Maybe they'd already be there.

They were. The Mair cottage was blazing with lights when Gorman reached it about half past eleven. Out front were two police cars, a motorcycle, a couple of uniformed cops. And inside Sergeant Rock and his men were poking around, looking for clues. Mrs. Blake had collapsed and been taken to her room. Gorman was perfectly calm inside now, but he knew he must look horrified, dazed, at what was going on here.

. . . "You spent the evening at the theater?" Sergeant Rock was saying.

"Yes. The Gayety. I just got out, walked home."

The police realized that someone, during the time after Mrs. Blake had gone upstairs at nine o'clock, had entered the house—by the door or perhaps the open study window. So naturally they wanted to know where Gorman had been—and here was his alibi!

He and the sergeant were standing in the doorway of the study where the body still lay crumpled in its chair. Gorman had met the sergeant in the hall, and they hadn't gone into the study yet.

"Got there about eight o'clock," Gorman was saying. "Happens I'm pretty well known there." He smiled. "Got a girl friend in the show." Then he added, "I know this is important, Sergeant. To me anyway." He mentioned casually, but earnestly, that several of the employees could corroborate him.

So simple! But suddenly one of the policemen called, "Sarge! C'mere! What's that he's saying about the Gayety?"

What was this? Gorman stood quiet, puzzled, with just a little fear prickling him. Rock went into the study. In a moment he came back, looking grim.

"Went to the Gayety tonight?" he asked.

"Sure I did."

Then Rock smiled. "Me—I like a good seat for a musical like that. You get one?"

Relief swept Gorman. He answered the smile. "Sure did. Right down front. A20, I think it was. Look, if you want me to phone that girl usher, happens I know her number. You can . . ."

"Oh, I'll take your word for it," Rock said. And suddenly he was shoving Gorman into the study. "Take a look, you rotten killer! You'll see we got you!"

Gorman stood gasping, stricken. He saw the coins and the crumpled dollar bill he had flung at Mair. His mind swept back. He had put his ticket stub in his pocket when the usherette handed it back to him and he tipped her. And now . . .

Numb with horror, Gorman stared at the little square piece of cardboard lying there on the floor with the scattered coins! Terrible ticket stub, marked with the theater, the date and the cursed seat number, A20!

THE END

SL—3245

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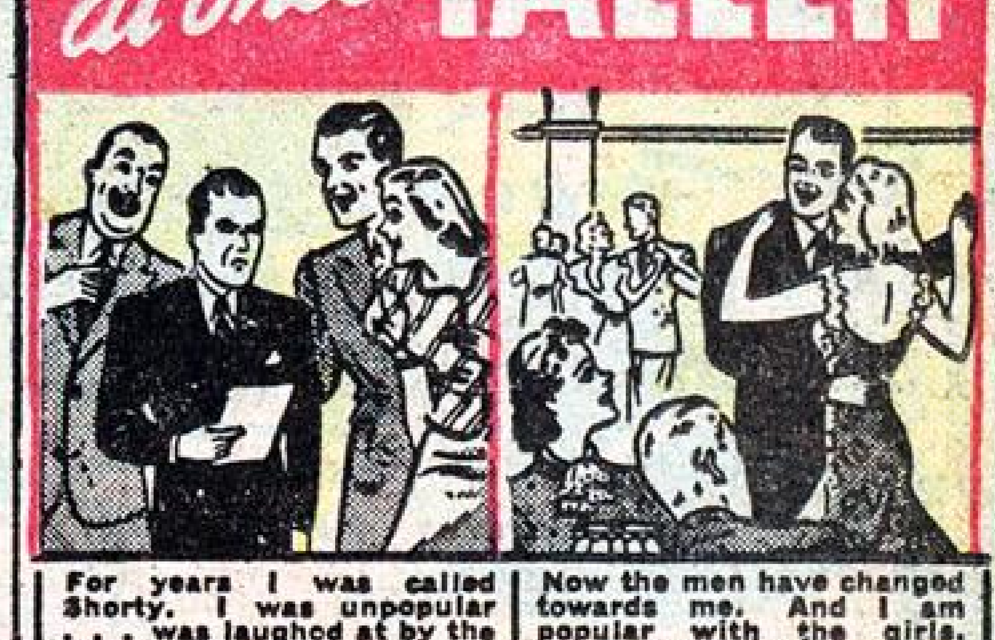

For years I was called Shorty. I was unpopular . . . was laughed at by the men in the office . . . by girls everywhere. I felt miserable.

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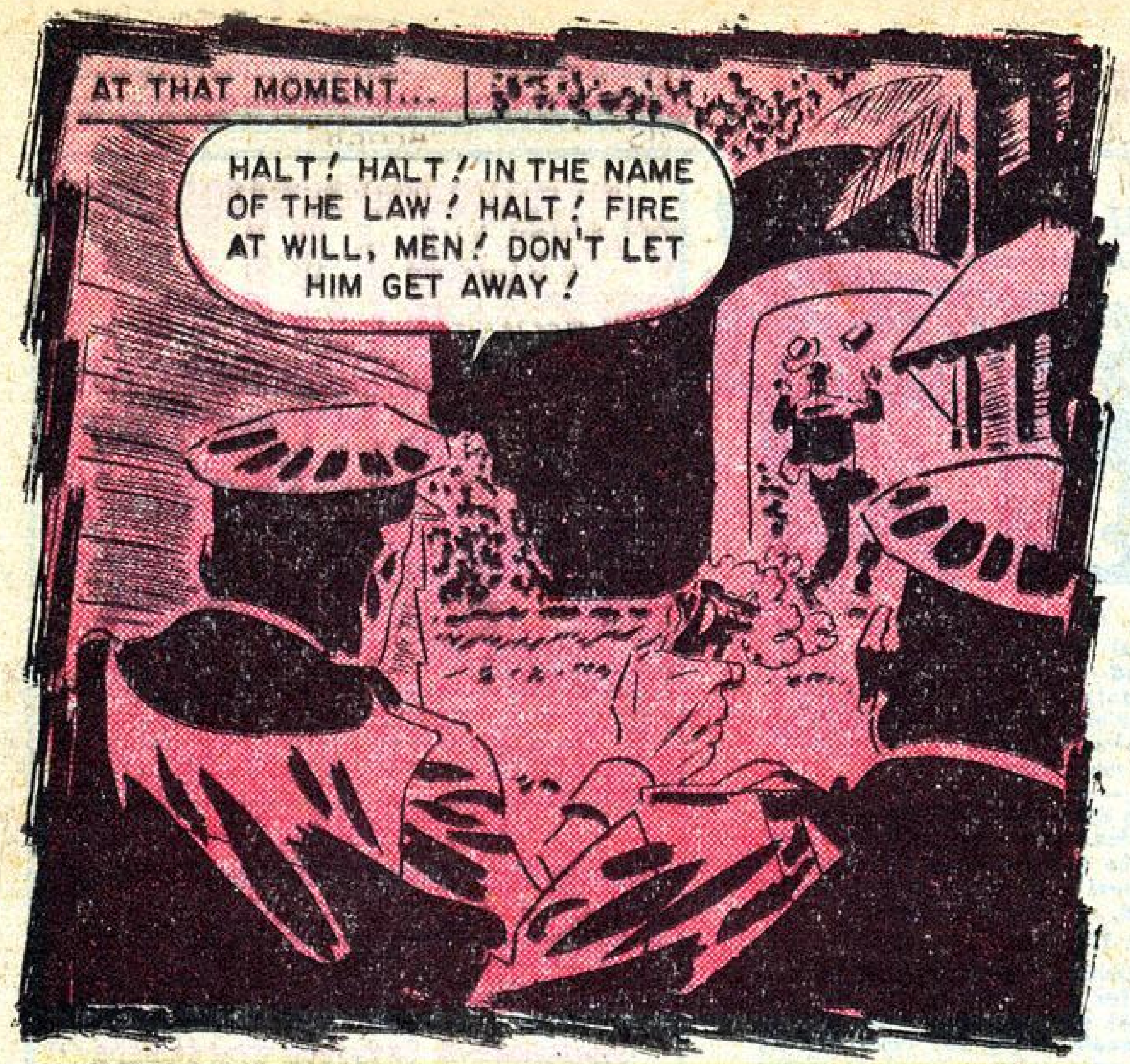
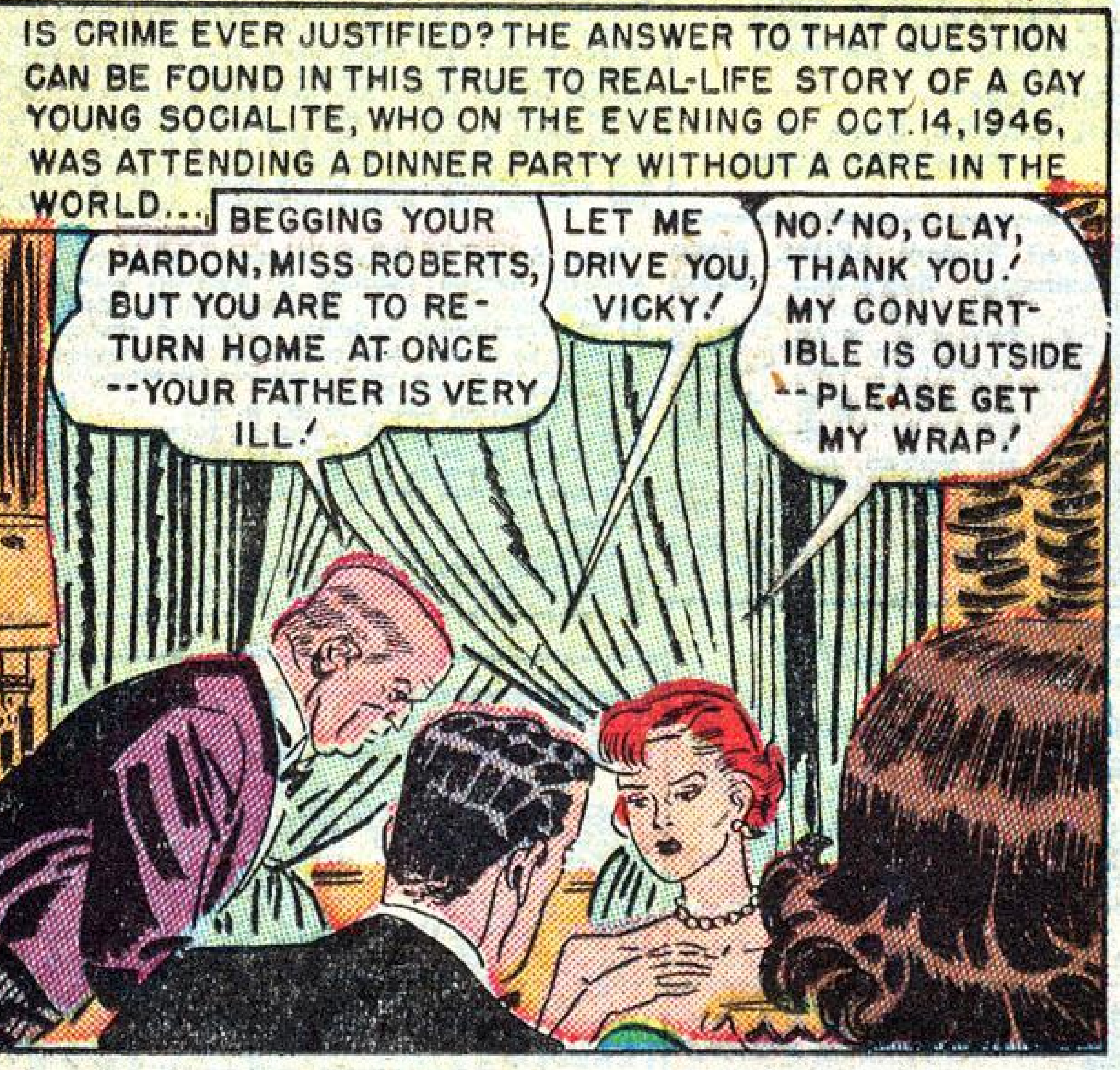
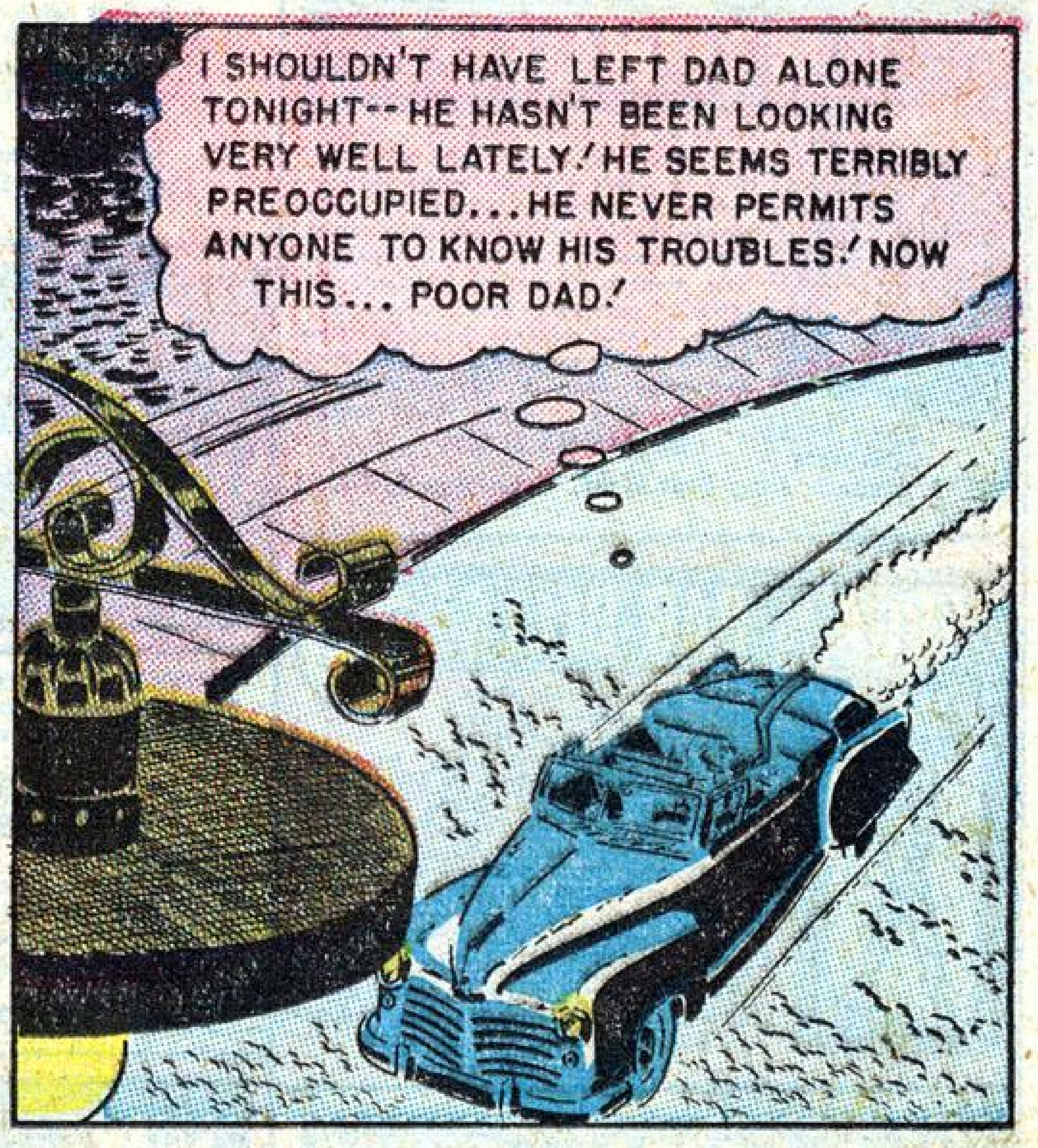

AT THAT MOMENT...
HALT! HALT! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW! HALT! FIRE AT WILL, MEN! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

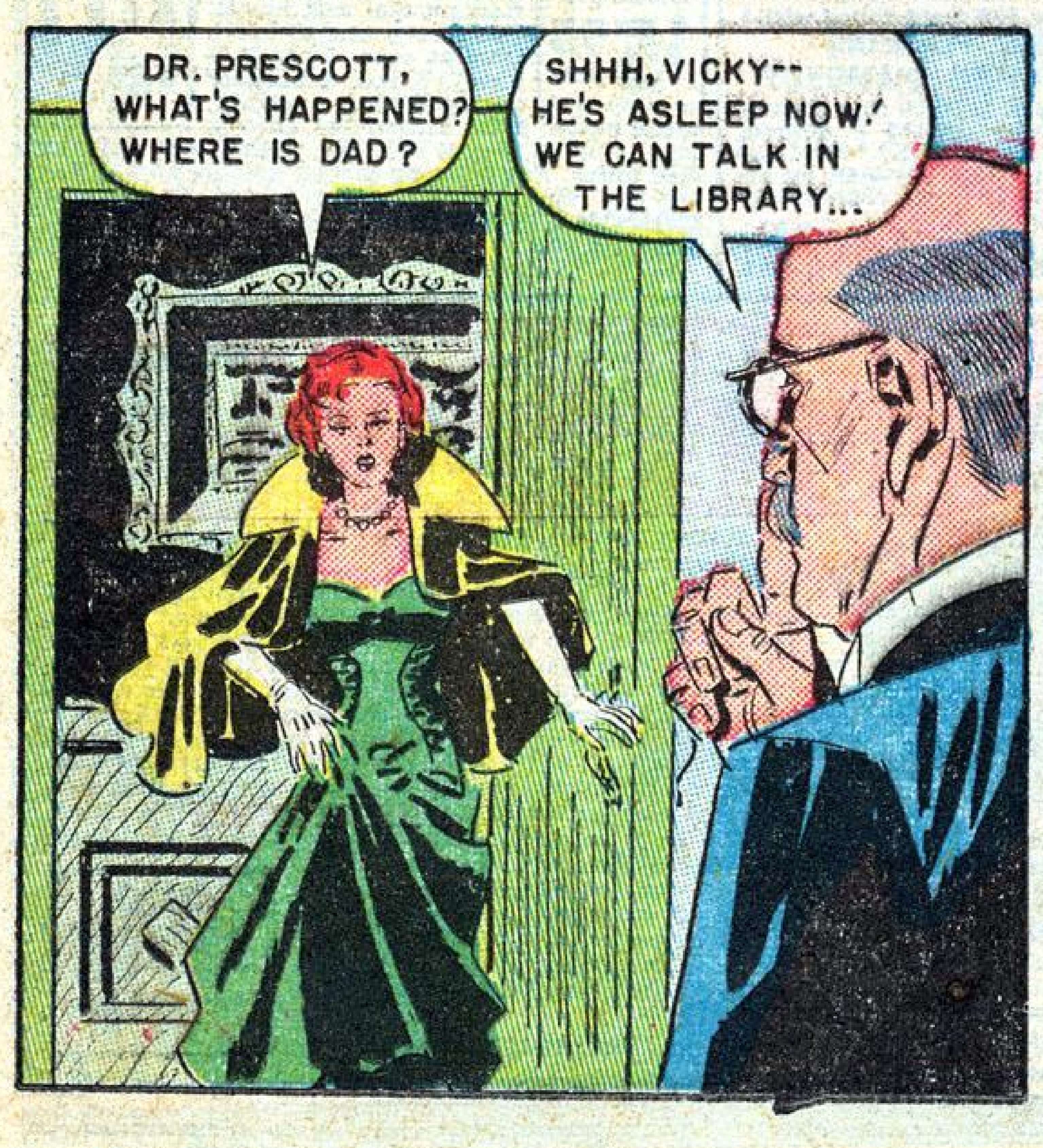
"THE CRIMES OF VICKY ROBERTS!"

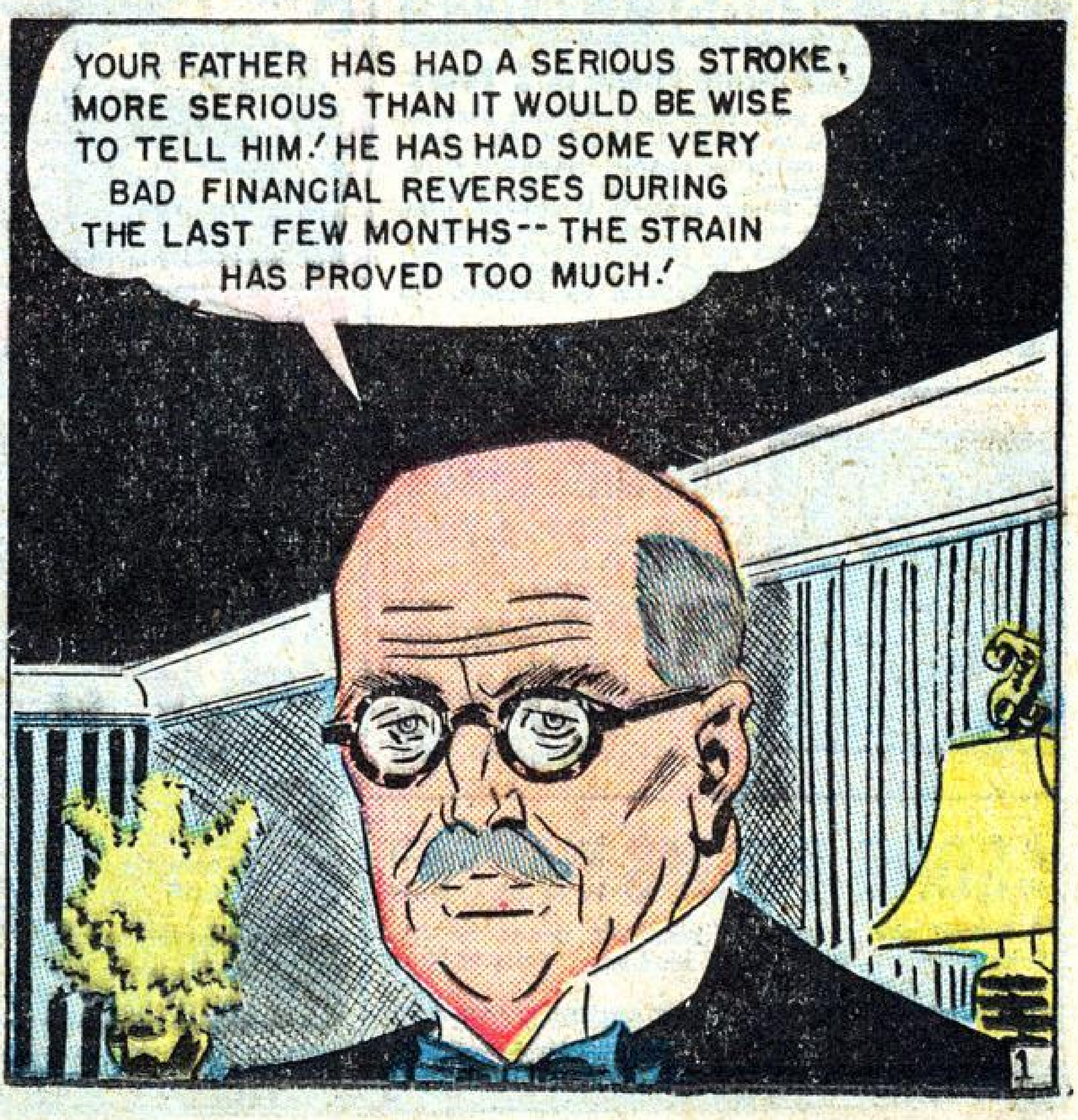
THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO LEARNED THE HARD WAY, THAT THE SEED OF CRIME BEARS NONE BUT BITTER FRUIT!

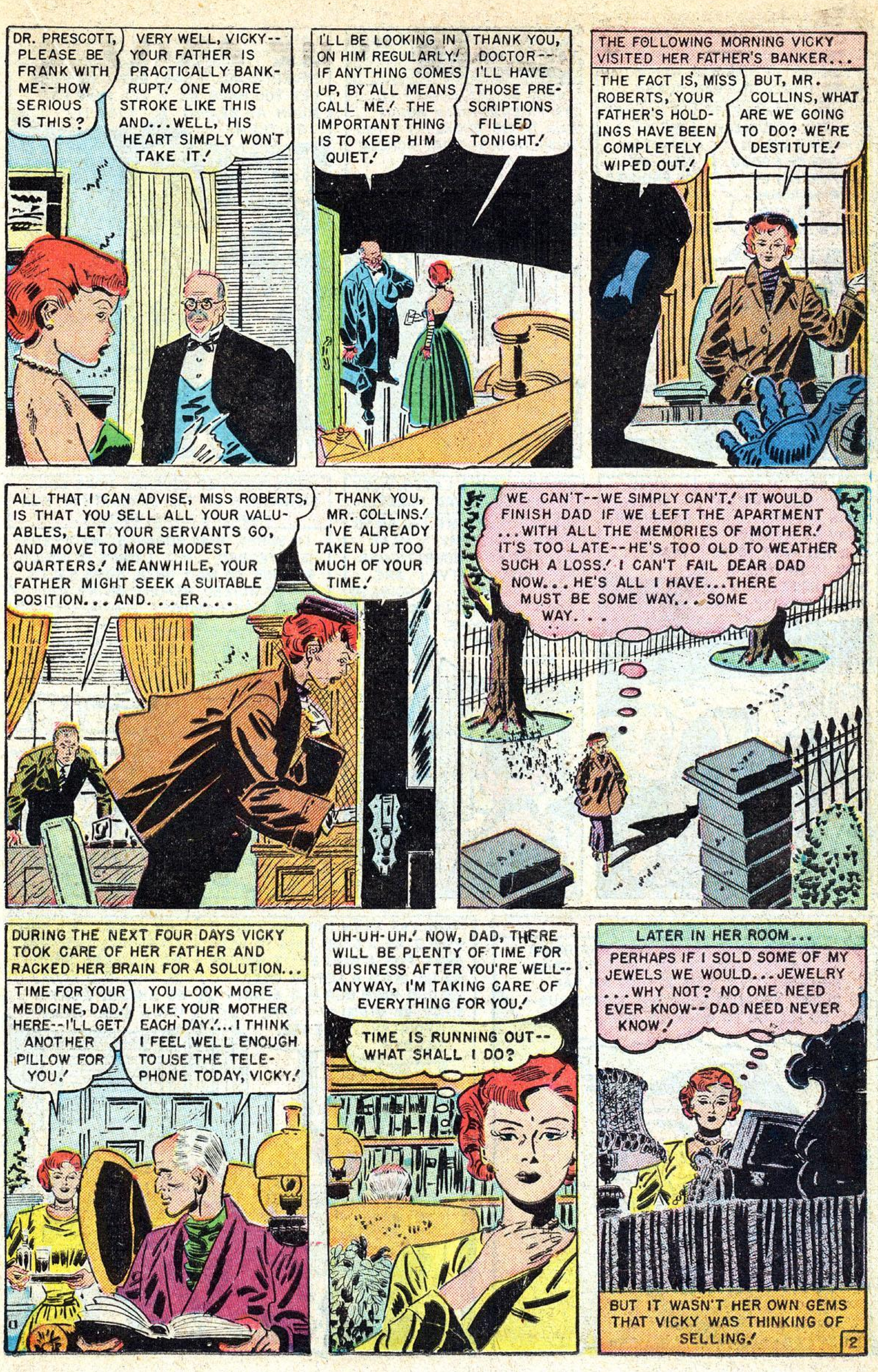
5756

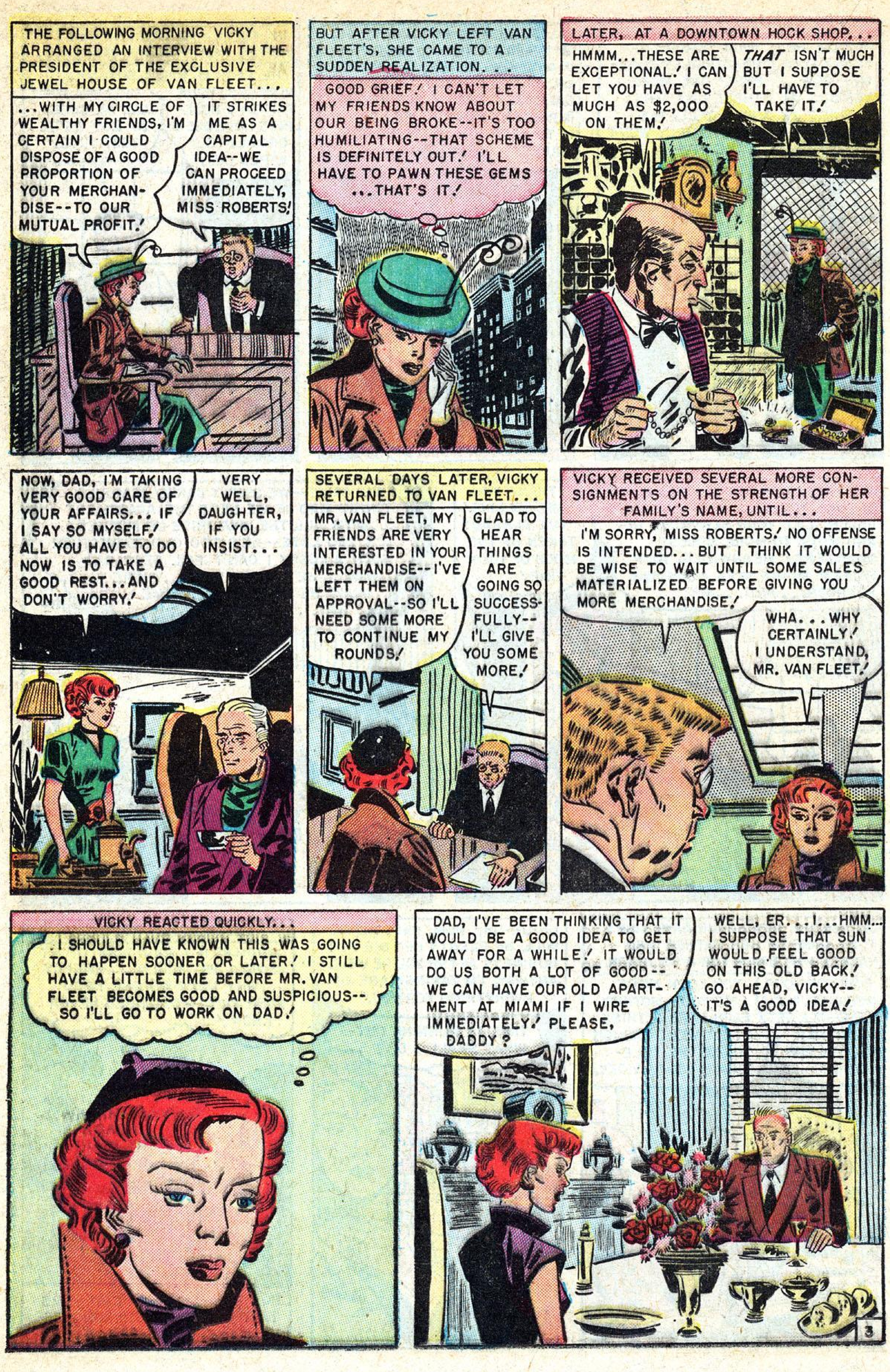

IS CRIME EVER JUSTIFIED? THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION CAN BE FOUND IN THIS TRUE TO REAL-LIFE STORY OF A GAY YOUNG SOCIALITE, WHO ON THE EVENING OF OCT. 14, 1946, WAS ATTENDING A DINNER PARTY WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD...
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, MISS ROBERTS, BUT YOU ARE TO RETURN HOME AT ONCE --YOUR FATHER IS VERY ILL!
LET ME DRIVE YOU, VICKY!
NO! NO, CLAY, THANK YOU! MY CONVERTIBLE IS OUTSIDE --PLEASE GET MY WRAP!

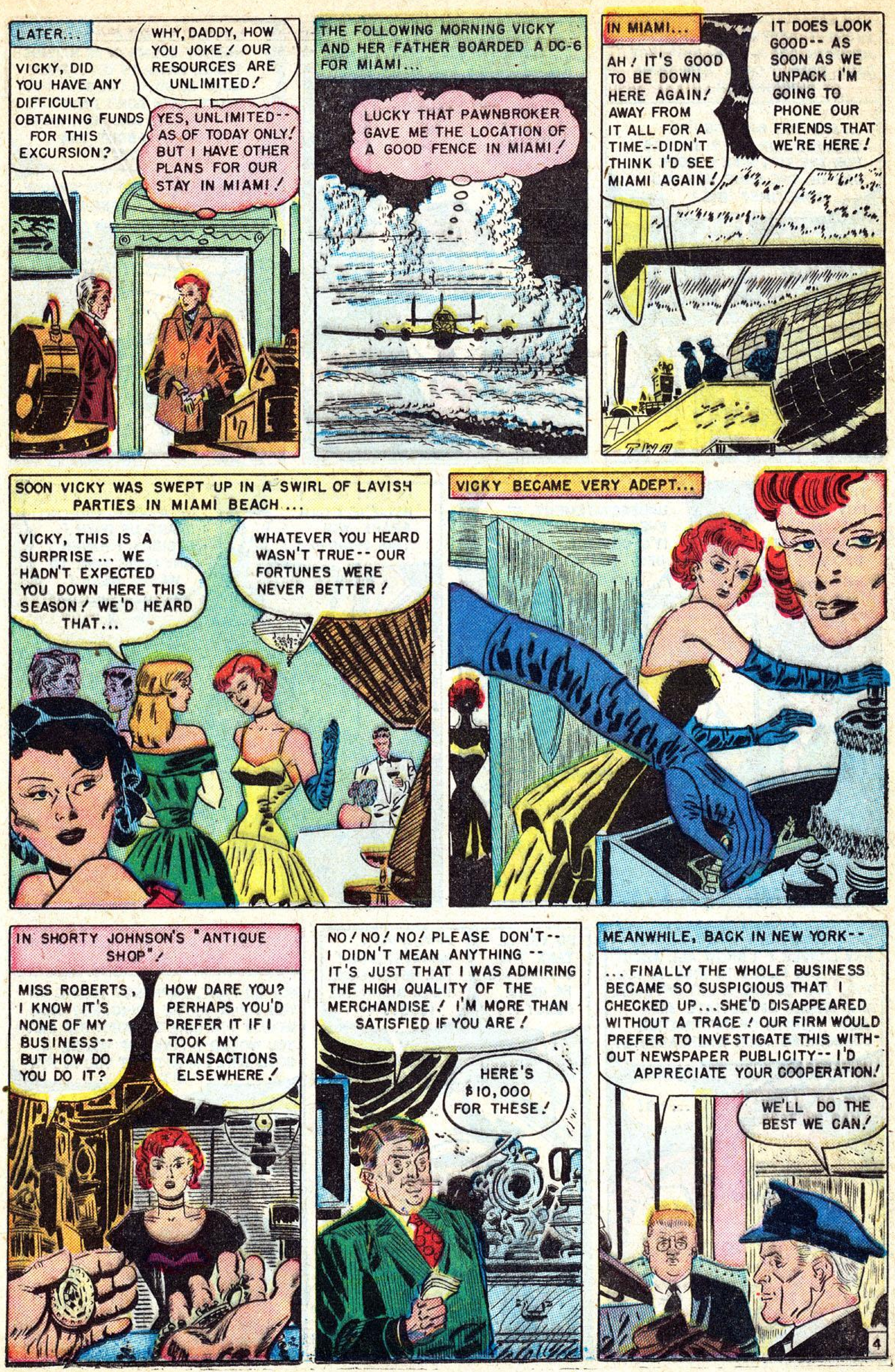

I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT DAD ALONE TONIGHT-- HE HASN'T BEEN LOOKING VERY WELL LATELY! HE SEEMS TERRIBLY PREOCCUPIED... HE NEVER PERMITS ANYONE TO KNOW HIS TROUBLES! NOW THIS... POOR DAD!

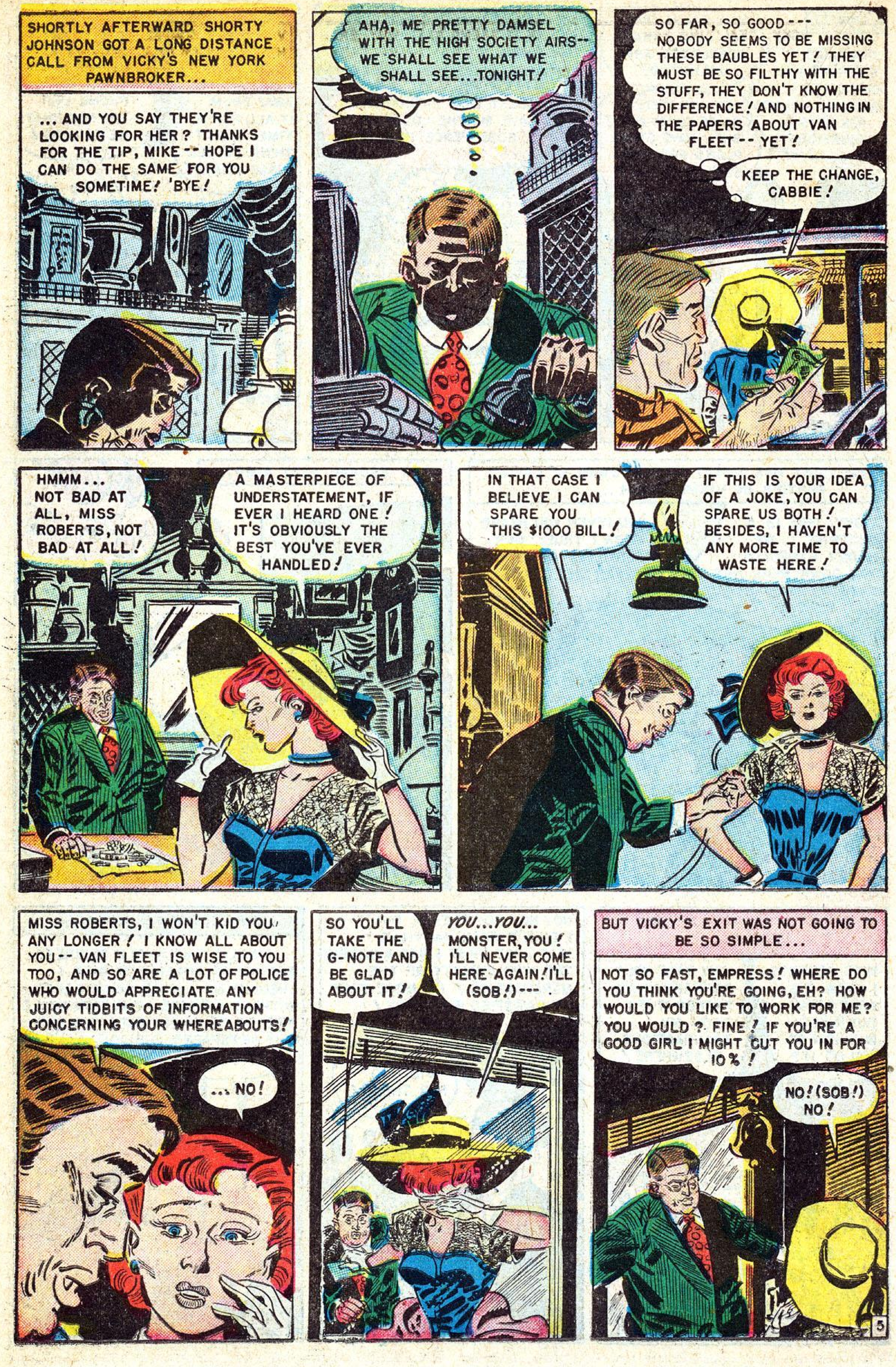

DR. PRESCOTT, WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE IS DAD?
SHHH, VICKY-- HE'S ASLEEP NOW! WE CAN TALK IN THE LIBRARY...

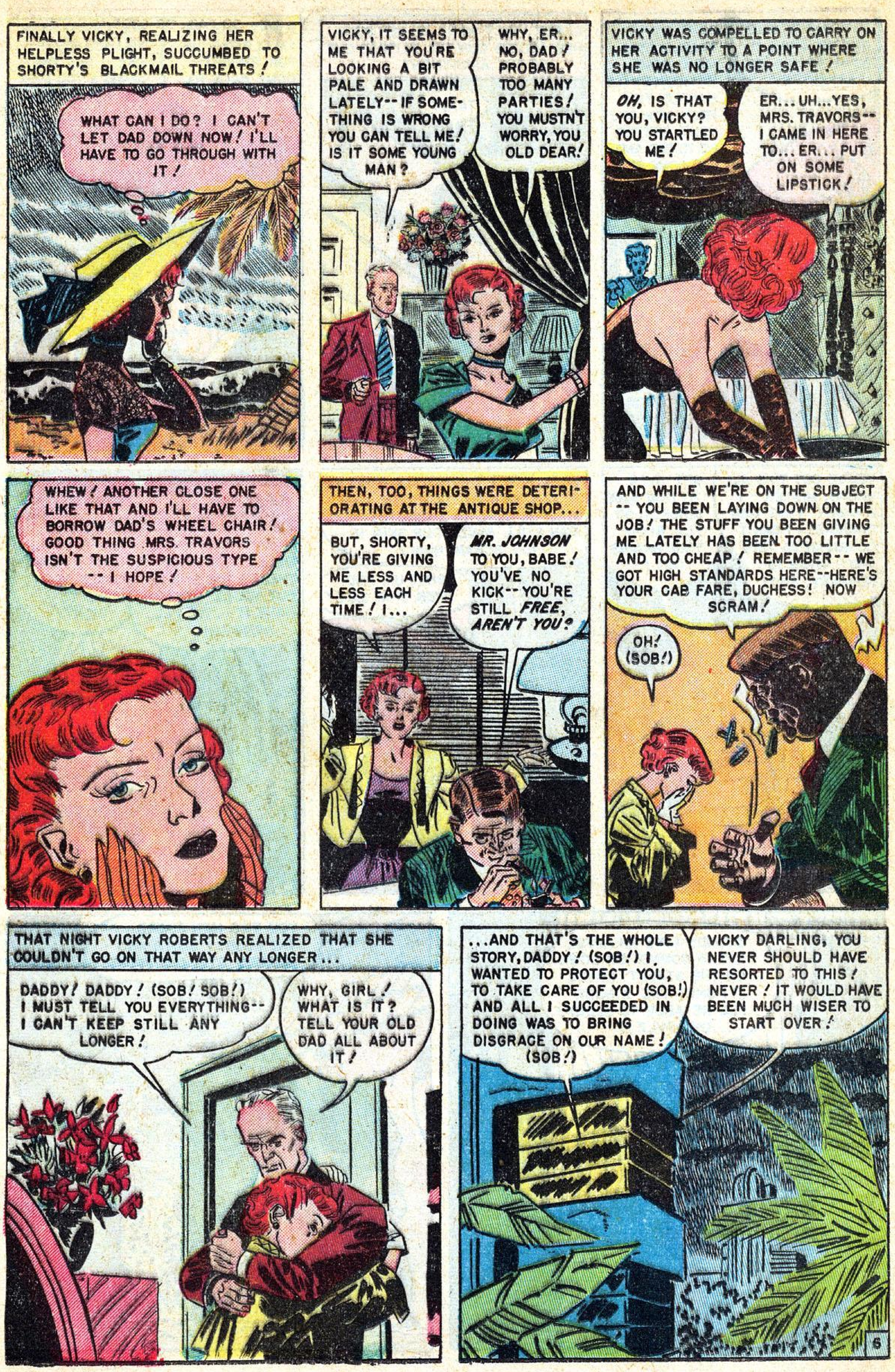

YOUR FATHER HAS HAD A SERIOUS STROKE, MORE SERIOUS THAN IT WOULD BE WISE TO TELL HIM! HE HAS HAD SOME VERY BAD FINANCIAL REVERSES DURING THE LAST FEW MONTHS-- THE STRAIN HAS PROVED TOO MUCH!

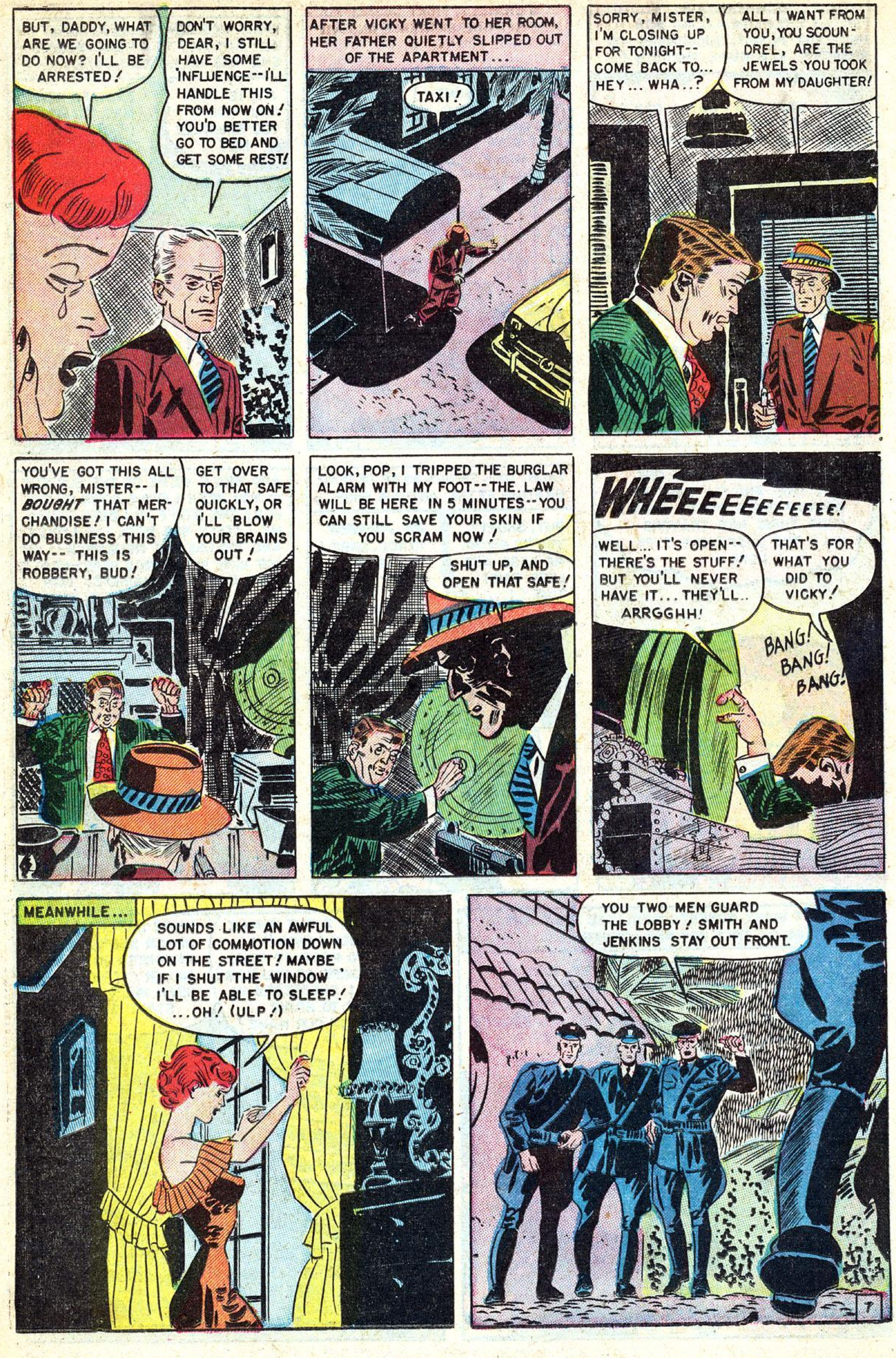

DR. PRESCOTT, PLEASE BE FRANK WITH ME--HOW SERIOUS IS THIS?
VERY WELL, VICKY--YOUR FATHER IS PRACTICALLY BANKRUPT! ONE MORE STROKE LIKE THIS AND...WELL, HIS HEART SIMPLY WON'T TAKE IT!
I'LL BE LOOKING IN ON HIM REGULARLY! IF ANYTHING COMES UP, BY ALL MEANS CALL ME! THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO KEEP HIM QUIET!
THANK YOU, DOCTOR--I'LL HAVE THOSE PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED TONIGHT!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING VICKY VISITED HER FATHER'S BANKER...
THE FACT IS, MISS ROBERTS, YOUR FATHER'S HOLDINGS HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY WIPED OUT!
BUT, MR. COLLINS, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? WE'RE DESTITUTE!
ALL THAT I CAN ADVISE, MISS ROBERTS, IS THAT YOU SELL ALL YOUR VALUABLES, LET YOUR SERVANTS GO, AND MOVE TO MORE MODEST QUARTERS! MEANWHILE, YOUR FATHER MIGHT SEEK A SUITABLE POSITION... AND... ER...
THANK YOU, MR. COLLINS! I'VE ALREADY TAKEN UP TOO MUCH OF YOUR TIME!
WE CAN'T--WE SIMPLY CAN'T! IT WOULD FINISH DAD IF WE LEFT THE APARTMENT ...WITH ALL THE MEMORIES OF MOTHER! IT'S TOO LATE--HE'S TOO OLD TO WEATHER SUCH A LOSS! I CAN'T FAIL DEAR DAD NOW... HE'S ALL I HAVE...THERE MUST BE SOME WAY... SOME WAY...
DURING THE NEXT FOUR DAYS VICKY TOOK CARE OF HER FATHER AND RACKED HER BRAIN FOR A SOLUTION...
TIME FOR YOUR MEDICINE, DAD! HERE--I'LL GET ANOTHER PILLOW FOR YOU!
YOU LOOK MORE LIKE YOUR MOTHER EACH DAY!... I THINK I FEEL WELL ENOUGH TO USE THE TELEPHONE TODAY, VICKY!
UH-UH-UH! NOW, DAD, THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF TIME FOR BUSINESS AFTER YOU'RE WELL--ANYWAY, I'M TAKING CARE OF EVERYTHING FOR YOU!
TIME IS RUNNING OUT--WHAT SHALL I DO?
LATER IN HER ROOM...
PERHAPS IF I SOLD SOME OF MY JEWELS WE WOULD...JEWELRY...WHY NOT? NO ONE NEED EVER KNOW--DAD NEED NEVER KNOW!
BUT IT WASN'T HER OWN GEMS THAT VICKY WAS THINKING OF SELLING!
2

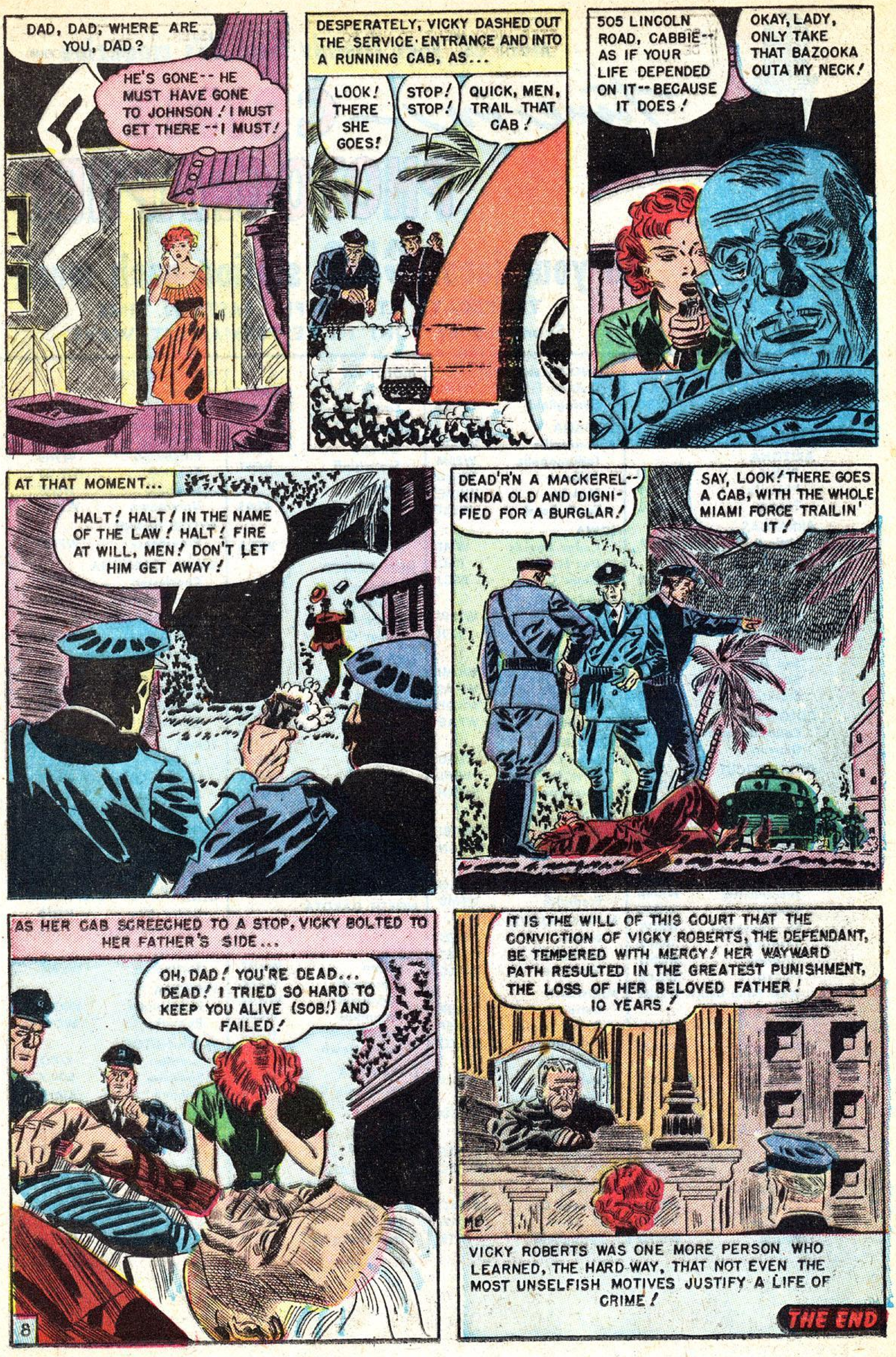

THE FOLLOWING MORNING VICKY ARRANGED AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE EXCLUSIVE JEWEL HOUSE OF VAN FLEET...
...WITH MY CIRCLE OF WEALTHY FRIENDS, I'M CERTAIN I COULD DISPOSE OF A GOOD PROPORTION OF YOUR MERCHANDISE--TO OUR MUTUAL PROFIT!
IT STRIKES ME AS A CAPITAL IDEA--WE CAN PROCEED IMMEDIATELY, MISS ROBERTS!
BUT AFTER VICKY LEFT VAN FLEET'S, SHE CAME TO A SUDDEN REALIZATION...
GOOD GRIEF! I CAN'T LET MY FRIENDS KNOW ABOUT OUR BEING BROKE--IT'S TOO HUMILIATING--THAT SCHEME IS DEFINITELY OUT! I'LL HAVE TO PAWN THESE GEMS ...THAT'S IT!
LATER, AT A DOWNTOWN HOCK SHOP...
HMMM...THESE ARE EXCEPTIONAL! I CAN LET YOU HAVE AS MUCH AS $2,000 ON THEM!
THAT ISN'T MUCH BUT I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT!
NOW, DAD, I'M TAKING VERY GOOD CARE OF YOUR AFFAIRS... IF I SAY SO MYSELF! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO NOW IS TO TAKE A GOOD REST...AND DON'T WORRY!
VERY WELL, DAUGHTER, IF YOU INSIST...
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, VICKY RETURNED TO VAN FLEET...
MR. VAN FLEET, MY FRIENDS ARE VERY INTERESTED IN YOUR MERCHANDISE--I'VE LEFT THEM ON APPROVAL--SO I'LL NEED SOME MORE TO CONTINUE MY ROUNDS!
GLAD TO HEAR THINGS ARE GOING SO SUCCESSFULLY--I'LL GIVE YOU SOME MORE!
VICKY RECEIVED SEVERAL MORE CONSIGNMENTS ON THE STRENGTH OF HER FAMILY'S NAME, UNTIL...
I'M SORRY, MISS ROBERTS! NO OFFENSE IS INTENDED... BUT I THINK IT WOULD BE WISE TO WAIT UNTIL SOME SALES MATERIALIZED BEFORE GIVING YOU MORE MERCHANDISE!
WHA...WHY CERTAINLY! I UNDERSTAND, MR. VAN FLEET!
VICKY REACTED QUICKLY...
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER! I STILL HAVE A LITTLE TIME BEFORE MR. VAN FLEET BECOMES GOOD AND SUSPICIOUS--SO I'LL GO TO WORK ON DAD!
DAD, I'VE BEEN THINKING THAT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO GET AWAY FOR A WHILE! IT WOULD DO US BOTH A LOT OF GOOD--WE CAN HAVE OUR OLD APARTMENT AT MIAMI IF I WIRE IMMEDIATELY! PLEASE, DADDY?
WELL, ER...I...HMM... I SUPPOSE THAT SUN WOULD FEEL GOOD ON THIS OLD BACK! GO AHEAD, VICKY--IT'S A GOOD IDEA!
3

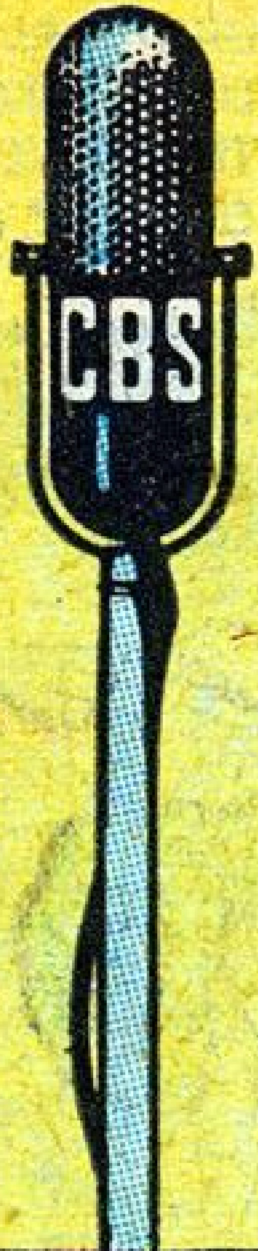

LATER...
VICKY, DID YOU HAVE ANY DIFFICULTY OBTAINING FUNDS FOR THIS EXCURSION?
WHY, DADDY, HOW YOU JOKE! OUR RESOURCES ARE UNLIMITED!
YES, UNLIMITED-- AS OF TODAY ONLY! BUT I HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR OUR STAY IN MIAMI!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING VICKY AND HER FATHER BOARDED A DC-6 FOR MIAMI...
LUCKY THAT PAWNBROKER GAVE ME THE LOCATION OF A GOOD FENCE IN MIAMI!
IN MIAMI...
AH! IT'S GOOD TO BE DOWN HERE AGAIN! AWAY FROM IT ALL FOR A TIME--DIDN'T THINK I'D SEE MIAMI AGAIN!
IT DOES LOOK GOOD-- AS SOON AS WE UNPACK I'M GOING TO PHONE OUR FRIENDS THAT WE'RE HERE!
TWA
SOON VICKY WAS SWEPT UP IN A SWIRL OF LAVISH PARTIES IN MIAMI BEACH...
VICKY, THIS IS A SURPRISE... WE HADN'T EXPECTED YOU DOWN HERE THIS SEASON! WE'D HEARD THAT...
WHATEVER YOU HEARD WASN'T TRUE-- OUR FORTUNES WERE NEVER BETTER!
VICKY BECAME VERY ADEPT...
IN SHORTY JOHNSON'S "ANTIQUE SHOP"!
MISS ROBERTS, I KNOW IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS-- BUT HOW DO YOU DO IT?
HOW DARE YOU? PERHAPS YOU'D PREFER IT IF I TOOK MY TRANSACTIONS ELSEWHERE!
NO! NO! NO! PLEASE DON'T-- I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING -- IT'S JUST THAT I WAS ADMIRING THE HIGH QUALITY OF THE MERCHANDISE! I'M MORE THAN SATISFIED IF YOU ARE!
HERE'S $10,000 FOR THESE!
MEANWHILE, BACK IN NEW YORK--
... FINALLY THE WHOLE BUSINESS BECAME SO SUSPICIOUS THAT I CHECKED UP... SHE'D DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE! OUR FIRM WOULD PREFER TO INVESTIGATE THIS WITHOUT NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY-- I'D APPRECIATE YOUR COOPERATION!
WE'LL DO THE BEST WE CAN!


SHORTLY AFTERWARD SHORTY JOHNSON GOT A LONG DISTANCE CALL FROM VICKY'S NEW YORK PAWNBROKER...
... AND YOU SAY THEY'RE LOOKING FOR HER? THANKS FOR THE TIP, MIKE -- HOPE I CAN DO THE SAME FOR YOU SOMETIME! 'BYE!
AHA, ME PRETTY DAMSEL WITH THE HIGH SOCIETY AIRS-- WE SHALL SEE WHAT WE SHALL SEE...TONIGHT!
SO FAR, SO GOOD --- NOBODY SEEMS TO BE MISSING THESE BAUBLES YET! THEY MUST BE SO FILTHY WITH THE STUFF, THEY DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE! AND NOTHING IN THE PAPERS ABOUT VAN FLEET -- YET!
KEEP THE CHANGE, CABBIE!
HMMM... NOT BAD AT ALL, MISS ROBERTS, NOT BAD AT ALL!
A MASTERPIECE OF UNDERSTATEMENT, IF EVER I HEARD ONE! IT'S OBVIOUSLY THE BEST YOU'VE EVER HANDLED!
IN THAT CASE I BELIEVE I CAN SPARE YOU THIS $1000 BILL!
IF THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE, YOU CAN SPARE US BOTH! BESIDES, I HAVEN'T ANY MORE TIME TO WASTE HERE!
MISS ROBERTS, I WON'T KID YOU ANY LONGER! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU -- VAN FLEET IS WISE TO YOU TOO, AND SO ARE A LOT OF POLICE WHO WOULD APPRECIATE ANY JUICY TIDBITS OF INFORMATION CONCERNING YOUR WHEREABOUTS!
... NO!
SO YOU'LL TAKE THE G-NOTE AND BE GLAD ABOUT IT!
YOU...YOU... MONSTER, YOU! I'LL NEVER COME HERE AGAIN! I'LL (SOB!) ---
BUT VICKY'S EXIT WAS NOT GOING TO BE SO SIMPLE...
NOT SO FAST, EMPRESS! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, EH? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WORK FOR ME? YOU WOULD? FINE! IF YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL I MIGHT CUT YOU IN FOR 10%!
NO! (SOB!) NO!
5


FINALLY VICKY, REALIZING HER HELPLESS PLIGHT, SUCCUMBED TO SHORTY'S BLACKMAIL THREATS!
WHAT CAN I DO? I CAN'T LET DAD DOWN NOW! I'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT!
VICKY, IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU'RE LOOKING A BIT PALE AND DRAWN LATELY-- IF SOMETHING IS WRONG YOU CAN TELL ME! IS IT SOME YOUNG MAN?
WHY, ER... NO, DAD! PROBABLY TOO MANY PARTIES! YOU MUSTN'T WORRY, YOU OLD DEAR!
VICKY WAS COMPELLED TO CARRY ON HER ACTIVITY TO A POINT WHERE SHE WAS NO LONGER SAFE!
OH, IS THAT YOU, VICKY? YOU STARTLED ME!
ER... UH... YES, MRS. TRAVORS-- I CAME IN HERE TO... ER... PUT ON SOME LIPSTICK!
WHEW! ANOTHER CLOSE ONE LIKE THAT AND I'LL HAVE TO BORROW DAD'S WHEEL CHAIR! GOOD THING MRS. TRAVORS ISN'T THE SUSPICIOUS TYPE -- I HOPE!
THEN, TOO, THINGS WERE DETERIORATING AT THE ANTIQUE SHOP...
BUT, SHORTY, YOU'RE GIVING ME LESS AND LESS EACH TIME! I...
MR. JOHNSON TO YOU, BABE! YOU'VE NO KICK-- YOU'RE STILL *FREE, AREN'T YOU?*
AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT -- YOU BEEN LAYING DOWN ON THE JOB! THE STUFF YOU BEEN GIVING ME LATELY HAS BEEN TOO LITTLE AND TOO CHEAP! REMEMBER -- WE GOT HIGH STANDARDS HERE--HERE'S YOUR CAB FARE, DUCHESS! NOW SCRAM!
OH! (SOB!)
THAT NIGHT VICKY ROBERTS REALIZED THAT SHE COULDN'T GO ON THAT WAY ANY LONGER...
DADDY! DADDY! (SOB! SOB!) I MUST TELL YOU EVERYTHING-- I CAN'T KEEP STILL ANY LONGER!
WHY, GIRL! WHAT IS IT? TELL YOUR OLD DAD ALL ABOUT IT!
...AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, DADDY! (SOB!) I WANTED TO PROTECT YOU, TO TAKE CARE OF YOU (SOB!) AND ALL I SUCCEEDED IN DOING WAS TO BRING DISGRACE ON OUR NAME! (SOB!)
VICKY DARLING, YOU NEVER SHOULD HAVE RESORTED TO THIS! NEVER! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MUCH WISER TO START OVER!


BUT, DADDY, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW? I'LL BE ARRESTED!
DON'T WORRY, DEAR, I STILL HAVE SOME 'INFLUENCE'--I'LL HANDLE THIS FROM NOW ON! YOU'D BETTER GO TO BED AND GET SOME REST!
AFTER VICKY WENT TO HER ROOM, HER FATHER QUIETLY SLIPPED OUT OF THE APARTMENT...
TAXI!
SORRY, MISTER, I'M CLOSING UP FOR TONIGHT-- COME BACK TO... HEY... WHA..?
ALL I WANT FROM YOU, YOU SCOUNDREL, ARE THE JEWELS YOU TOOK FROM MY DAUGHTER!
YOU'VE GOT THIS ALL WRONG, MISTER-- I *BOUGHT* THAT MERCHANDISE! I CAN'T DO BUSINESS THIS WAY-- THIS IS ROBBERY, BUD!
GET OVER TO THAT SAFE QUICKLY, OR I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!
LOOK, POP, I TRIPPED THE BURGLAR ALARM WITH MY FOOT--THE LAW WILL BE HERE IN 5 MINUTES--YOU CAN STILL SAVE YOUR SKIN IF YOU SCRAM NOW!
SHUT UP, AND OPEN THAT SAFE!
WHEEEEEEEEEEEE!
WELL... IT'S OPEN-- THERE'S THE STUFF! BUT YOU'LL NEVER HAVE IT... THEY'LL.. ARRGGHH!
THAT'S FOR WHAT YOU DID TO VICKY!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
MEANWHILE...
SOUNDS LIKE AN AWFUL LOT OF COMMOTION DOWN ON THE STREET! MAYBE IF I SHUT THE WINDOW I'LL BE ABLE TO SLEEP! ...OH! (ULP!)
YOU TWO MEN GUARD THE LOBBY! SMITH AND JENKINS STAY OUT FRONT.


DAD, DAD, WHERE ARE YOU, DAD?
HE'S GONE-- HE MUST HAVE GONE TO JOHNSON! I MUST GET THERE -- I MUST!
DESPERATELY, VICKY DASHED OUT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE AND INTO A RUNNING CAB, AS...
LOOK! THERE SHE GOES!
STOP! STOP!
QUICK, MEN, TRAIL THAT CAB!
505 LINCOLN ROAD, CABBIE-- AS IF YOUR LIFE DEPENDED ON IT-- BECAUSE IT DOES!
OKAY, LADY, ONLY TAKE THAT BAZOOKA OUTA MY NECK!
AT THAT MOMENT...
HALT! HALT! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW! HALT! FIRE AT WILL, MEN! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
DEAD'RN A MACKEREL-- KINDA OLD AND DIGNIFIED FOR A BURGLAR!
SAY, LOOK! THERE GOES A CAB, WITH THE WHOLE MIAMI FORCE TRAILIN' IT!
AS HER CAB SCREECHED TO A STOP, VICKY BOLTED TO HER FATHER'S SIDE...
OH, DAD! YOU'RE DEAD... DEAD! I TRIED SO HARD TO KEEP YOU ALIVE (SOB!) AND FAILED!
IT IS THE WILL OF THIS COURT THAT THE CONVICTION OF VICKY ROBERTS, THE DEFENDANT, BE TEMPERED WITH MERCY! HER WAYWARD PATH RESULTED IN THE GREATEST PUNISHMENT, THE LOSS OF HER BELOVED FATHER! 10 YEARS!
MB
VICKY ROBERTS WAS ONE MORE PERSON WHO LEARNED, THE HARD WAY, THAT NOT EVEN THE MOST UNSELFISH MOTIVES JUSTIFY A LIFE OF CRIME!
THE END



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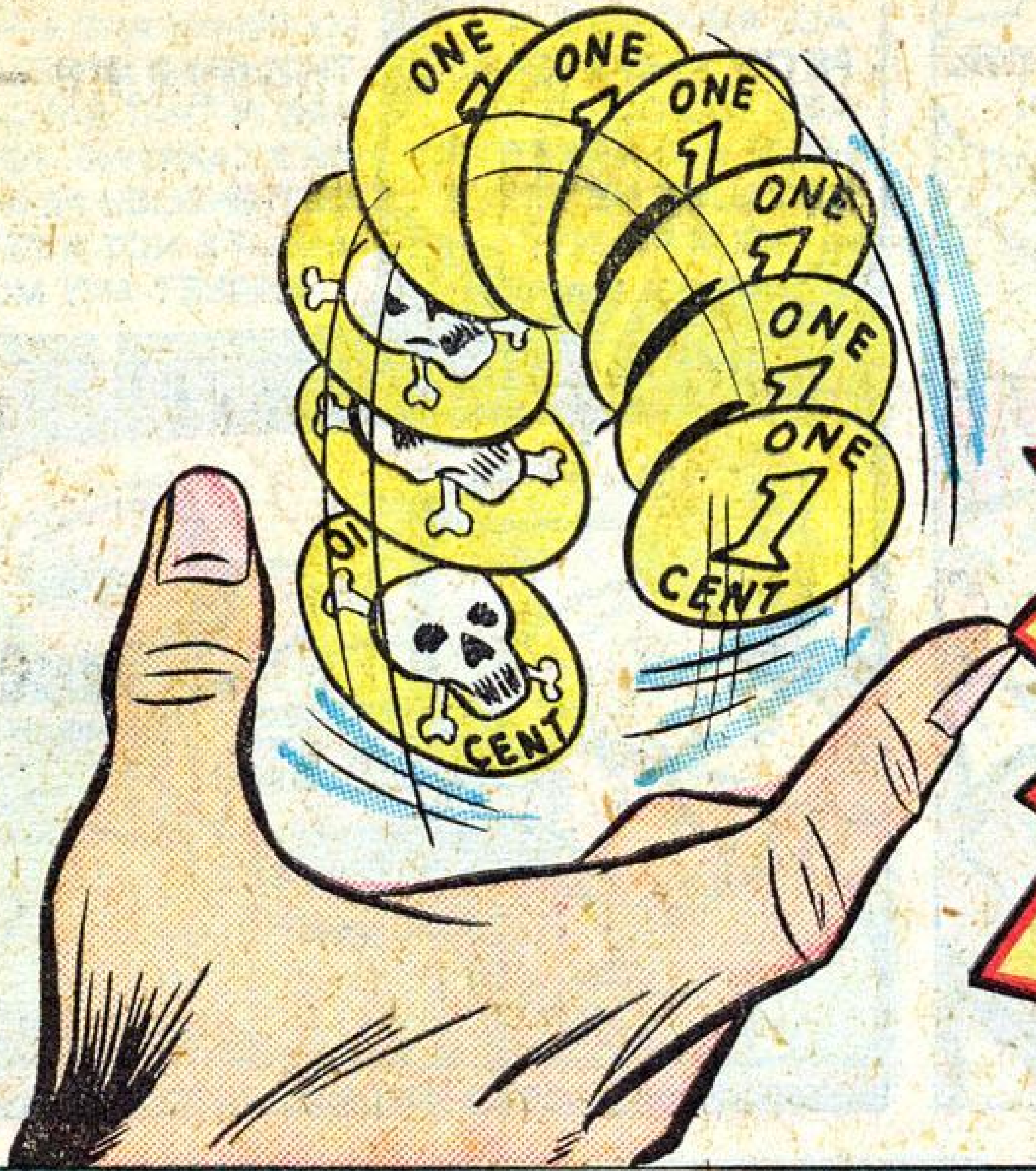
Casey CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER

"TRAPPED BY THE PENNY PLUNDERERS!"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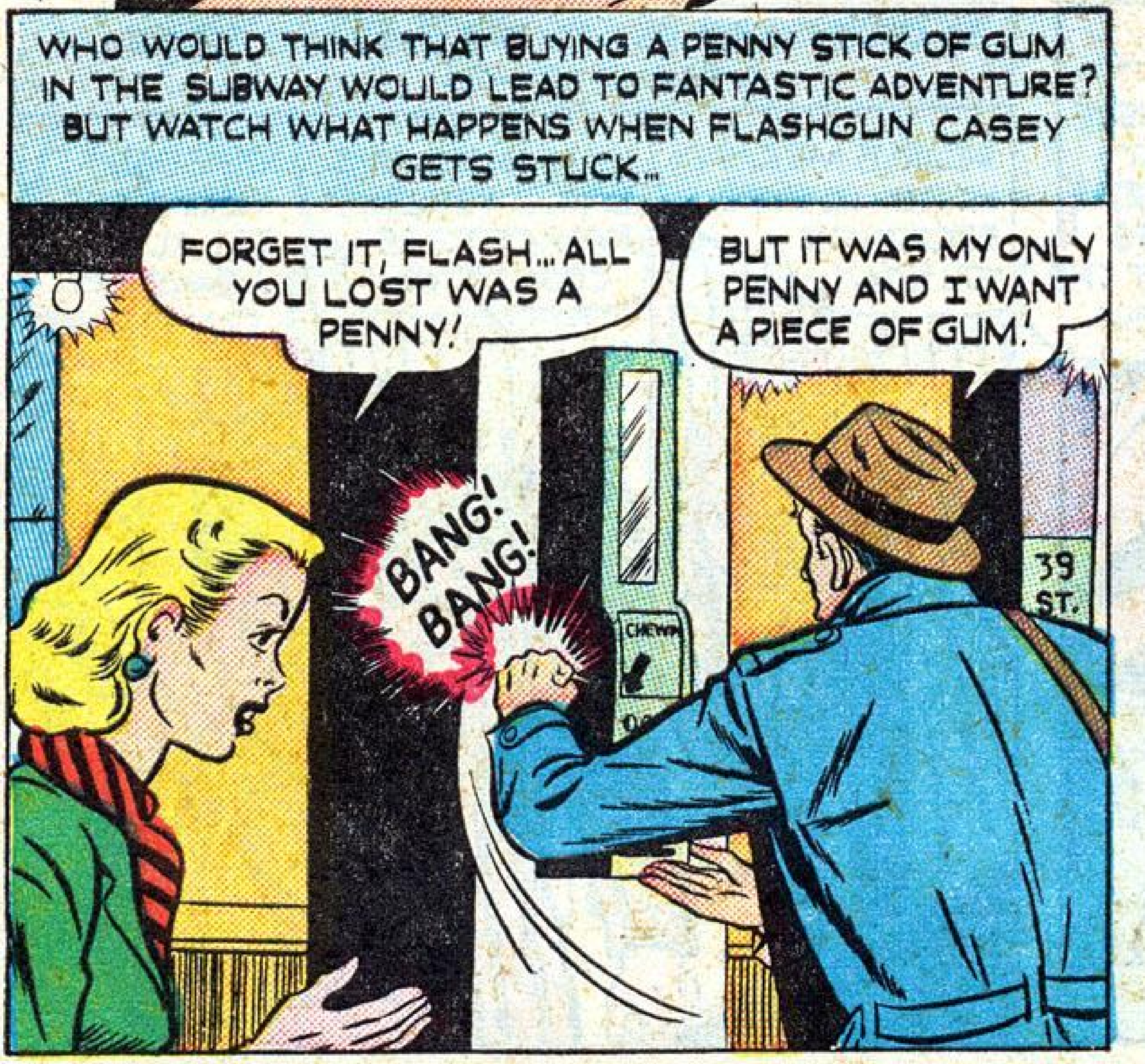
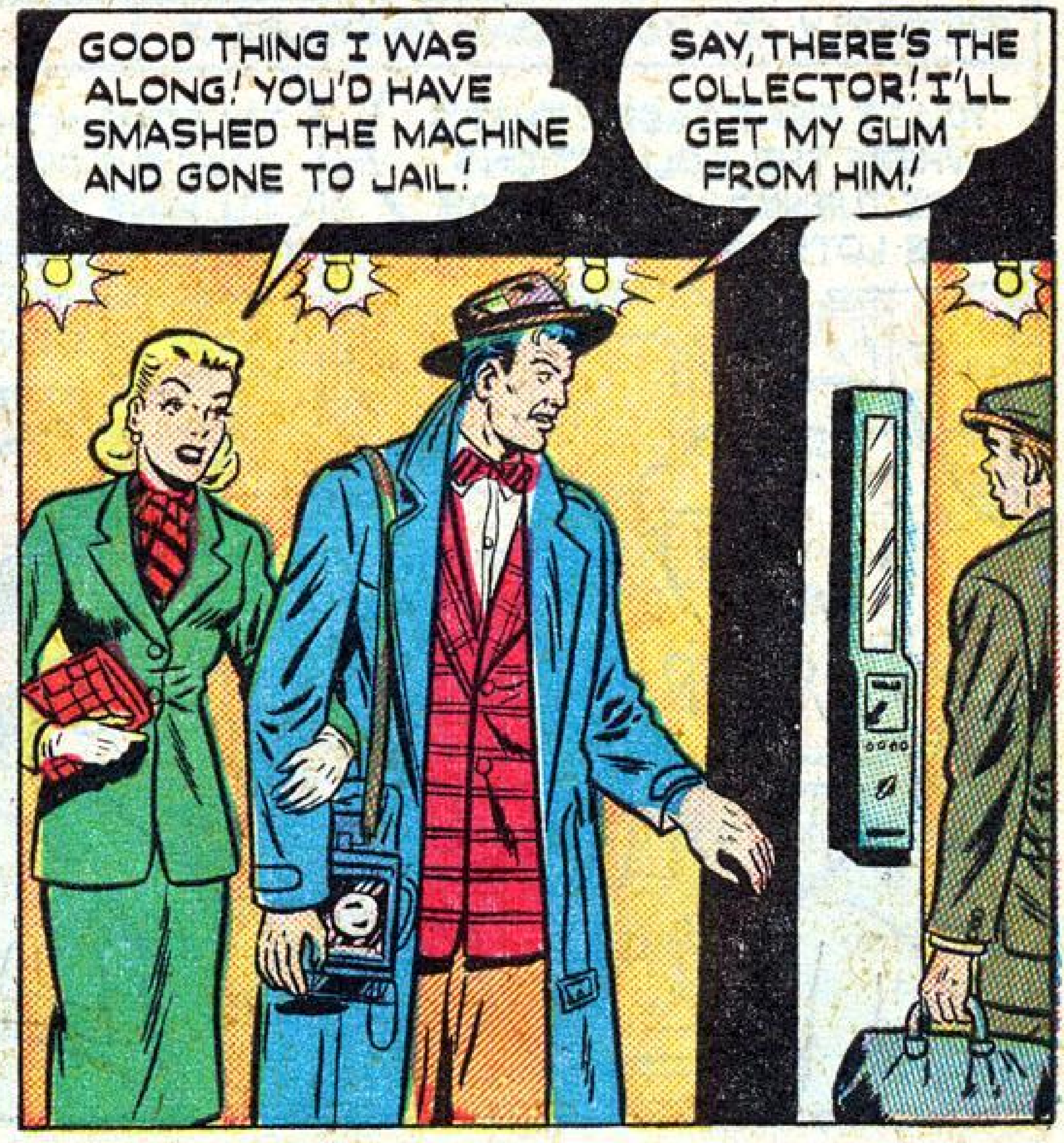
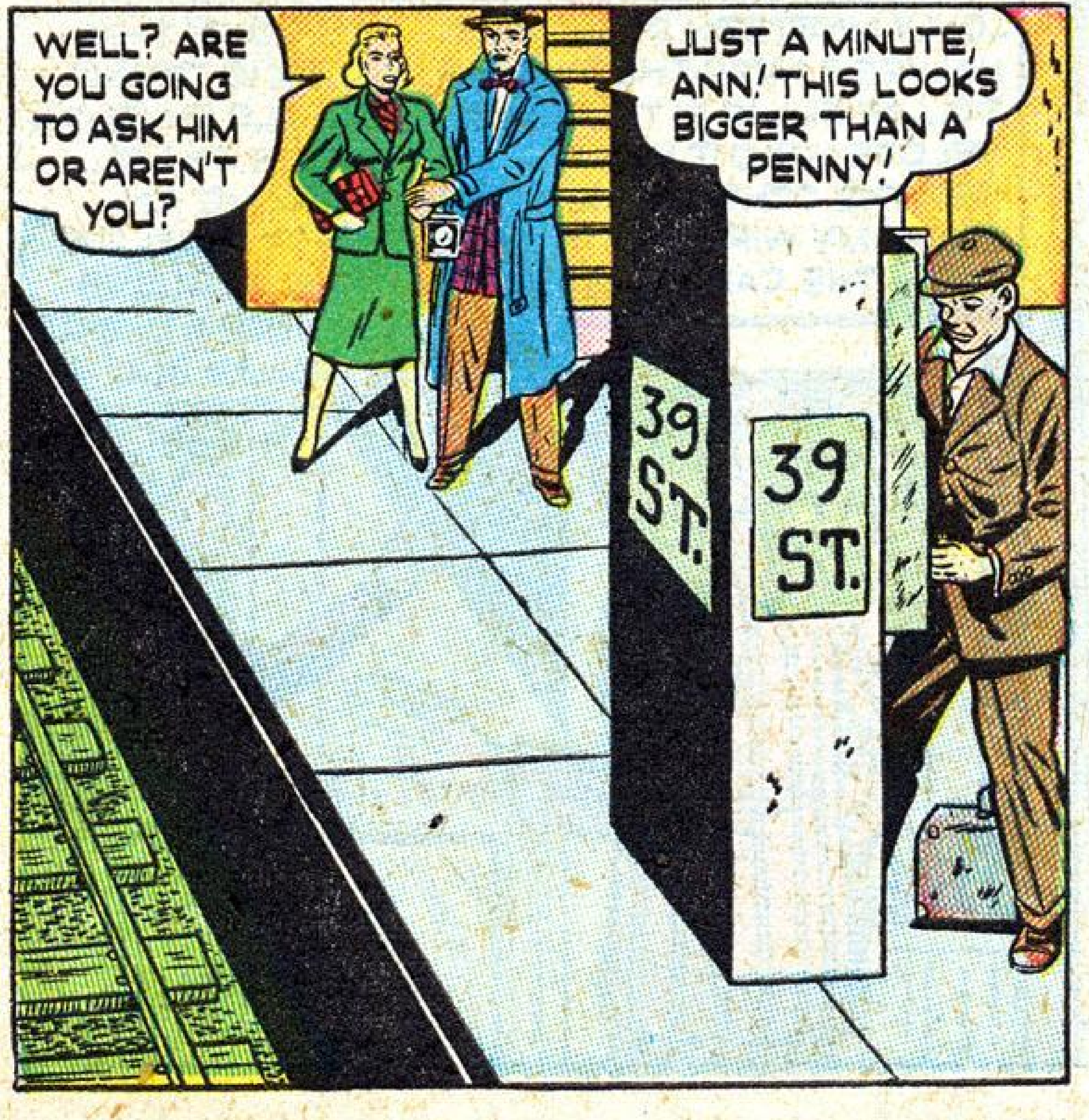
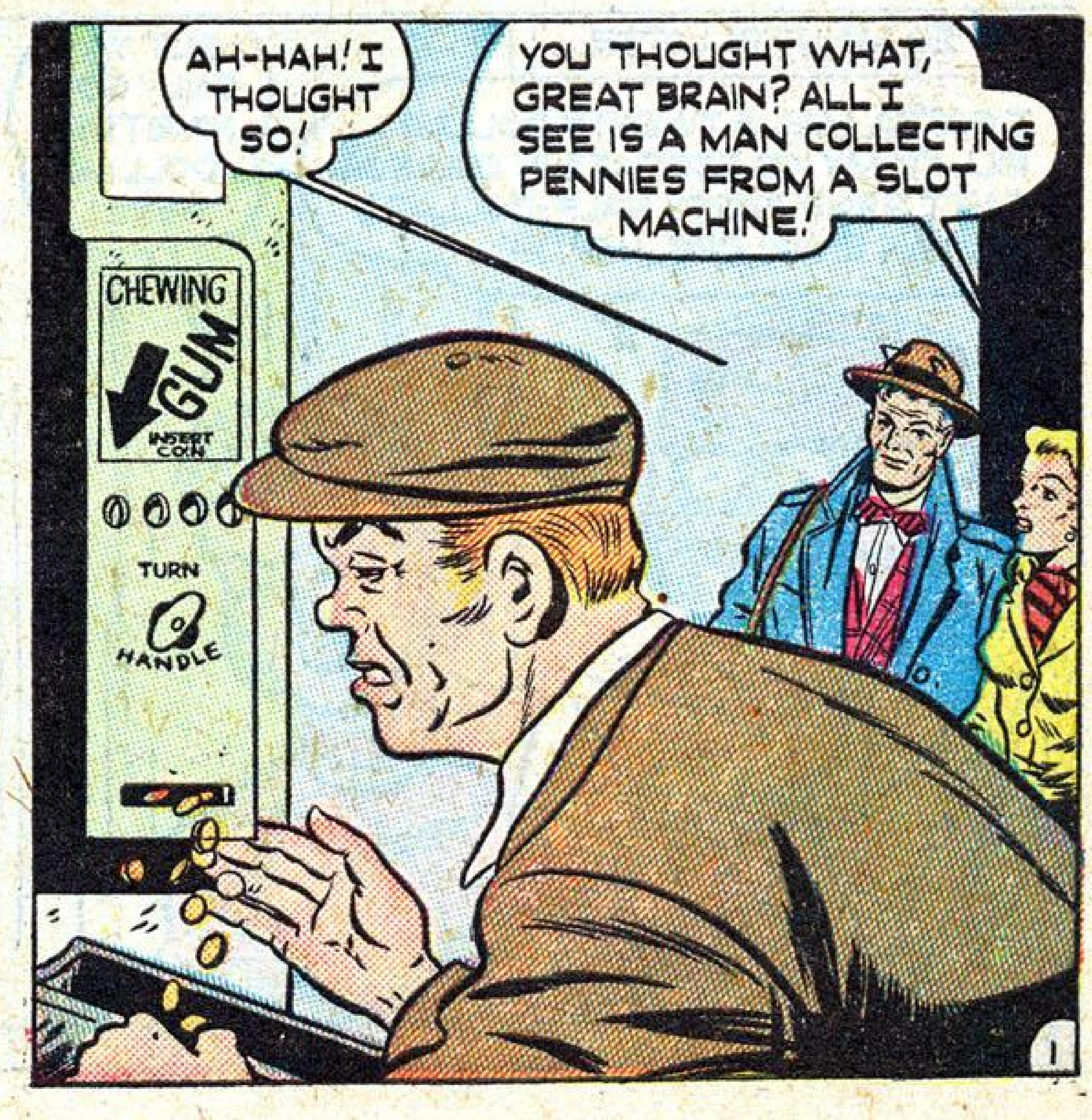
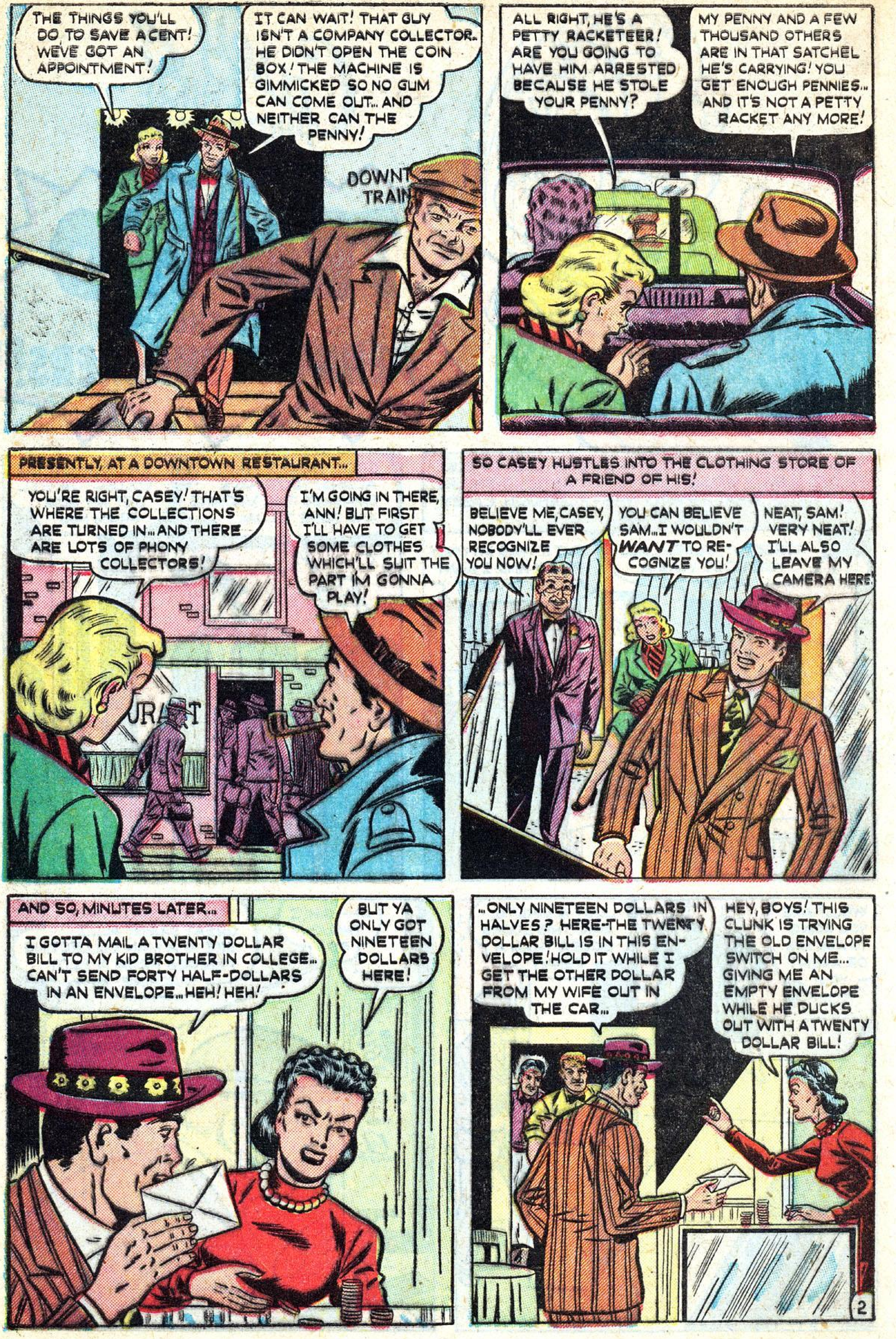
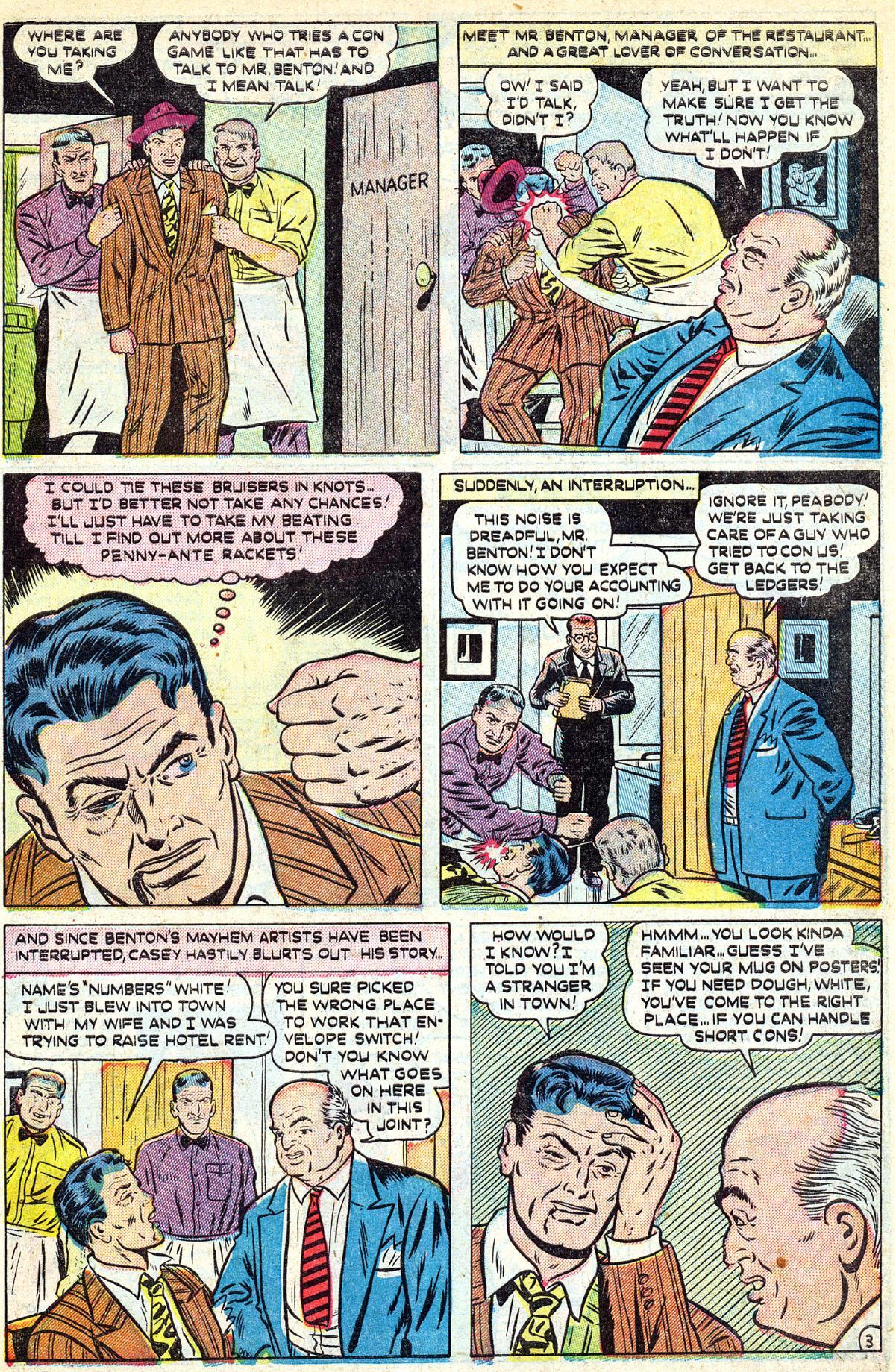

WHO WOULD THINK THAT BUYING A PENNY STICK OF GUM IN THE SUBWAY WOULD LEAD TO FANTASTIC ADVENTURE? BUT WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN FLASHGUN CASEY GETS STUCK..
FORGET IT, FLASH... ALL YOU LOST WAS A PENNY!
BUT IT WAS MY ONLY PENNY AND I WANT A PIECE OF GUM!
BANG! BANG!
39 ST.

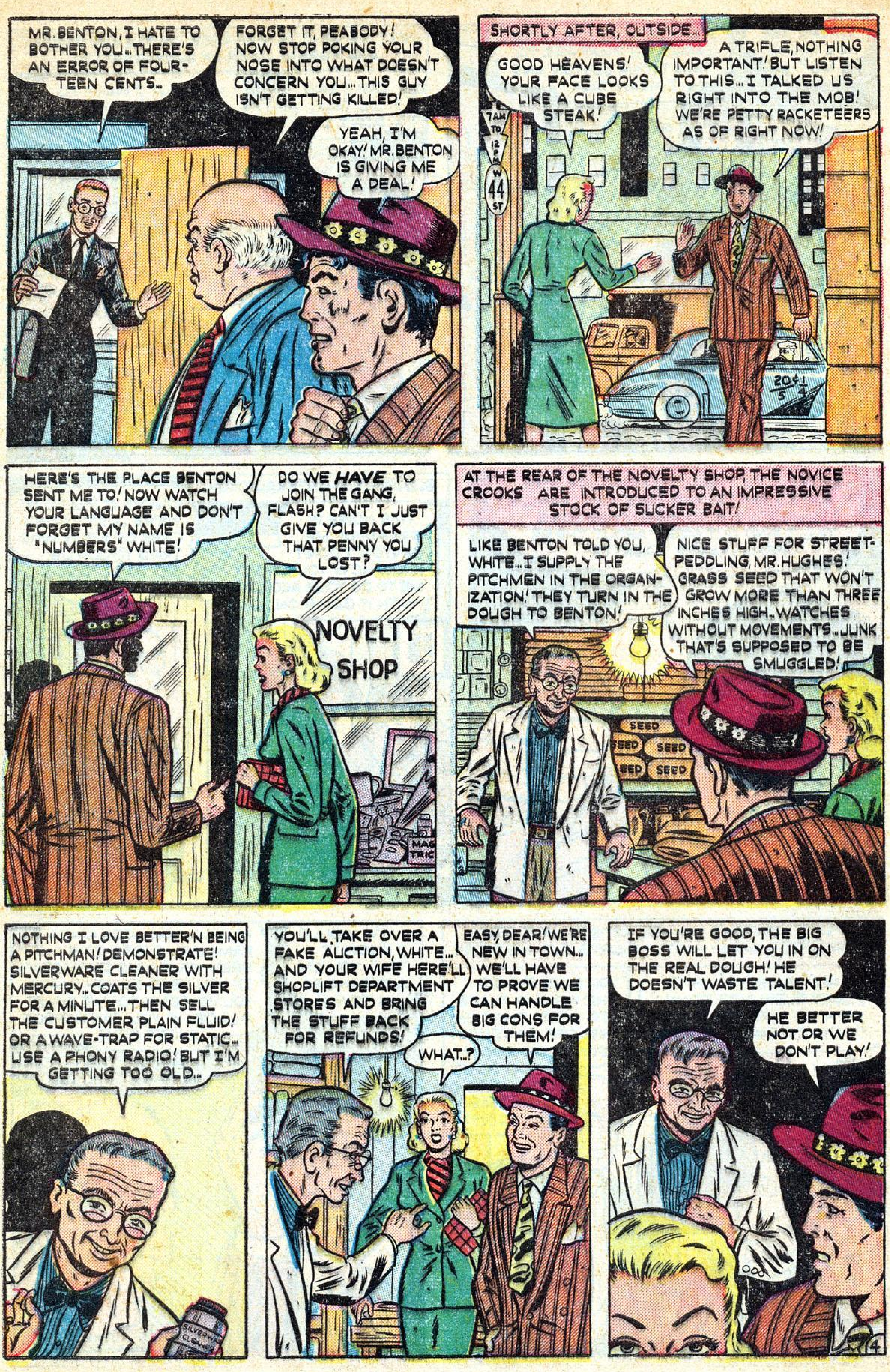

GOOD THING I WAS ALONG! YOU'D HAVE SMASHED THE MACHINE AND GONE TO JAIL!
SAY, THERE'S THE COLLECTOR! I'LL GET MY GUM FROM HIM!

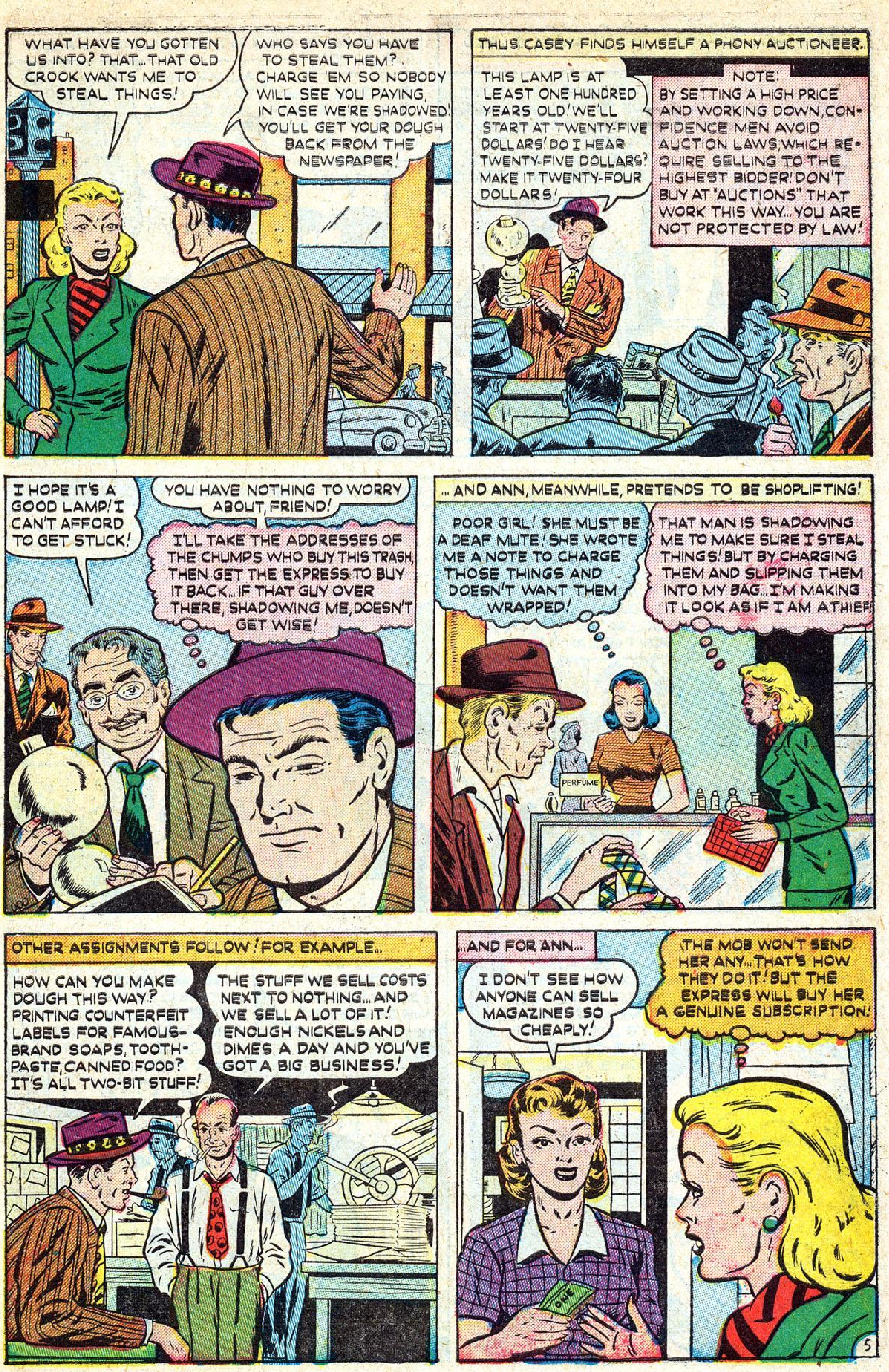

WELL? ARE YOU GOING TO ASK HIM OR AREN'T YOU?
JUST A MINUTE, ANN! THIS LOOKS BIGGER THAN A PENNY!
39 ST.
39 ST.


AH-HAH! I THOUGHT SO!
YOU THOUGHT WHAT, GREAT BRAIN? ALL I SEE IS A MAN COLLECTING PENNIES FROM A SLOT MACHINE!
CHEWING GUM
INSERT COIN
TURN
HANDLE


THE THINGS YOU'LL DO TO SAVE A CENT! WE'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT!
IT CAN WAIT! THAT GUY ISN'T A COMPANY COLLECTOR.. HE DIDN'T OPEN THE COIN BOX! THE MACHINE IS GIMMICKED SO NO GUM CAN COME OUT... AND NEITHER CAN THE PENNY!
DOWNT
TRAIN
ALL RIGHT, HE'S A PETTY RACKETEER! ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE HIM ARRESTED BECAUSE HE STOLE YOUR PENNY?
MY PENNY AND A FEW THOUSAND OTHERS ARE IN THAT SATCHEL HE'S CARRYING! YOU GET ENOUGH PENNIES... AND IT'S NOT A PETTY RACKET ANY MORE!
PRESENTLY, AT A DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT...
YOU'RE RIGHT, CASEY! THAT'S WHERE THE COLLECTIONS ARE TURNED IN... AND THERE ARE LOTS OF PHONY COLLECTORS!
I'M GOING IN THERE, ANN! BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO GET SOME CLOTHES WHICH'LL SUIT THE PART IM GONNA PLAY!
URANT
SO CASEY HUSTLES INTO THE CLOTHING STORE OF A FRIEND OF HIS!
BELIEVE ME, CASEY, NOBODY'LL EVER RECOGNIZE YOU NOW!
YOU CAN BELIEVE SAM... I WOULDN'T *WANT* TO RECOGNIZE YOU!
NEAT, SAM! VERY NEAT! I'LL ALSO LEAVE MY CAMERA HERE!
AND SO, MINUTES LATER...
I GOTTA MAIL A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL TO MY KID BROTHER IN COLLEGE.. CAN'T SEND FORTY HALF-DOLLARS IN AN ENVELOPE... HEH! HEH!
BUT YA ONLY GOT NINETEEN DOLLARS HERE!
...ONLY NINETEEN DOLLARS IN HALVES? HERE-THE TWENTY DOLLAR BILL IS IN THIS ENVELOPE! HOLD IT WHILE I GET THE OTHER DOLLAR FROM MY WIFE OUT IN THE CAR...
HEY, BOYS! THIS CLUNK IS TRYING THE OLD ENVELOPE SWITCH ON ME... GIVING ME AN EMPTY ENVELOPE WHILE HE DUCKS OUT WITH A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL!

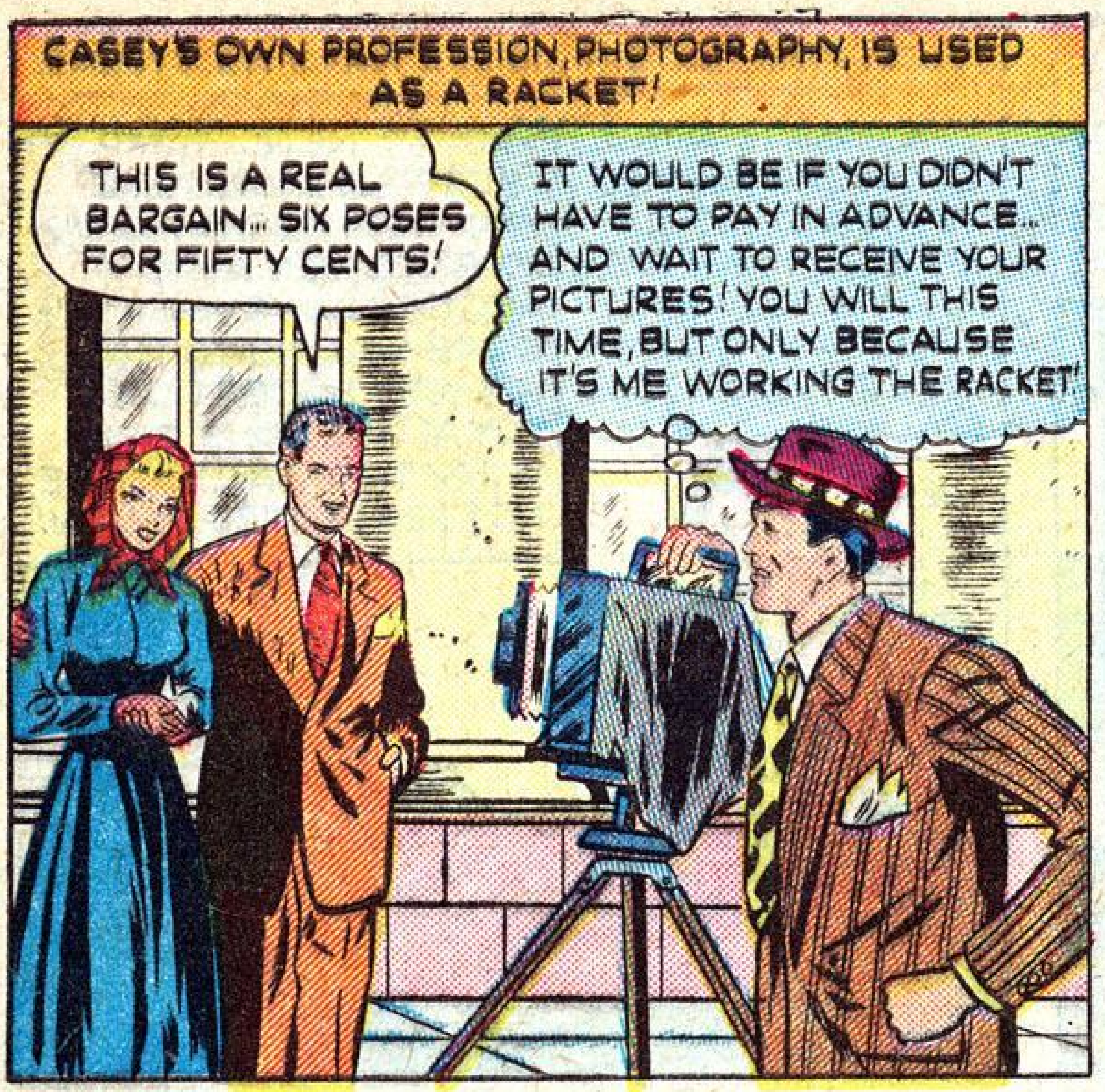

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
ANYBODY WHO TRIES A CON GAME LIKE THAT HAS TO TALK TO MR. BENTON! AND I MEAN TALK!
MANAGER
MEET MR BENTON, MANAGER OF THE RESTAURANT... AND A GREAT LOVER OF CONVERSATION...
OW! I SAID I'D TALK, DIDN'T I?
YEAH, BUT I WANT TO MAKE SURE I GET THE TRUTH! NOW YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF I DON'T!
I COULD TIE THESE BRUISERS IN KNOTS... BUT I'D BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES! I'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE MY BEATING TILL I FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THESE PENNY-ANTE RACKETS!
SUDDENLY, AN INTERRUPTION...
THIS NOISE IS DREADFUL, MR. BENTON! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU EXPECT ME TO DO YOUR ACCOUNTING WITH IT GOING ON!
IGNORE IT, PEABODY! WE'RE JUST TAKING CARE OF A GUY WHO TRIED TO CON US! GET BACK TO THE LEDGERS!
AND SINCE BENTON'S MAYHEM ARTISTS HAVE BEEN INTERRUPTED, CASEY HASTILY BLURTS OUT HIS STORY...
NAME'S "NUMBERS" WHITE! I JUST BLEW INTO TOWN WITH MY WIFE AND I WAS TRYING TO RAISE HOTEL RENT!
YOU SURE PICKED THE WRONG PLACE TO WORK THAT ENVELOPE SWITCH! DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT GOES ON HERE IN THIS JOINT?
HOW WOULD I KNOW? I TOLD YOU I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN!
HMMM... YOU LOOK KINDA FAMILIAR... GUESS I'VE SEEN YOUR MUG ON POSTERS! IF YOU NEED DOUGH, WHITE, YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE... IF YOU CAN HANDLE SHORT CONS!


MR. BENTON, I HATE TO BOTHER YOU... THERE'S AN ERROR OF FOURTEEN CENTS...
FORGET IT, PEABODY! NOW STOP POKING YOUR NOSE INTO WHAT DOESN'T CONCERN YOU... THIS GUY ISN'T GETTING KILLED!
YEAH, I'M OKAY! MR. BENTON IS GIVING ME A DEAL!
SHORTLY AFTER, OUTSIDE...
GOOD HEAVENS! YOUR FACE LOOKS LIKE A CUBE STEAK!
A TRIFLE, NOTHING IMPORTANT! BUT LISTEN TO THIS... I TALKED US RIGHT INTO THE MOB! WE'RE PETTY RACKETEERS AS OF RIGHT NOW!
7AM TO 12PM
W 44 ST
20¢ 1/5 1/4
HERE'S THE PLACE BENTON SENT ME TO! NOW WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE AND DON'T FORGET MY NAME IS "NUMBERS" WHITE!
DO WE *HAVE* TO JOIN THE GANG, FLASH? CAN'T I JUST GIVE YOU BACK THAT PENNY YOU LOST?
NOVELTY SHOP
AT THE REAR OF THE NOVELTY SHOP, THE NOVICE CROOKS ARE INTRODUCED TO AN IMPRESSIVE STOCK OF SUCKER BAIT!
LIKE BENTON TOLD YOU, WHITE... I SUPPLY THE PITCHMEN IN THE ORGANIZATION! THEY TURN IN THE DOUGH TO BENTON!
NICE STUFF FOR STREET-PEDDLING, MR. HUGHES! GRASS SEED THAT WON'T GROW MORE THAN THREE INCHES HIGH... WATCHES WITHOUT MOVEMENTS... JUNK THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE SMUGGLED!
SEED
NOTHING I LOVE BETTER'N BEING A PITCHMAN! DEMONSTRATE! SILVERWARE CLEANER WITH MERCURY... COATS THE SILVER FOR A MINUTE... THEN SELL THE CUSTOMER PLAIN FLUID! OR A WAVE-TRAP FOR STATIC... USE A PHONY RADIO! BUT I'M GETTING TOO OLD...
YOU'LL TAKE OVER A FAKE AUCTION, WHITE... AND YOUR WIFE HERE'LL SHOPLIFT DEPARTMENT STORES AND BRING THE STUFF BACK FOR REFUNDS!
WHAT...?
EASY, DEAR! WE'RE NEW IN TOWN... WE'LL HAVE TO PROVE WE CAN HANDLE BIG CONS FOR THEM!
IF YOU'RE GOOD, THE BIG BOSS WILL LET YOU IN ON THE REAL DOUGH! HE DOESN'T WASTE TALENT!
HE BETTER NOT OR WE DON'T PLAY!

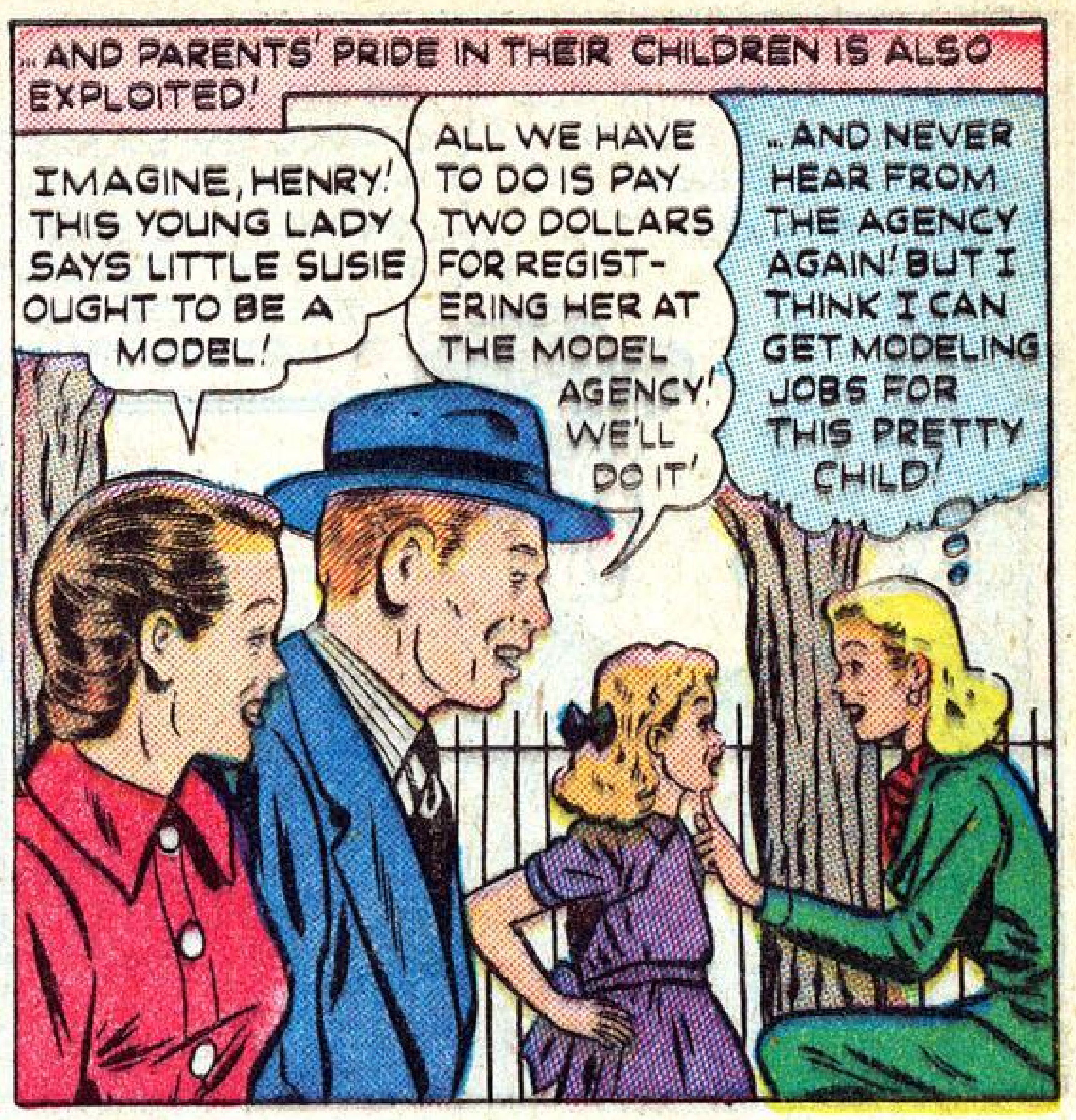


WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN US INTO? THAT... THAT OLD CROOK WANTS ME TO STEAL THINGS!
WHO SAYS YOU HAVE TO STEAL THEM? CHARGE 'EM SO NOBODY WILL SEE YOU PAYING, IN CASE WE'RE SHADOWED! YOU'LL GET YOUR DOUGH BACK FROM THE NEWSPAPER!
THUS CASEY FINDS HIMSELF A PHONY AUCTIONEER.
THIS LAMP IS AT LEAST ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD! WE'LL START AT TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS! DO I HEAR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS? MAKE IT TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS!
NOTE: BY SETTING A HIGH PRICE AND WORKING DOWN, CONFIDENCE MEN AVOID AUCTION LAWS, WHICH REQUIRE SELLING TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER! DON'T BUY AT "AUCTIONS" THAT WORK THIS WAY... YOU ARE NOT PROTECTED BY LAW!
I HOPE IT'S A GOOD LAMP! I CAN'T AFFORD TO GET STUCK!
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, FRIEND!
I'LL TAKE THE ADDRESSES OF THE CHUMPS WHO BUY THIS TRASH, THEN GET THE EXPRESS TO BUY IT BACK... IF THAT GUY OVER THERE, SHADOWING ME, DOESN'T GET WISE!
... AND ANN, MEANWHILE, PRETENDS TO BE SHOPLIFTING!
POOR GIRL! SHE MUST BE A DEAF MUTE! SHE WROTE ME A NOTE TO CHARGE THOSE THINGS AND DOESN'T WANT THEM WRAPPED!
THAT MAN IS SHADOWING ME TO MAKE SURE I STEAL THINGS! BUT BY CHARGING THEM AND SLIPPING THEM INTO MY BAG... I'M MAKING IT LOOK AS IF I AM ATHIEF
PERFUME
OTHER ASSIGNMENTS FOLLOW! FOR EXAMPLE..
HOW CAN YOU MAKE DOUGH THIS WAY? PRINTING COUNTERFEIT LABELS FOR FAMOUS-BRAND SOAPS, TOOTHPASTE, CANNED FOOD? IT'S ALL TWO-BIT STUFF!
THE STUFF WE SELL COSTS NEXT TO NOTHING... AND WE SELL A LOT OF IT! ENOUGH NICKELS AND DIMES A DAY AND YOU'VE GOT A BIG BUSINESS!
..AND FOR ANN...
I DON'T SEE HOW ANYONE CAN SELL MAGAZINES SO CHEAPLY!
THE MOB WON'T SEND HER ANY... THAT'S HOW THEY DO IT! BUT THE EXPRESS WILL BUY HER A GENUINE SUBSCRIPTION!

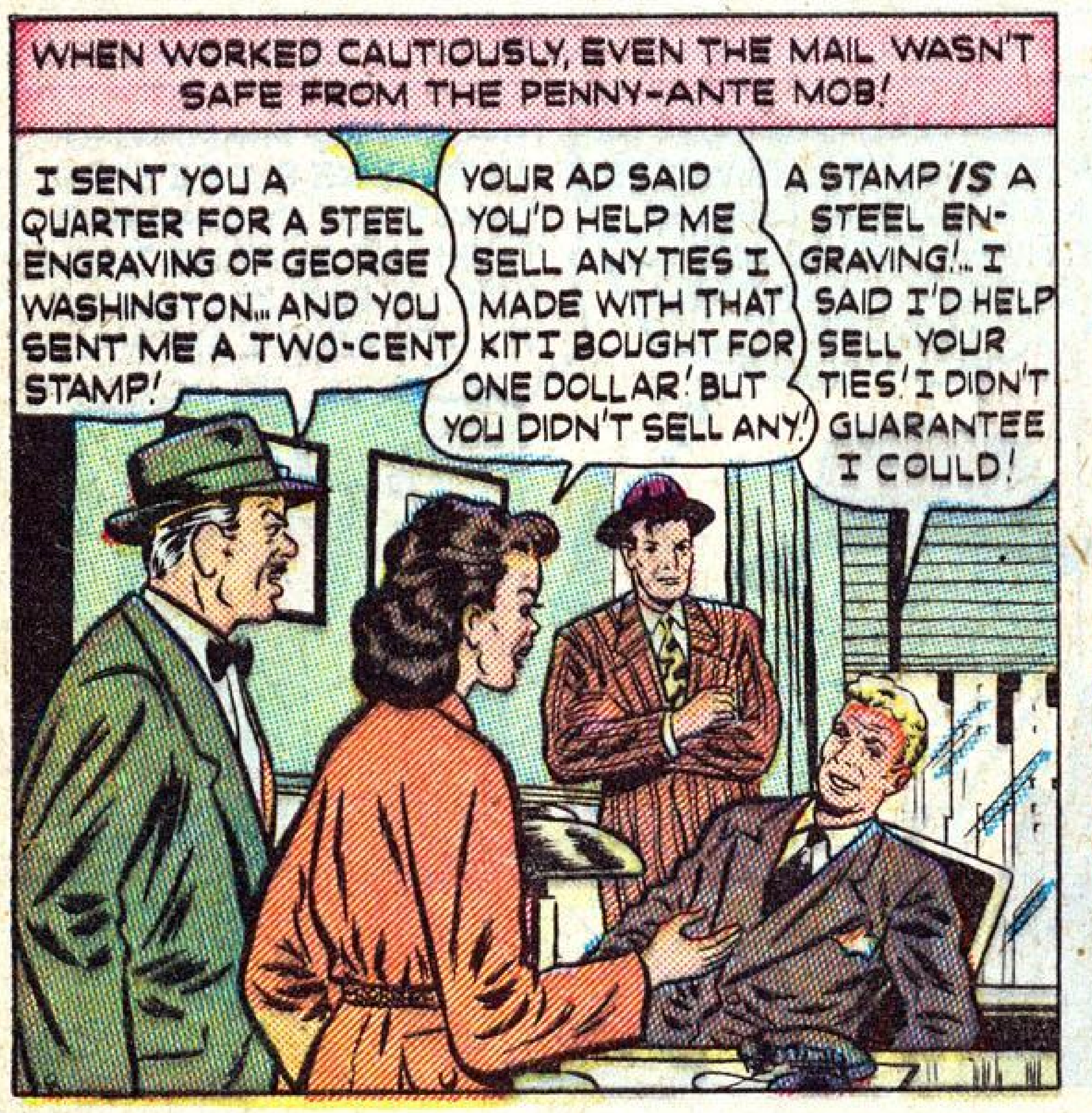
CASEY'S OWN PROFESSION, PHOTOGRAPHY, IS USED AS A RACKET!


THIS IS A REAL BARGAIN... SIX POSES FOR FIFTY CENTS!
IT WOULD BE IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO PAY IN ADVANCE... AND WAIT TO RECEIVE YOUR PICTURES! YOU WILL THIS TIME, BUT ONLY BECAUSE IT'S ME WORKING THE RACKET!

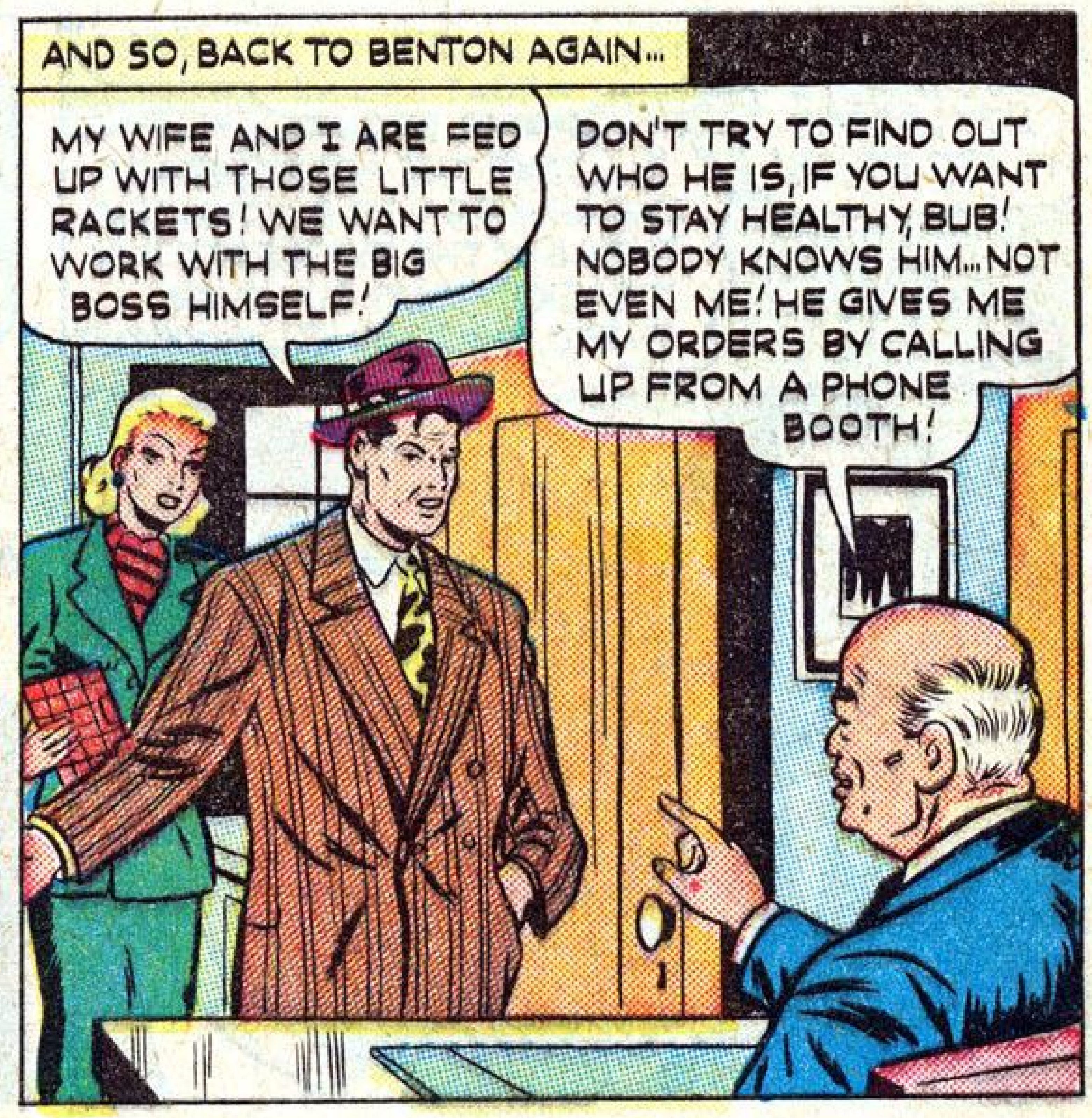
...AND PARENTS' PRIDE IN THEIR CHILDREN IS ALSO EXPLOITED!

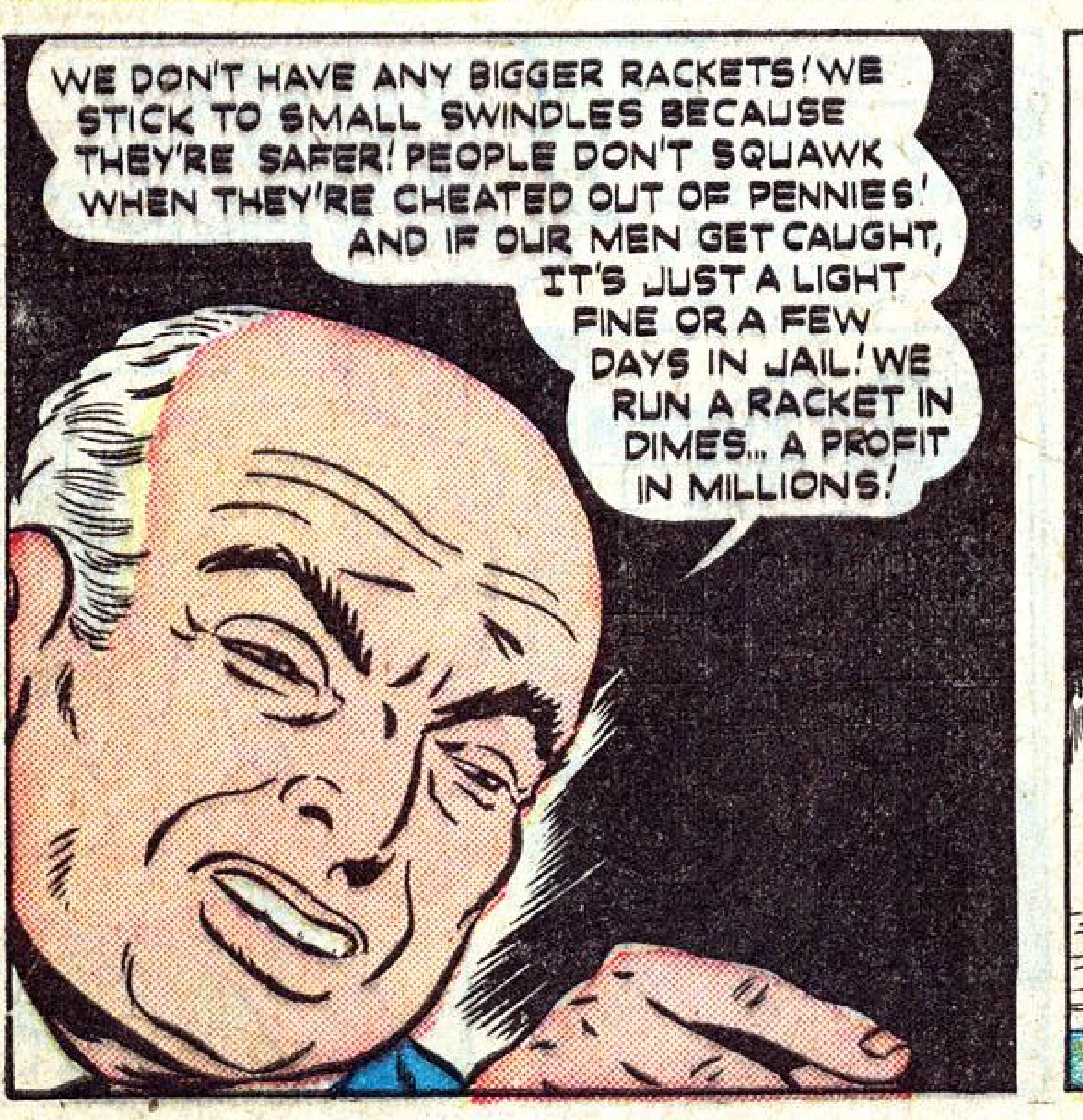

IMAGINE, HENRY! THIS YOUNG LADY SAYS LITTLE SUSIE OUGHT TO BE A MODEL!
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PAY TWO DOLLARS FOR REGISTERING HER AT THE MODEL AGENCY! WE'LL DO IT!
...AND NEVER HEAR FROM THE AGENCY AGAIN! BUT I THINK I CAN GET MODELING JOBS FOR THIS PRETTY CHILD!

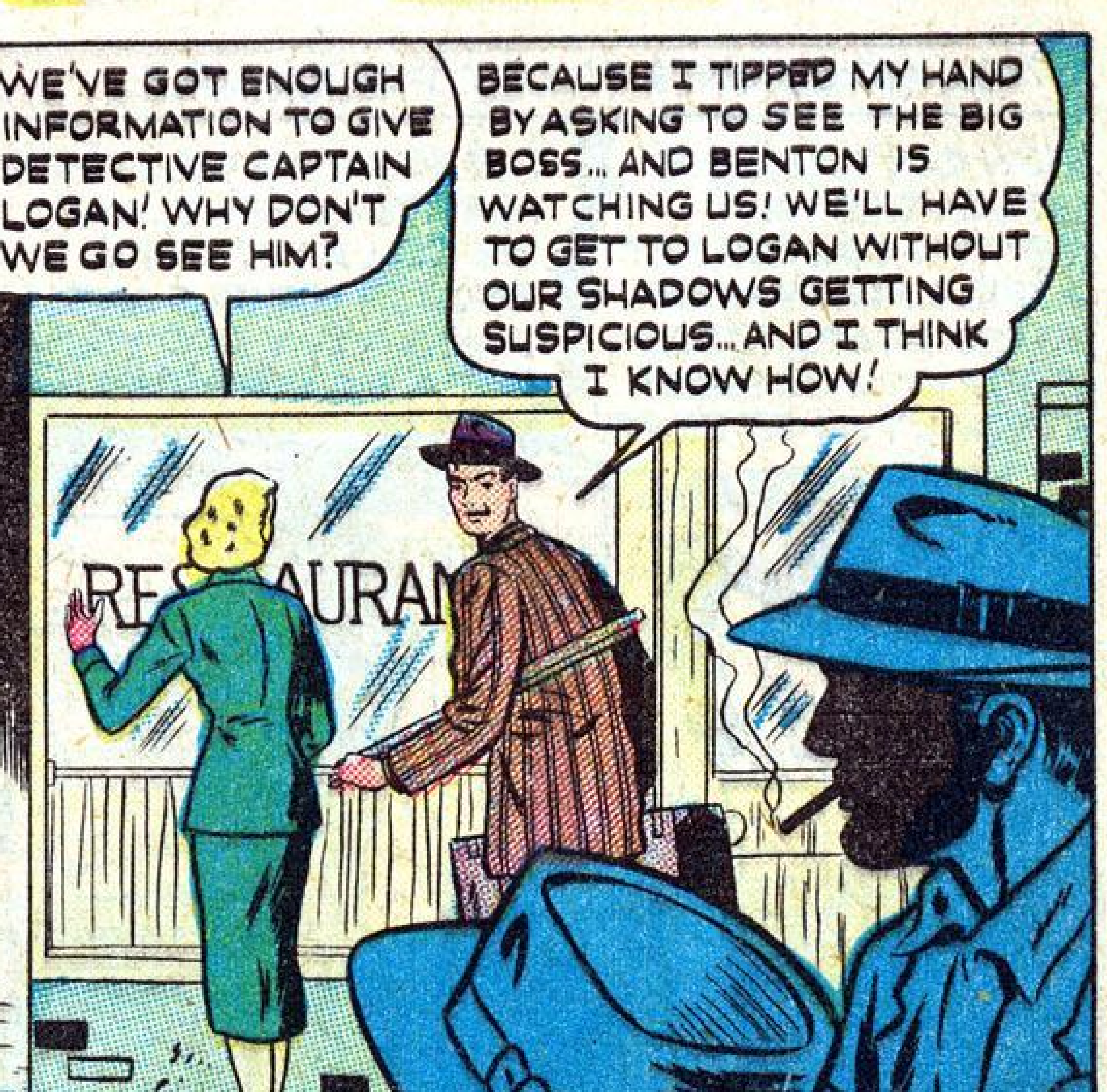
WHEN WORKED CAUTIOUSLY, EVEN THE MAIL WASN'T SAFE FROM THE PENNY-ANTE MOB!

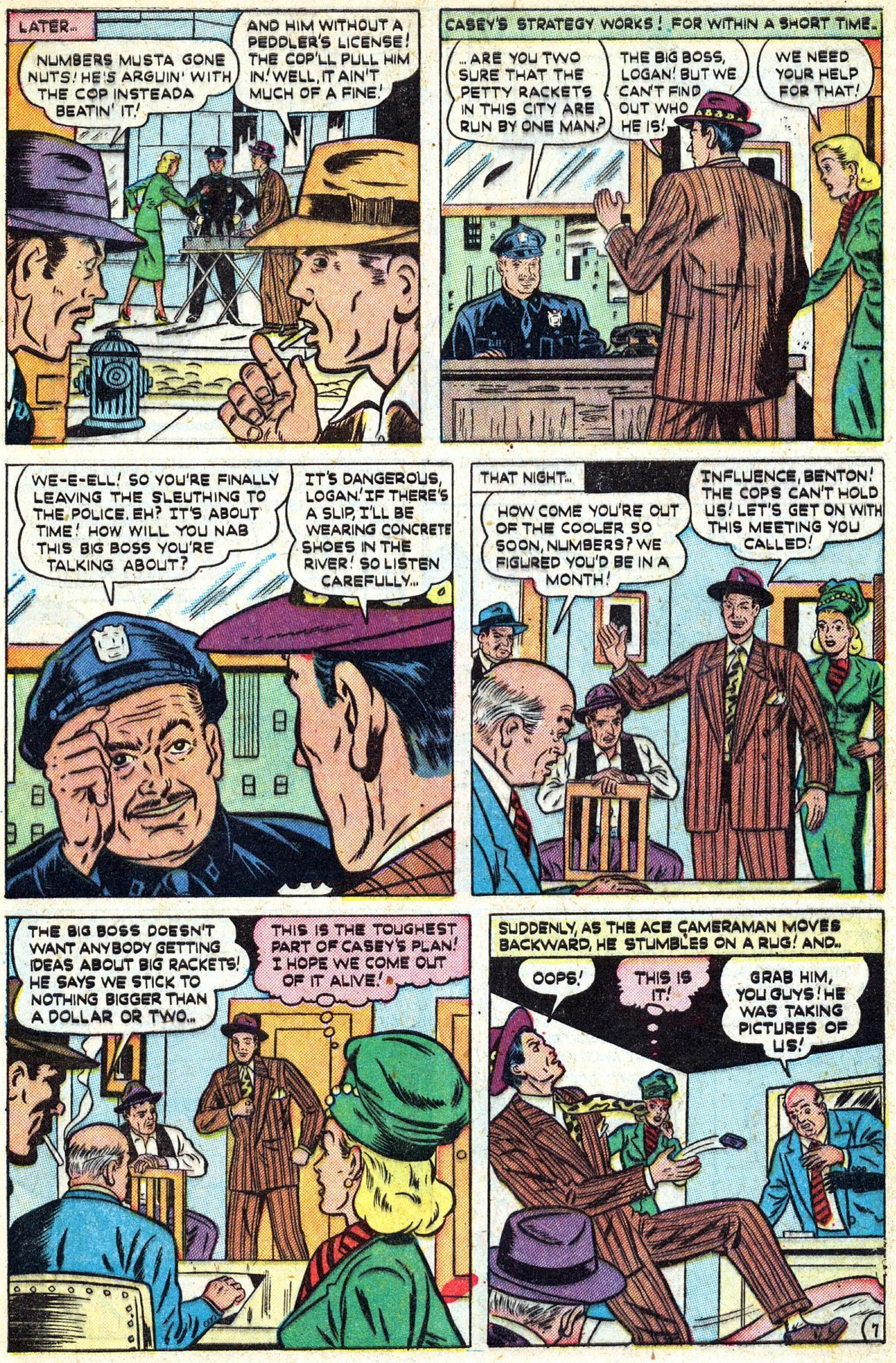

I SENT YOU A QUARTER FOR A STEEL ENGRAVING OF GEORGE WASHINGTON... AND YOU SENT ME A TWO-CENT STAMP!
YOUR AD SAID YOU'D HELP ME SELL ANY TIES I MADE WITH THAT KIT I BOUGHT FOR ONE DOLLAR! BUT YOU DIDN'T SELL ANY!
A STAMP *IS* A STEEL ENGRAVING!... I SAID I'D HELP SELL YOUR TIES! I DIDN'T GUARANTEE I COULD!

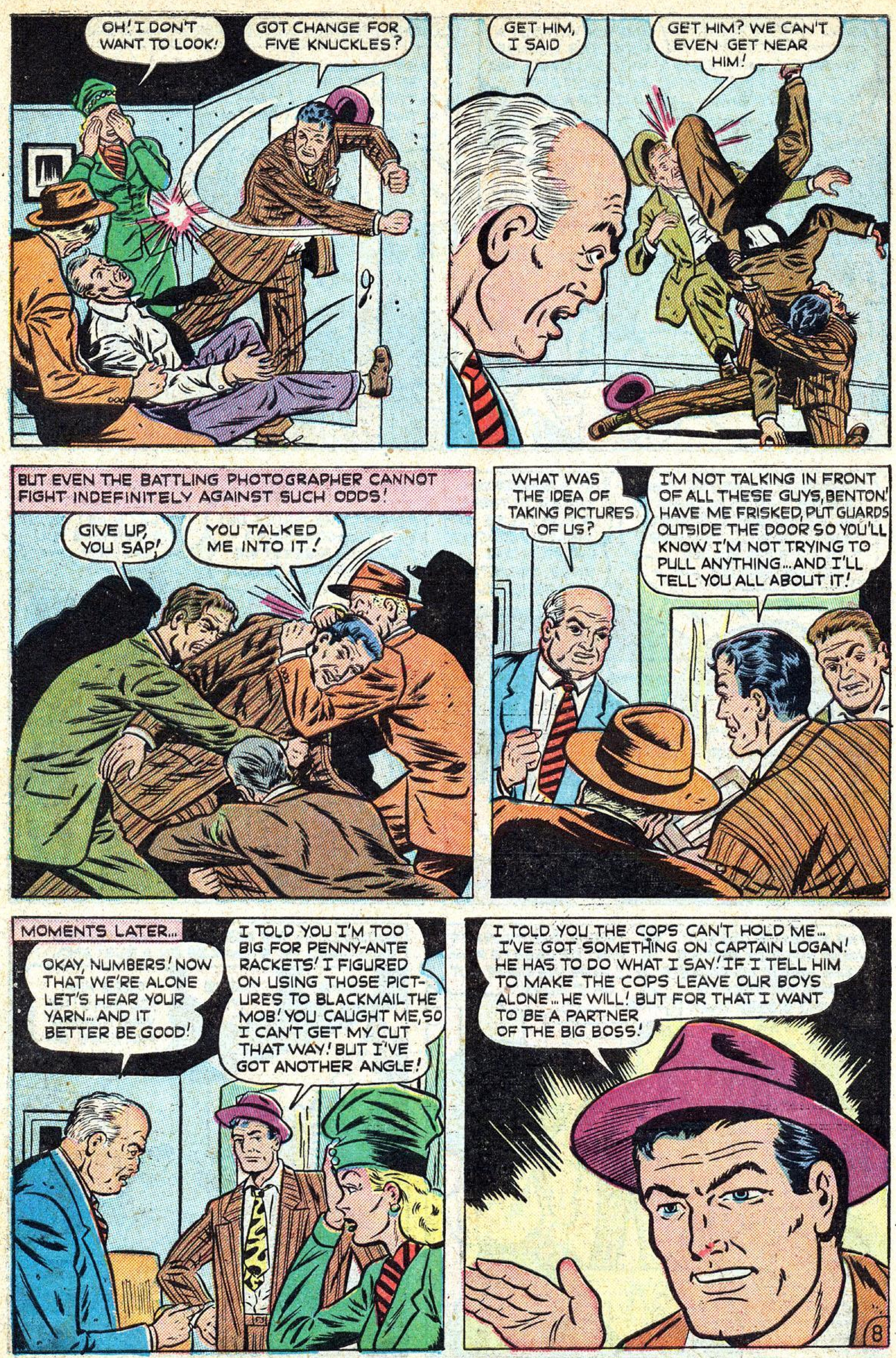
AND SO, BACK TO BENTON AGAIN...

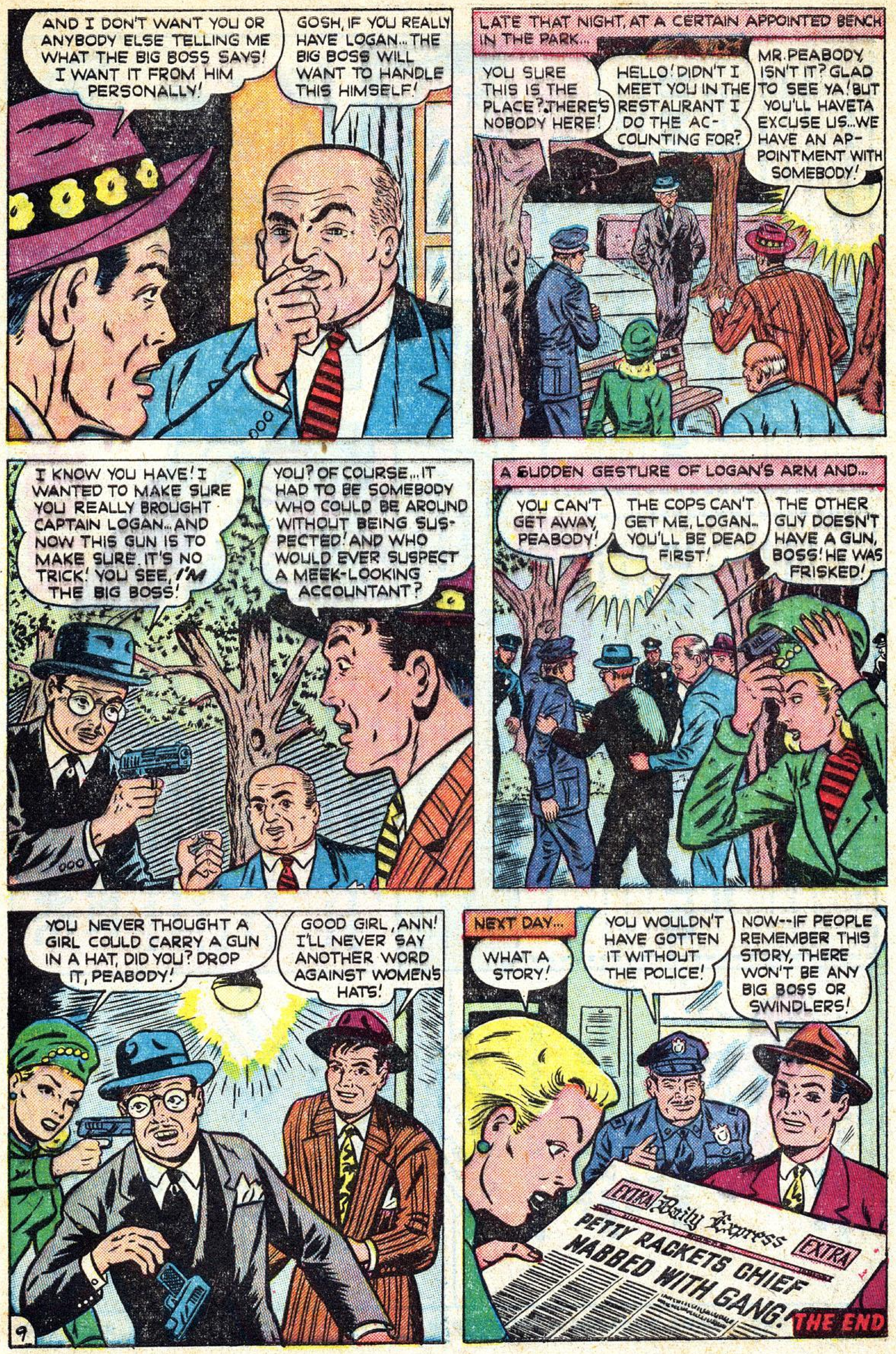

MY WIFE AND I ARE FED UP WITH THOSE LITTLE RACKETS! WE WANT TO WORK WITH THE BIG BOSS HIMSELF!
DON'T TRY TO FIND OUT WHO HE IS, IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY, BUB! NOBODY KNOWS HIM... NOT EVEN ME! HE GIVES ME MY ORDERS BY CALLING UP FROM A PHONE BOOTH!


WE DON'T HAVE ANY BIGGER RACKETS! WE STICK TO SMALL SWINDLES BECAUSE THEY'RE SAFER! PEOPLE DON'T SQUAWK WHEN THEY'RE CHEATED OUT OF PENNIES! AND IF OUR MEN GET CAUGHT, IT'S JUST A LIGHT FINE OR A FEW DAYS IN JAIL! WE RUN A RACKET IN DIMES... A PROFIT IN MILLIONS!


WE'VE GOT ENOUGH INFORMATION TO GIVE DETECTIVE CAPTAIN LOGAN! WHY DON'T WE GO SEE HIM?
BECAUSE I TIPPED MY HAND BY ASKING TO SEE THE BIG BOSS... AND BENTON IS WATCHING US! WE'LL HAVE TO GET TO LOGAN WITHOUT OUR SHADOWS GETTING SUSPICIOUS... AND I THINK I KNOW HOW!
RES AURAN


LATER...
NUMBERS MUSTA GONE NUTS! HE'S ARGUIN' WITH THE COP INSTEADA BEATIN' IT!
AND HIM WITHOUT A PEDDLER'S LICENSE! THE COP'LL PULL HIM IN! WELL, IT AIN'T MUCH OF A FINE!
CASEY'S STRATEGY WORKS! FOR WITHIN A SHORT TIME...
...ARE YOU TWO SURE THAT THE PETTY RACKETS IN THIS CITY ARE RUN BY ONE MAN?
THE BIG BOSS, LOGAN! BUT WE CAN'T FIND OUT WHO HE IS!
WE NEED YOUR HELP FOR THAT!
WE-E-ELL! SO YOU'RE FINALLY LEAVING THE SLEUTHING TO THE POLICE, EH? IT'S ABOUT TIME! HOW WILL YOU NAB THIS BIG BOSS YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT?
IT'S DANGEROUS, LOGAN! IF THERE'S A SLIP, I'LL BE WEARING CONCRETE SHOES IN THE RIVER! SO LISTEN CAREFULLY...
THAT NIGHT...
HOW COME YOU'RE OUT OF THE COOLER SO SOON, NUMBERS? WE FIGURED YOU'D BE IN A MONTH!
INFLUENCE, BENTON! THE COPS CAN'T HOLD US! LET'S GET ON WITH THIS MEETING YOU CALLED!
THE BIG BOSS DOESN'T WANT ANYBODY GETTING IDEAS ABOUT BIG RACKETS! HE SAYS WE STICK TO NOTHING BIGGER THAN A DOLLAR OR TWO...
THIS IS THE TOUGHEST PART OF CASEY'S PLAN! I HOPE WE COME OUT OF IT ALIVE!
SUDDENLY, AS THE ACE CAMERAMAN MOVES BACKWARD, HE STUMBLES ON A RUG! AND...
OOPS!
THIS IS IT!
GRAB HIM, YOU GUYS! HE WAS TAKING PICTURES OF US!


OH! I DON'T WANT TO LOOK!
GOT CHANGE FOR FIVE KNUCKLES?
GET HIM, I SAID
GET HIM? WE CAN'T EVEN GET NEAR HIM!
BUT EVEN THE BATTLING PHOTOGRAPHER CANNOT FIGHT INDEFINITELY AGAINST SUCH ODDS!
GIVE UP, YOU SAP!
YOU TALKED ME INTO IT!
WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF TAKING PICTURES OF US?
I'M NOT TALKING IN FRONT OF ALL THESE GUYS, BENTON! HAVE ME FRISKED, PUT GUARDS OUTSIDE THE DOOR SO YOU'LL KNOW I'M NOT TRYING TO PULL ANYTHING...AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!
MOMENTS LATER...
OKAY, NUMBERS! NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE LET'S HEAR YOUR YARN...AND IT BETTER BE GOOD!
I TOLD YOU I'M TOO BIG FOR PENNY-ANTE RACKETS! I FIGURED ON USING THOSE PICTURES TO BLACKMAIL THE MOB! YOU CAUGHT ME, SO I CAN'T GET MY CUT THAT WAY! BUT I'VE GOT ANOTHER ANGLE!
I TOLD YOU THE COPS CAN'T HOLD ME... I'VE GOT SOMETHING ON CAPTAIN LOGAN! HE HAS TO DO WHAT I SAY! IF I TELL HIM TO MAKE THE COPS LEAVE OUR BOYS ALONE... HE WILL! BUT FOR THAT I WANT TO BE A PARTNER OF THE BIG BOSS!


AND I DON'T WANT YOU OR ANYBODY ELSE TELLING ME WHAT THE BIG BOSS SAYS! I WANT IT FROM HIM PERSONALLY!
GOSH, IF YOU REALLY HAVE LOGAN... THE BIG BOSS WILL WANT TO HANDLE THIS HIMSELF!
LATE THAT NIGHT, AT A CERTAIN APPOINTED BENCH IN THE PARK...
YOU SURE THIS IS THE PLACE? THERE'S NOBODY HERE!
HELLO! DIDN'T I MEET YOU IN THE RESTAURANT I DO THE ACCOUNTING FOR?
MR. PEABODY, ISN'T IT? GLAD TO SEE YA! BUT YOU'LL HAVETA EXCUSE US... WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH SOMEBODY!
I KNOW YOU HAVE! I WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU REALLY BROUGHT CAPTAIN LOGAN... AND NOW THIS GUN IS TO MAKE SURE IT'S NO TRICK! YOU SEE, I'M THE BIG BOSS!
YOU? OF COURSE... IT HAD TO BE SOMEBODY WHO COULD BE AROUND WITHOUT BEING SUSPECTED! AND WHO WOULD EVER SUSPECT A MEEK-LOOKING ACCOUNTANT?
A SUDDEN GESTURE OF LOGAN'S ARM AND...
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY, PEABODY!
THE COPS CAN'T GET ME, LOGAN... YOU'LL BE DEAD FIRST!
THE OTHER GUY DOESN'T HAVE A GUN, BOSS! HE WAS FRISKED!
YOU NEVER THOUGHT A GIRL COULD CARRY A GUN IN A HAT, DID YOU? DROP IT, PEABODY!
GOOD GIRL, ANN! I'LL NEVER SAY ANOTHER WORD AGAINST WOMEN'S HATS!
NEXT DAY...
WHAT A STORY!
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN IT WITHOUT THE POLICE!
NOW--IF PEOPLE REMEMBER THIS STORY, THERE WON'T BE ANY BIG BOSS OR SWINDLERS!
EXTRA Daily Express EXTRA
PETTY RACKETS CHIEF NABBED WITH GANG.
THE END

Get this SAF-T-SHEATH HUNTING KNIFE

GENUINE TOOL·STEEL

Made of superb, super-hardened steel—ideal for the woodsman, amateur or professional—Over a thousand uses...cuts cold rolled steel ...Nationally advertised and guaranteed with new type SAF-T-SHEATH folding handle.

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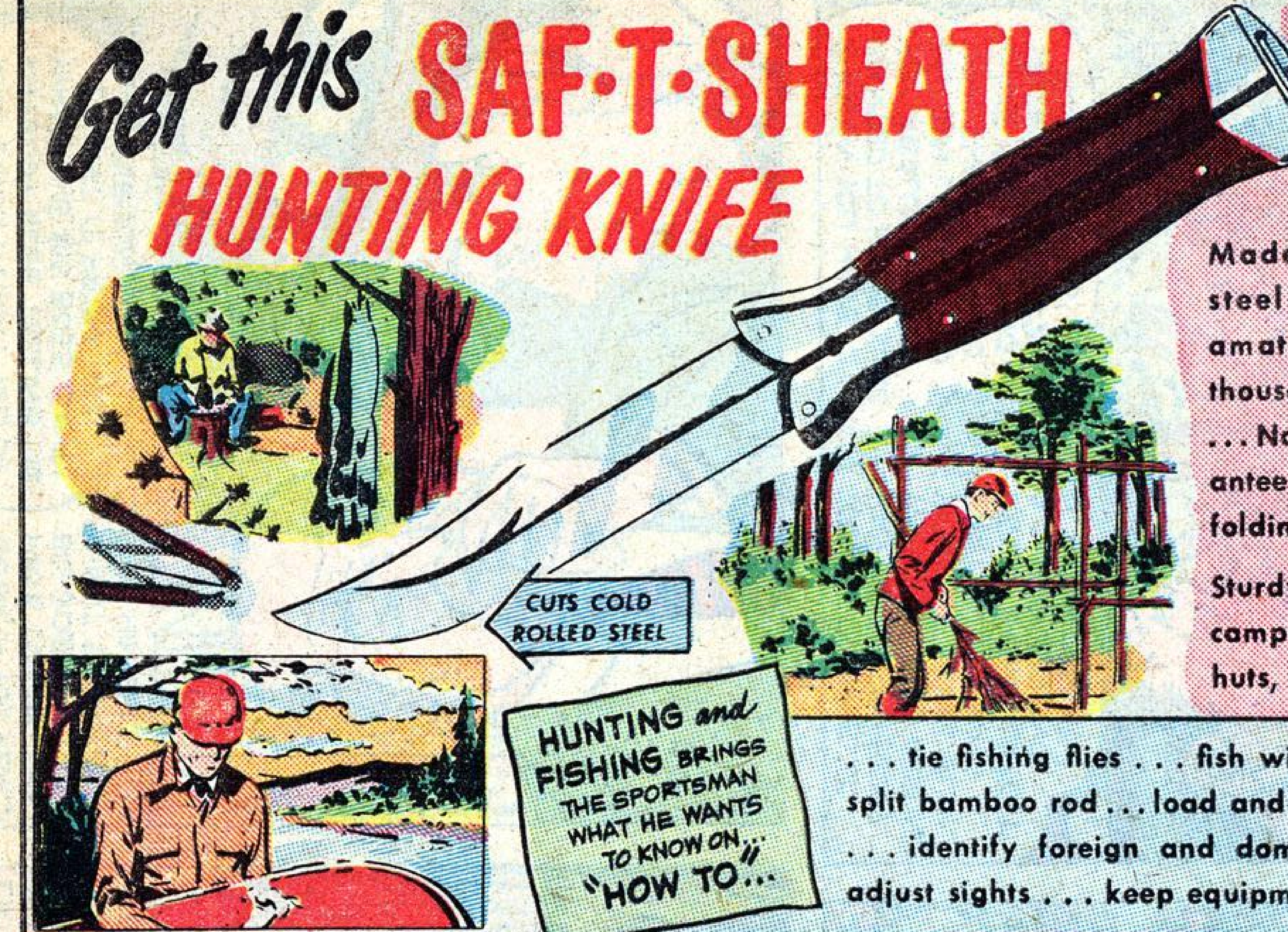
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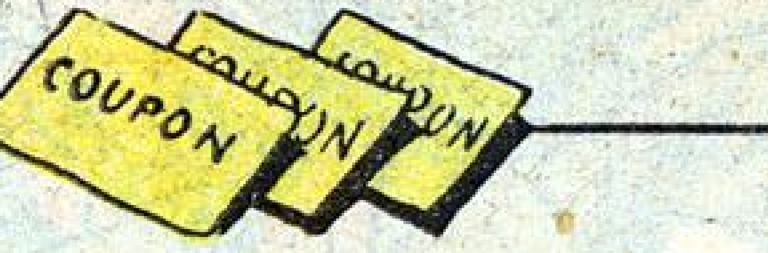

OR; FOR **THREE** COUPONS
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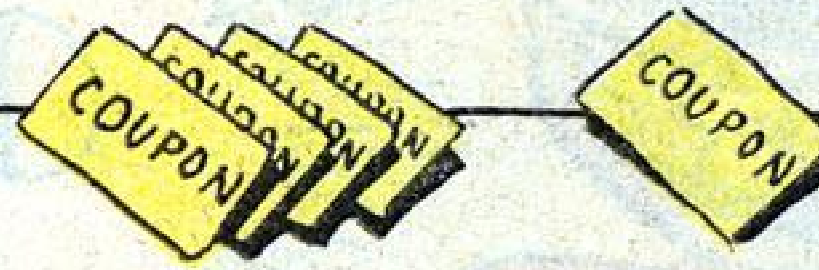

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we'll send you
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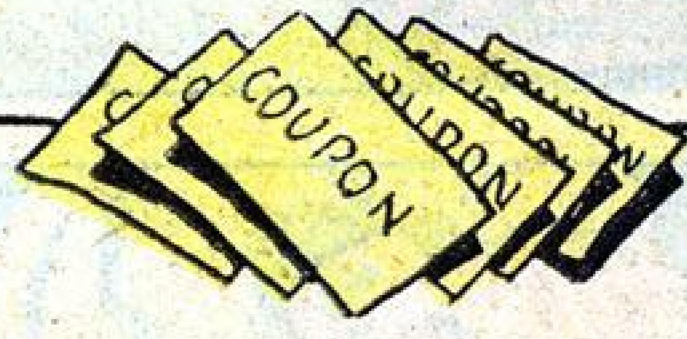

OR; FOR **ALL SIX COUPONS**
we'll send you
ALL THREE BIG GIFTS—
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THE AIR FORCE TYPE
SUN GLASSES, AND
THE SAF-T-SHEATH KNIFE.

YOUR GIFTS WILL BE SENT YOU
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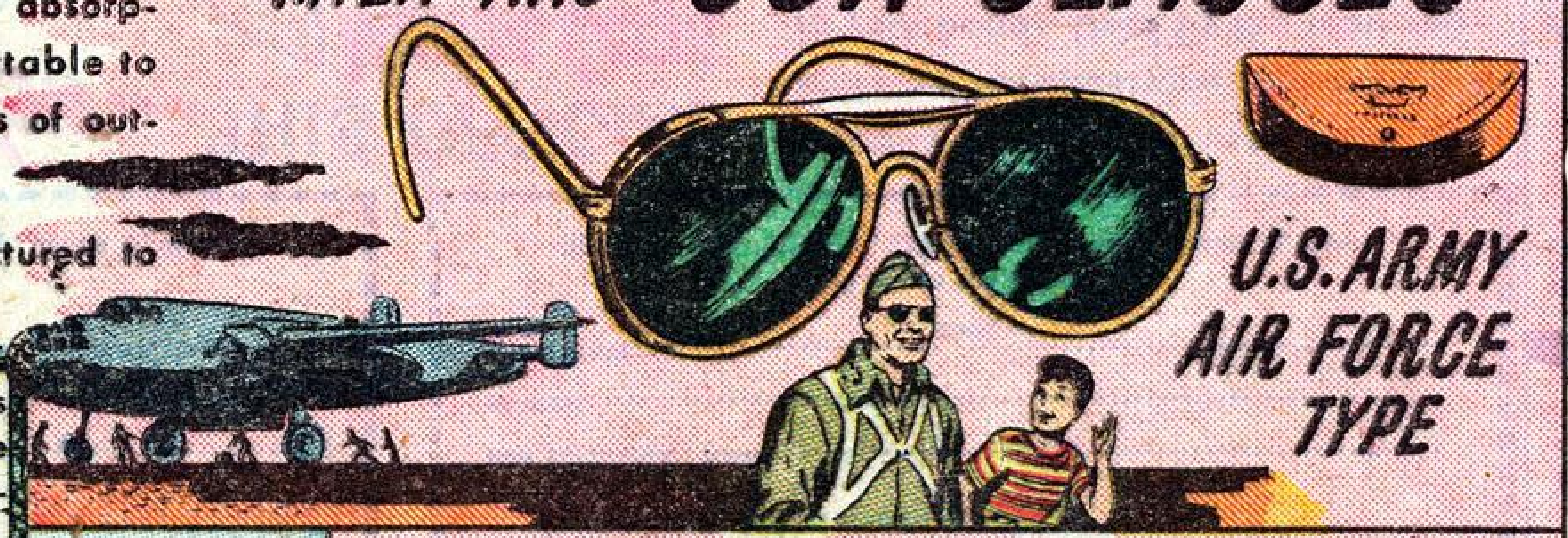
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Maximum protection for your eyes against harmful ultra-violet and infra-red rays. High "chromoptic" absorption. Action-tested. Comfortable to wear. Excellent for all kinds of outdoor activity.

A quality product, manufactured to exacting standards.

GUARANTEE

"NAVIGATOR"—Milit-aire sun glasses are guaranteed. A written guarantee comes to you with each pair. This guarantee is good for LIFE.

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COUPON
COUPON

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AIR FORCE TYPE SUN GLASSES,
complete with Leatherette Case

HUNTING AND FISHING MAGAZINE — TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION SEE-BACK-PAGE

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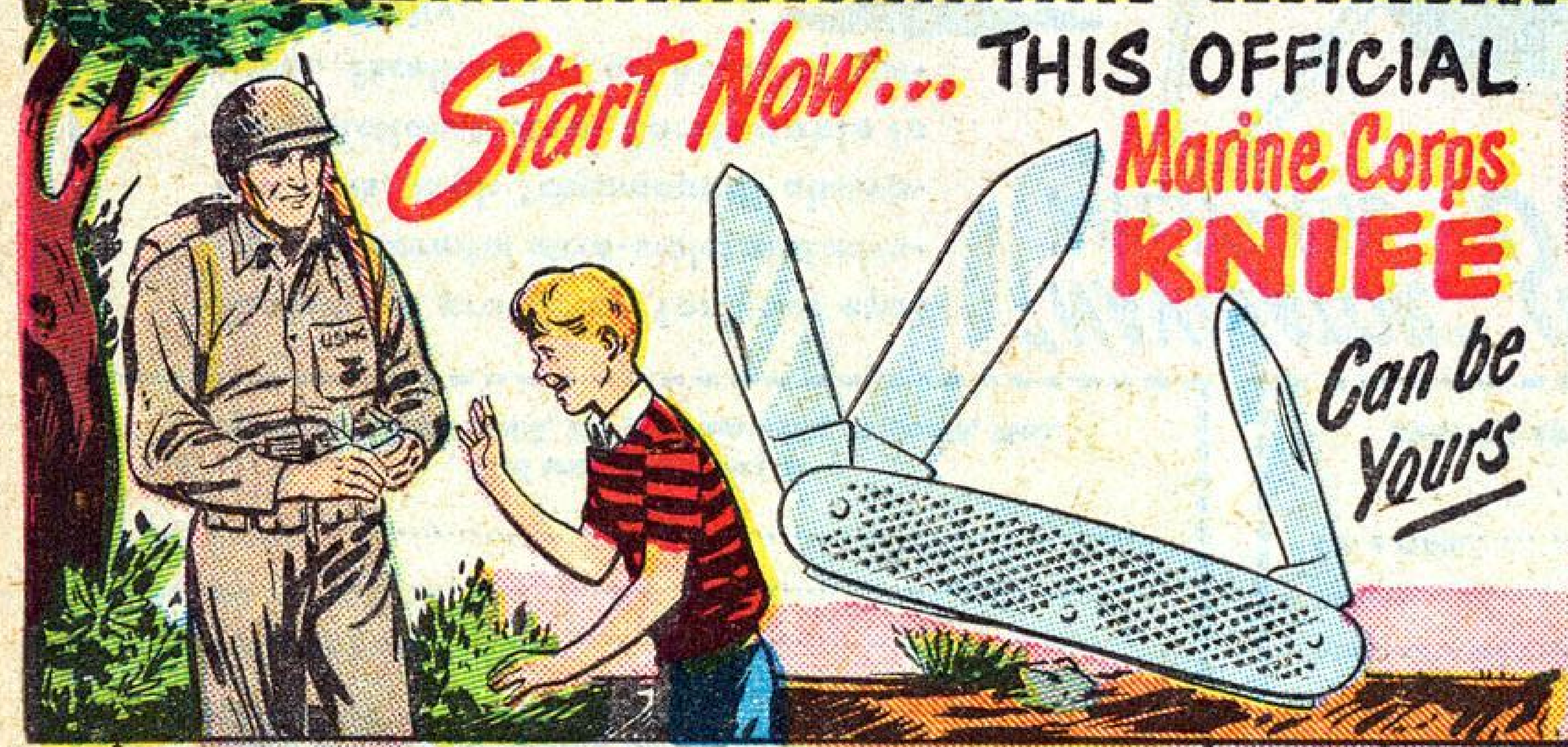
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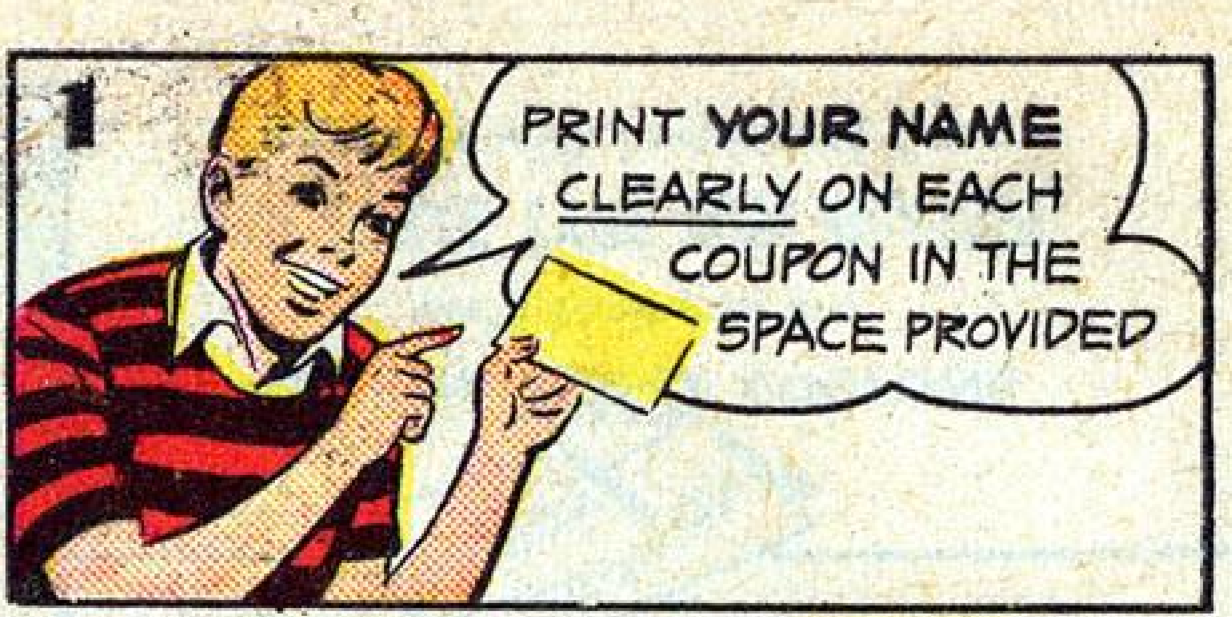
"WHEN TO"... use a fishing plug or a fly, or a strip of bacon for bait . . . go fresh water fishing . . . go deep sea fishing . . . hunt for deer . . . hunt for 'coon . . . use a .30-30 caliber instead of a .30-06.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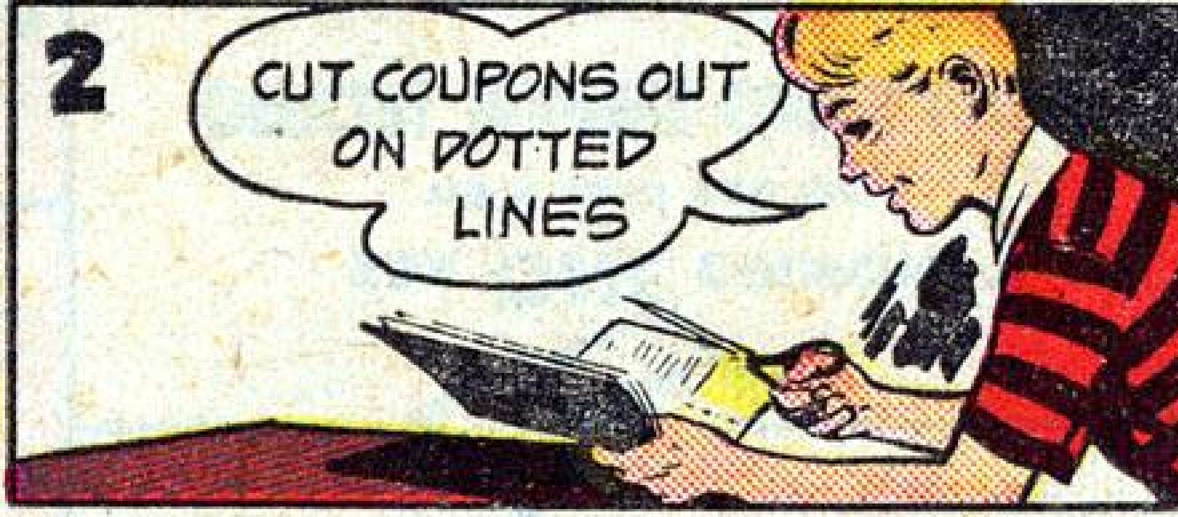
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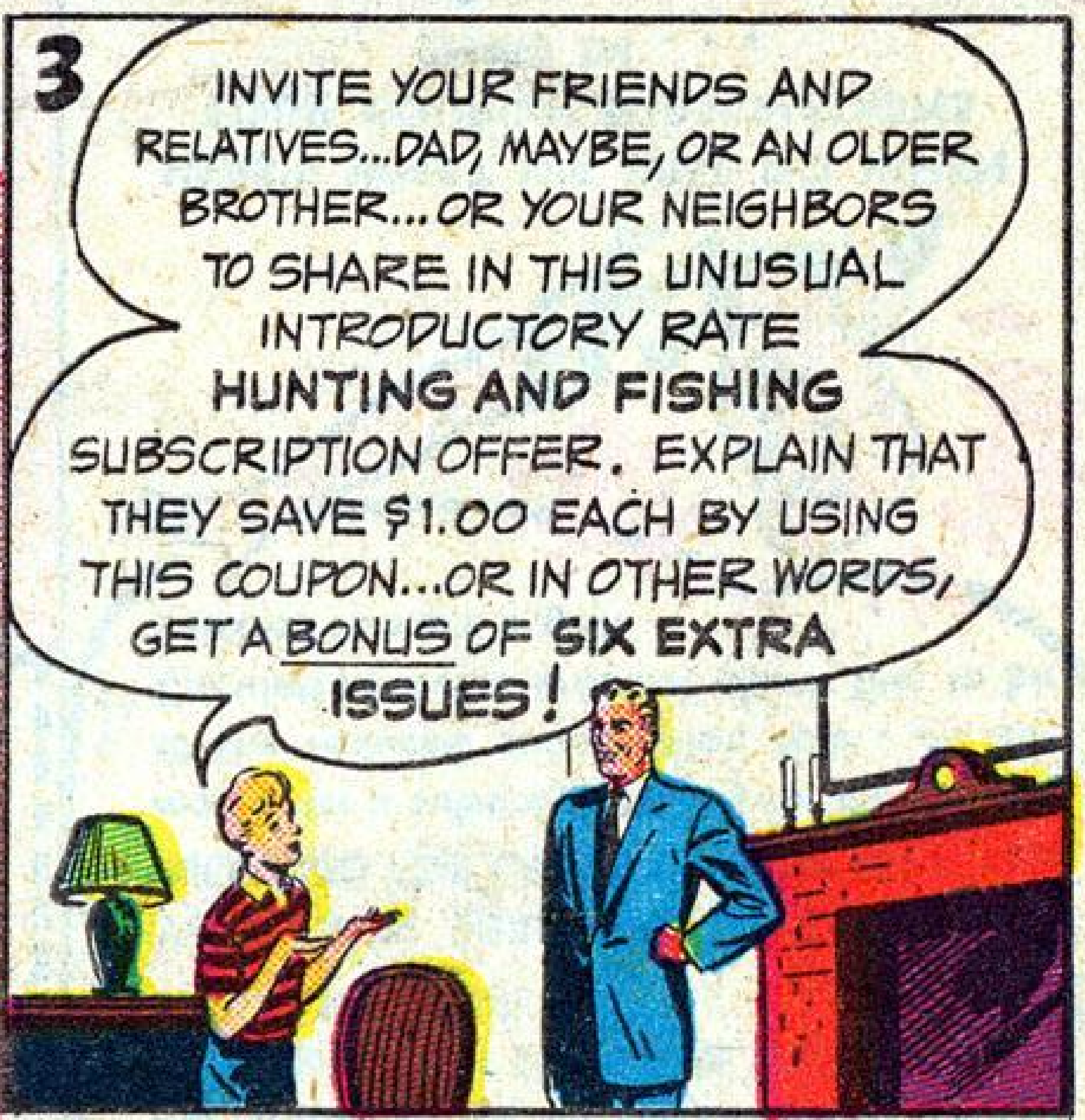
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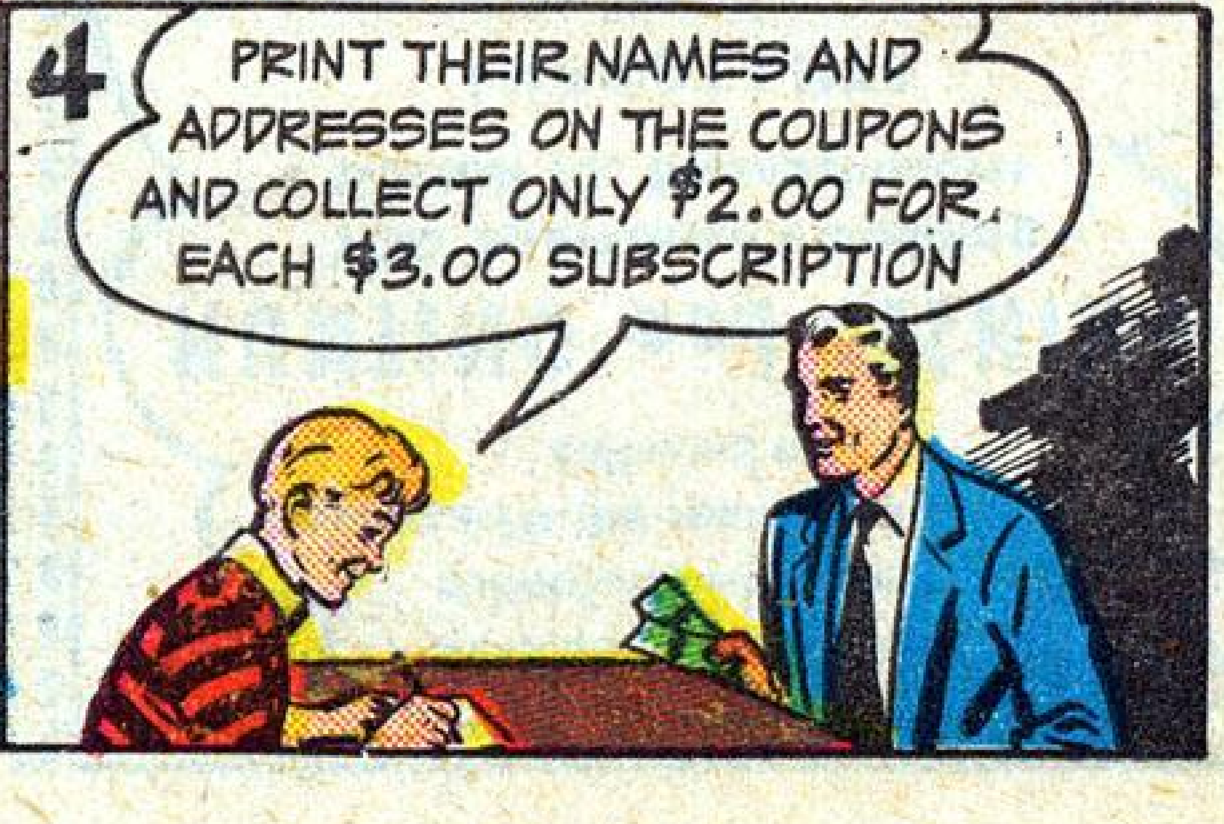
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